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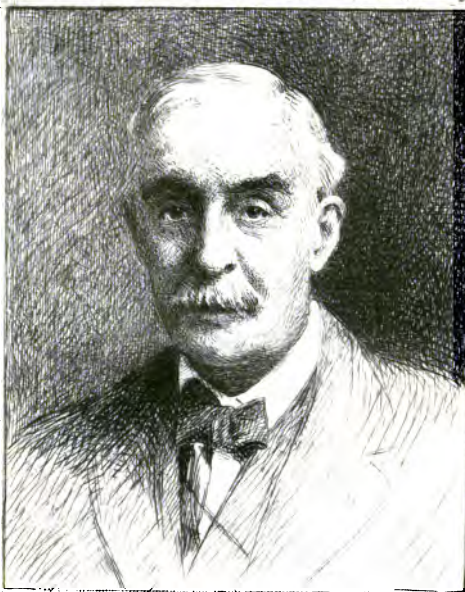
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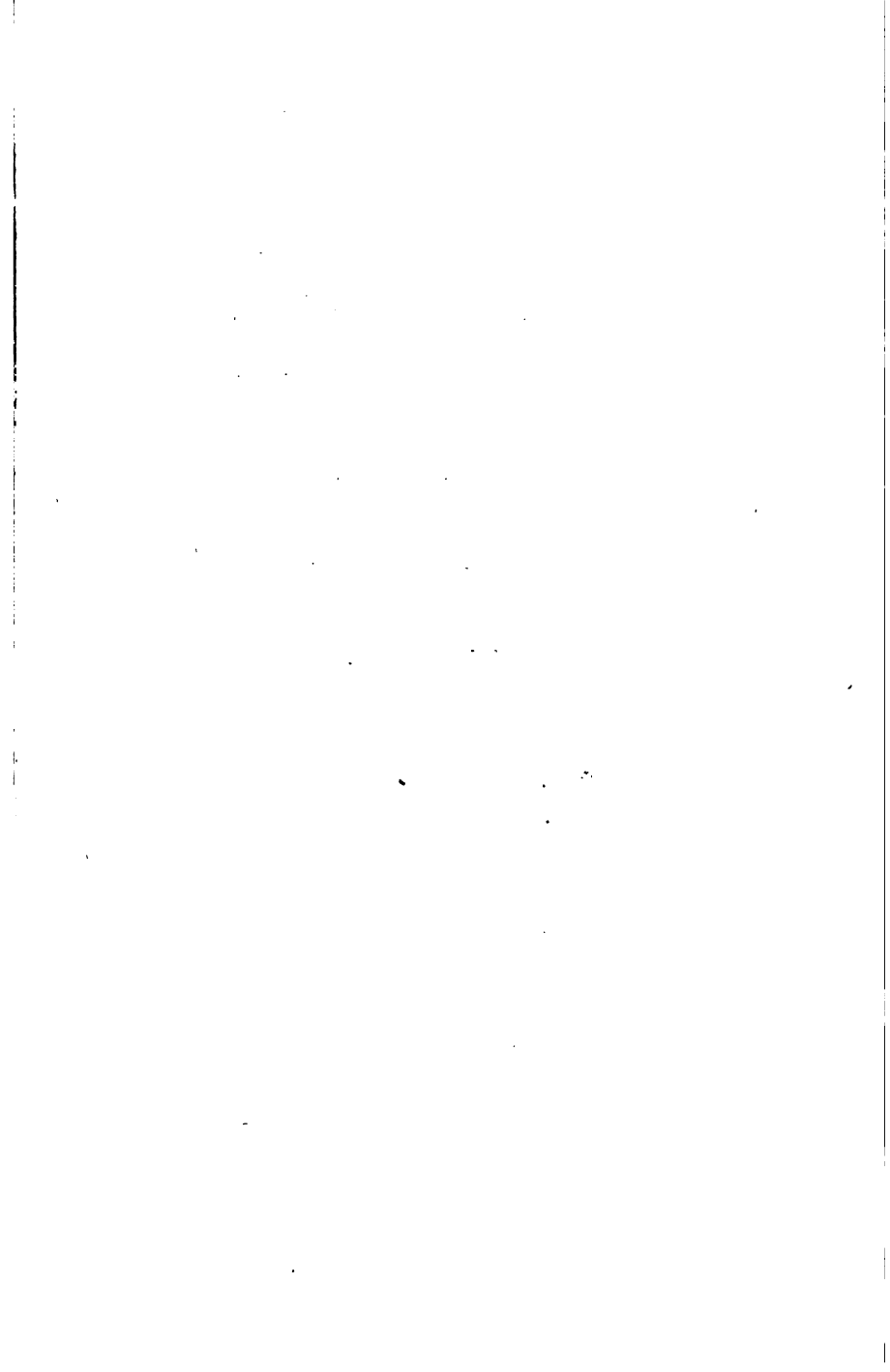
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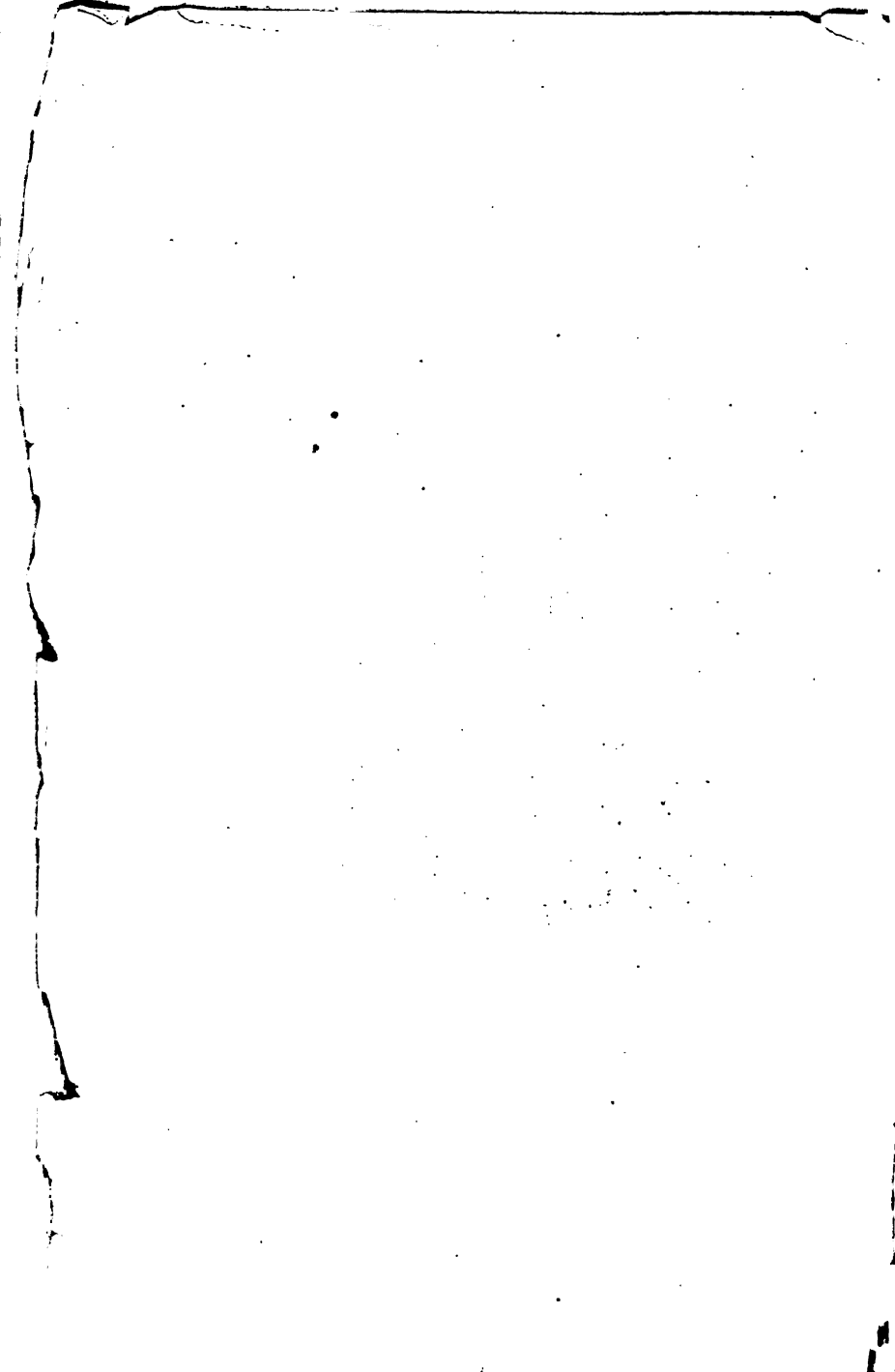




Rowland

THE BEAUTIFUL
IN
NATURE, ART, AND LIFE.

VOL. II.



THE BEAUTIFUL

NATURE, ART, AND LIFE.

BY
ANDREW JAMES SYMINGTON.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

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CONTENTS OF VOL. II.

OF THE BEAUTIFUL IN ART.

SECTION VI.

MUSIC.

	Page
Music a direct utterance of emotion—Indefiniteness its charm— Its capabilities—Of vibration—Origin of music—Perfect accordance with law—Bacon's analogies and similitudes— Universal harmony—Origin of vocal and instrumental music— Giant harps—Telegraphic wires—Stringed and wind instru- ments—Timbre—Music furnishes the key to all order— Chladni's experiments—Miraculous powers ascribed to music in Greece, China, Hindostan, Persia, and Arabia—David and Saul—Music spells—Shakspeare the poet-laureate of music	2
Music among the Jews and Chaldeans—In Egypt—Greece—Rome —Among the early Christians—St. Ambrose—Gregory— D'Arezzo—St. Austin—Alfred—Oldest English stanza Blondel—Dante—Boccaccio—Chaucer—James I. of Scotland —Scottish song—The organ—Of harmony—Palestrina— Allegri—The Flemish school—The Reformation—Psalmody in Germany, Switzerland, France, England—Constellation of English Musicians—Morley's dialogue—Purcell—The drama —Opera—Oratorio—Various successive styles in music . . .	20
Traits of a people unconsciously recorded in their language and Arts—Characteristics of French, Italian, German, and English music	45

	Page
Life and works of Bach—Handel—Haydn—Mozart—Beethoven—Weber—Mendelssohn—Rossini and Bellini—Modern composers—Neukomm, Schubert, and R. A. Smith's songs—Choice of music—Its home influence	48
Testimony of Choron, Mace, and Mozart, as to their mode of composing—Choice of key—Execution—Degree of appreciation in listeners—Of vocal and instrumental music—Of good and bad music—Beethoven on musical appreciation—Of the time and place for hearing music—Songs in the night	100
Musical description—Ford—De Quincey—Mrs. Browning—The universal adaptation of music	123
Psalmody and means of its improvement—Luther—Zuingli—Calvin—The organ question one of expediency—The assistance of the organ—Its abuse—Opinions of Horne and Baxter—Praise the highest act of worship	132

SECTION VII.

THE BEAUTIFUL IN ART.—CONCLUSION.

Law pervades nature and art—Function of art to elevate—Of thought and execution—Differences of appreciation—Positive Basis—The greatest artists men of action—The moral element in art—True excellence judged of by the few—Of ignorant and ill-natured criticism—An approved method—The upright reviewer	146
Taste fostered by education—Refined judgment—Internal aspect of home—Pictures, casts, flowers, &c.—Natural craving for beauty—Intercourse with the labouring classes beneficial—Vulgar ideas regarding money and taste—Diffusion of taste—Its positive basis	160
Exhibitions—Anticipation of the Crystal Palace by Chaucer—The Sydenham courts—Conventionality and license—Pythagorean statement—Nature mathematical—Art conforms to harmonic ratios—Vital art indigenous—Description of Sydenham by an Arabian poet of the thirteenth century—Means of prosecuting art-studies requisite for all classes—Education otherwise incomplete—Acquaintance with great works—Museums—	

	Page
Efficient lecturers and new professorships needed—Importance of such studies for the public well-being—Their influence on manufactures	168
In education the religious element not to be overlooked—Education, what is it?—Its benign influence	182
Brief summation and retrospect of the various arts—soothing influence of art—Wordsworth's experience—Future Christian art—art not ultimate, but valuable as means to an end	185

THE BEAUTIFUL IN LIFE.

The beautiful in life regulated by law—A more internal harmony—No transition—Discord—Chaos—The ancients sought to view the universe in its totality—Antoninus—The early fathers—Leibnitz—Oersted—The Physical and moral—Man everywhere figured in creation	192
The reasonableness and necessity of a divine revelation—universal belief in a lost happiness and a future state	203
The beautiful in life constellated in the Lord Jesus Christ—His precepts and example the highest test—Man created in God's image—Dr. South on man in Paradise—Of the Fall—The atonement—Love gives largeness of vision—Wisdom and Knowledge—Love of nature, human love, and love to God—These illustrated—Of the existence of evil—Man's free agency—Means and ends—Worldly wisdom tinged with selfishness—Love self-negation—Our best righteousness worthless—Of Prayer—Of the ministry of sorrow—Pride of intellect a barrier to the reception of the gospel—The problem of man's restoration solved—Gospel simplicity corrupted—The philosophy of Redemption—Of Christ's mission—Extracts from Maclaurin, Dr. Parr, Hazlitt, and Whately	204
Statement of the scheme of Redemption in the words of Scripture	235
Of Scripture language—Of the Saviour's greatness—Testimony to His character from without—Of the Children of Light—Change of heart	245
Minor graces—The Christian gentleman—Of manners—True courtesy—Heathen maxims—The Chesterfield school—	

	Page
Chivalry—Bayard—Love and truth the basis of genuine courtesy—The Bible the source of all subsequent moral teaching—Rules of life—The pure and ennobling in art also indebted to the same divine source, direct or reflex—The charm of being natural—Happiness—Harmony—Divine love expands the heart—The end of all learning—True wisdom— Companionships—The Christlike	254
Inward and outward beauty alike subject to law—Seeming per- turbations only adjustments—One vast system of comparative anatomy throughout the physical and moral universe—Two modes of viewing nature—The highest point of view—The divine source of beauty—Christ the revealer—Christianity the most compendious system of ethics—Recapitulation	281
Conclusion.	300

THE BEAUTIFUL
IN
NATURE, ART, AND LIFE.
: =====
OF THE BEAUTIFUL IN ART.

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SECTION VI.

MUSIC.

MUSIC A DIRECT UTTERANCE OF EMOTION—INDEFINITENESS ITS CHARM—
ITS CAPABILITIES—OF VIBRATION—ORIGIN OF MUSIC—PERFECT ACCORD-
ANCE WITH LAW—BACON'S ANALOGIES AND SIMILITUDES—UNIVERSAL
HARMONY—ORIGIN OF VOCAL AND INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC—GIANT
HARPS—TELEGRAPHIC WIRES—STRINGED AND WIND INSTRUMENTS—
TIMBRE—MUSIC FURNISHES THE KEY TO ALL ORDER—OHLADNI'S
EXPERIMENTS—MIRACULOUS POWERS ASCRIBED TO MUSIC IN GREECE,
CHINA, HINDOSTAN, PERSIA, AND ARABIA—DAVID AND SAUL—MUSIC
SPELLS—SHAKSPERE THE POET-LAUREATE OF MUSIC.

MUSIC AMONG THE JEWS AND CHALDEANS—IN EGYPT—GREECE—ROME—
AMONG THE EARLY CHRISTIANS—ST. AMBROSE—GREGORY—D'AREZZO
—ST. AUSTIN—ALFRED—OLDEST ENGLISH STANZA—BLONDEL—DANTE—
BOCCACCIO—CHAUCER—JAMES I. OF SCOTLAND—SCOTTISH SONG—THE
ORGAN—OF HARMONY—PALESTRINA—ALLEGRI—THE FLEMISH SCHOOL—
THE REFORMATION—PSALMODY IN GERMANY, SWITZERLAND, FRANCE,
ENGLAND—CONSTELLATION OF ENGLISH MUSICIANS—MORLEY'S DIALOGUE
—PURCELL—THE DRAMA—OPERA—ORATORIO—VARIOUS SUCCESSIVE
STYLES IN MUSIC.

TRAITS OF A PEOPLE UNCONSCIOUSLY RECORDED IN THEIR LANGUAGE AND ARTS—CHARACTERISTICS OF FRENCH, ITALIAN, GERMAN, AND ENGLISH MUSIC.

LIFE AND WORKS OF BACH—HANDEL—HAYDN—MOZART—BEETHOVEN—WEBER—MENDELSSOHN—ROSSINI, AND BELLINI—MODERN COMPOSERS—NEUKOMM, SCHUBERT, AND R. A. SMITH'S SONGS—CHOICE OF MUSIC—ITS HOME INFLUENCE.

TESTIMONY OF CHORON, MACE, AND MOZART, AS TO THEIR MODE OF COMPOSING—CHOICE OF KEY—EXECUTION—DEGREE OF APPRECIATION IN LISTENERS—OF VOCAL AND INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC—OF GOOD AND BAD MUSIC—BEETHOVEN ON MUSICAL APPRECIATION—OF THE TIME AND PLACE FOR HEARING MUSIC—SONGS IN THE NIGHT.

MUSICAL DESCRIPTION—FORD—DE QUINCEY—MRS BROWNING—THE UNIVERSAL ADAPTATION OF MUSIC.

PSALMODY AND MEANS OF ITS IMPROVEMENT—LUTHER—ZUINGLE—CALVIN—THE ORGAN QUESTION ONE OF EXPEDIENCY—THE ASSISTANCE OF THE ORGAN—ITS ABUSE—OPINIONS OF HORNE AND BAXTER—PRAISE THE HIGHEST ACT OF WORSHIP.

MUSIC is the living voice of the Beautiful. Deep, penetrating, spiritual, it is the nearest approximate to mind, the most direct utterance of emotion with which we are acquainted; giving expression to thoughts "too deep for words," but which are not therefore the less real; for the most elevated feelings are beyond the range even of the most elevated language.

Cowper beautifully writes—

"There is in souls a sympathy with sounds."

This sympathy all have felt, yet underneath it lies a great philosophical truth, simple—sublime, the full and literal import of which is only beginning to dawn upon the world.

In every age and clime, mankind have acknowledged "the might of song"—the sweet power of its universal language. We have said that poetry possesses greater capabilities than music for expressing definite thought *at will*: the indefiniteness of musical utterance, however,

is, to those who look deep enough, its greatest charm. To such minds, music is "dear, and yet dearer for its mystery"—its vagueness not being that of inanity, but arising from absolute depth. The production of one musical note involves the operation of those positive laws which pervade the whole universe of mind and matter, marshalling all its varied phenomena into order and beauty. Music is, therefore, as it were, a language of pure roots, many of which—notwithstanding the jar-rings of sin—are traceable, and can be understood, by the listening heart; for over such language the confusion of Babel has had little power. Hence its infinite suggestiveness.

. Imitation is not the province of music, and is rarely introduced by the great masters. Music cannot, as it were, photograph a landscape, or present a definite narrative, but it does more. It can excite or suggest the same or similar resultant feelings to the mind of the sensitive hearer, by means of a deeper and more direct sympathy.

* The glory of the sum of things
Will flash along the chords and go!"

It can in this way rouse, thrill, calm, and soothe; interest, keep in suspense, satisfy; give shape to longing hopes and fears, and even shadow forth that future where joy shall be shadowless!

We have already spoken of the pulsations, rippings, or vibrations in which sound, light, heat, odours, &c., are propagated; of the fixed mathematical ratios, or intervals, in which their waves will combine in order to harmonize and give pleasure; of our being formed with senses which intuitively produce or call for these in-

tervals, whilst, where these are violated, we are shocked by discords. Euler says, "the ear is pleasingly or unpleasingly affected by musical intervals, according to its perception of the simplicity or of the complexity of their ratios of vibration." This has been objected to on the ground of our being delighted without entering on any such calculations; but Euler does not assert that mathematical processes are necessary to the enjoyment of music, which would be simply an absurdity. Our mind is so constituted by nature, as intuitively to recognize and feel true intervals; and the fact remains that, consciously or unconsciously, such sympathetic perception is the basis of musical delight, and the secret of all harmony of feeling. Considered in this twofold aspect, music has been aptly and beautifully styled, "Poetry taken wing"—
"Science passed into ecstasy!"

All sound is relative to rest.

"The mute, still air,
Is music slumbering on her instrument."

There can be no sound without motion, and no motion without sound—though to us it may be inaudible, from being either above or below the limited range of our hearing, in the same way as we only perceive one octave of light.

Some insects begin to hear acute sounds where we altogether cease to mark them. To angelic senses, on the other hand, the sphere-harmonies may be no fabled sound! Thus man, linked to the great universe, perceives, as Coleridge has said, the music

"Which meets all motion and becomes its soul,
A light in sound, a sound-like power in light,
Rhythm in all thought, and joyance everywhere."

The musician modulates his strain

“With murmurs of the air,
 And motions of the forests and the sea,
 And voice of living beings, and woven hymns
 Of night and day, and the deep heart of man.”

Not that song is necessarily derived, as some have maintained, from nature's voices, because it harmonizes with them. The same law rules both, and clearly manifests itself as an instinct. Man, too, says—

“I do but sing because I must,
 And pipe but as the linnets sing.”

The neglect of this simple and obvious truth is apparent in much that has been ingeniously and pleasantly written regarding the origin of music, deriving it from the singing of birds, the murmur of the stream, winds, waves, and other natural sounds, making it altogether imitative; as if man did not also in himself embody, and give the very highest expression to nature's harmonies. The constitution of man's inner being, perfectly corresponding with that of the outward Cosmos, the one is rendered apparent by means of the other. Both are regulated by the same law; not only similar, or so like that striking analogies can be instituted, but a law that is identical; only in the one case operating higher up the stream of being than in the other.

The glance of an eye—the tone of a voice, reveals deeper and often truer things than language. Yet such glance, tone, or expression—however transient, involuntary, or even indescribable—in order thus to become the legible index of the soul, must assume certain definite lines, hues, tones, &c., in accordance with a law which regulates

being, and is as sure in its operation, and not less universally binding than that of gravitation.

Each mood or feeling has its own peculiar tone which is universally understood: for example, there is the voice of joy, sadness, fear, anger or hate. The effect of these tones being heightened by prolongation, we have the fierce war-cry, the exultant shout of victory, the wail of desolation, or the infant's soothing lullaby. These feelings may be suggested on occasion, by repetition of the sounds, and herein lies the germ of song:—

“ For terror, joy, or pity,
Vast is the compass and the swell of notes ;
From the first babe's cry, to voice of regal city,
Rolling a solemn sea-like bass, that floats
Far as the woodlands, with the trill to blend
Of that shy songstress, whose love-tale
Might tempt an angel to descend
While hovering o'er the moonlight vale.”

The same law which necessitates and renders agreeable certain mathematical ratios of vibration in the production of a single chord, manifests itself even more legibly in *rhythm*. In every age and country—the savage tribe, refined nation, or the merest child—all classes alike have been sensible to its influence; nor, from the serpent-charming of the east, and the numerous observations made in every part of the world—more particularly those interesting experiments in the *Jardin des Plantes* at Paris, on elephants, dogs, serpents, &c.—can the lower animals be exempted from this sensibility.

Simple divisions soon give rise to others more complex and artificial. When time is measured by strokes, or motions, we have the origin of dancing, ever inti-

mately connected in early times with poetry and music, as it still is among those tribes which are in a state of infancy. By degrees, as civilization advances, the capabilities of each art come to be separately studied; extremes meet, and most things move in circles, so in the modern opera we find them again associated together.

The rhythm and prosody of language and music are somewhat similar, and, when associated, mutually aid and illustrate each other. Milton thus writes of their power in union :—

“Blest pair of Syrens, pledges of Heaven’s joy,
Sphere-born harmonious sisters, Voice and Verse,
Wed your divine sounds, and mix’d power employ—
Dead things with inbreathed sense able to pierce.”

“The word, *μουσική* (the music art), was applied by the Greeks indifferently to melody, measure, poetry, dancing, gesticulation, &c.”¹ these being all indebted to mathematics—the science, or rather instrument, which treats of the relations of numbers and magnitudes. Of these deep similitudes, or rather this unity in diversity, Bacon writes in the “Advancement of Learning : “Is not the precept of a musician to fall from a discord or harsh accord upon a concord or sweet accord, alike true in affection? Is not the trope of music, to avoid or slide from the close or cadence, common with the trope of rhetoric of deceiving expectation? Is not the delight of the quavering upon a stop in music the same with the playing of light upon the water?

‘Splendet tremulo sub lumine pontus.’²

¹ See Potter’s “Grecian Antiquities.”

² “The sea resplendent with the trembling light.”

Are not the organs of the senses of one kind with the organs of reflection, the eye with a glass, the ear with a cave or strait determined and bounded? Neither are these only similitudes, as men of narrow observation may conceive them to be, but the same footsteps of nature, treading or printing upon several subjects or matters." More fully he writes in the following beautiful and philosophical passage from the "Sylva Sylvarum:"—"There be in music certain figures or tropes, almost agreeing with the figures of rhetoric; and with the affections of the mind and other senses. First, the division and quavering, which please so much in music, have an agreement with the glittering of light; as the moonbeams playing upon a wave. Again, the falling from a discord to a concord, which maketh great sweetness in music, hath an agreement with the affections, which are reintegrated to the better after some dislikes. It agreeth, also, with the taste, which is soon glutted with that which is sweet alone. The sliding from the close or cadence, hath an agreement with the figure of rhetoric, which they call '*Præter expectatum*;' for there is a pleasure even in being deceived. The Repeats and Fugues have an agreement with the figures, in rhetoric, of repetition and traduction. The Triplas, and changing of times, have an agreement with the changing of motions; as when Galliard time, and Measure time are in the medley of one dance. It has been anciently held, and observed, that the sense of hearing, and the kinds of music, have most operation upon manners; as to encourage men, and make them warlike; to make them soft and effeminate; to make them grave; to make them light; to make them gentle and inclined to pity, &c. The cause is this: for

that the sense of Hearing striketh the spirits more immediately than the other senses, and more incorporeally than smelling; for the Sight, Taste, and Feeling, have their organs not of so present and immediate access to the spirits, as the Hearing hath. And as for the Smelling, (which, indeed, worketh also immediately upon the spirits, and is forcible while the object remaineth), it is with a communication with the breath or vapour of the object odorate; but harmony entering easily, and mingling not at all, and coming with a manifest motion, doth, by custom of often affecting the spirits, and putting them into one kind of posture, alter not a little the nature of the spirits, even when the object is removed. And, therefore, we see that tunes and airs, even in their own nature, have in themselves some affinity with the affections; as there be merry tunes, doleful tunes, solemn tunes, tunes inclining men's minds to pity, warlike tunes, &c. So it is no marvel if they alter the spirits, considering that tunes have a predisposition to the motion of the spirits themselves. But yet it hath been noted that though this variety of tunes doth dispose the spirits to variety of passions, conform unto them; yet, generally, *music feedeth that disposition of the spirits which it findeth.* We see, also, that several airs and tunes do please several nations and persons, according to the sympathy they have with their spirits."

This deep, mysterious sympathy would seem to be the bond or condition of union, harmony, perfection, or beauty throughout the whole universe, revealing, as Wordsworth so finely expresses it,

"Pure modulations flowing from the heart
Of Divine love, where wisdom, beauty, truth,
With order dwell in endless youth."

Hence, too, Shakspeare saith—

“Let rich music’s tongue unfold the imagined happiness.”

And Milton—

“Such harmony alone
Can hold all heaven and earth in happier union.”

With hearts thus perfectly attuned to such “fair music,” our first parents would sing their morning and evening hymns, making Paradise resound with the articulate voice of gladness and praise. “The human voice divine,” while revealing the source of song, at the same time gives to music the highest expression of which it is capable. The voice being thus primarily felt and acknowledged as a basis, man, beginning at home, would be led to observe and note those natural sounds which produced similar effects; imitation and accidental discoveries improved upon would continue to receive additions from time to time, till we had the instrumental accompaniment, and, at length, the varied grandeur of the self-sustaining symphony.

Thus, the broken reed whistling in the wind probably first suggested to the shepherd his pandean pipe, syrinx, or mouth-organ; then would follow wind-instruments of every kind, up to the stately organ, with its silver litanies and deep thunder-rolling bass; its simple-flowing modulations, gorgeous symphonies, and intricate fugues of “dark inwoven harmonies” evolved by the masterly touch of a Bach or Mendelssohn. Listening, the spirit is alternately soothed by simple strains of calm angelic loveliness, and overwhelmed with a sense of unutterable grandeur, faintly whispering of a past and of a heavenly future, till the oppressed and almost breaking heart is

forced with Richter, to exclaim, "Away! away! thou speakest of things which in all my endless life I have found not, and shall not find!"

In the same way Hermes, wandering on the banks of the Nile, may have been attracted to the tortoise left ashore dead and decayed, by the wind moaning through some of its tendons dried in the sun. Touched, they yielded sounds: he afterwards made an instrument of three strings, and invented the lyre—hence called a "shell," and its strings "nerves." Herein, probably, lies the origin of all stringed instruments—unless the twanging of the bow-string be regarded as a more likely source: both may have furnished suggestions. And now we have the *Æolian* harp, "that simplest lute, placed lengthwise in the clasping casement," with its "soft floating witchery of sound;" or the giant harp consisting of fifteen iron wires, stretched from the top of a tower ninety feet high, to his house, one hundred and fifty paces, by the Abbate Gattoni, at Como, in the year 1785; or the similar one of Captain Haas, at Basle, which could be heard for miles around, swelling or dying, and combining in the wildest harmonies; and, even in calm, producing sounds by the electric tension (an internal and longitudinal vibration), thus indicating changes of weather by preluding the storm.

Similar effects may, to a certain extent, frequently be observed with telegraphic wires. We have often listened with delight to their wild musical murmurings in the breeze. Low sounds, otherwise quite inaudible, may at times be distinctly heard, by applying the ear to the supporting wooden poles, which are thus made to serve as conductors. The possible longitudinal vibration of

individual particles composing the texture of the wire, as the impulse of the voltaic pile is communicated, flashing along the fiery whisper, may also have its own peculiar sound, were our ears only capable of noting it.¹ This latter species of vibration is the same as that by which the brain itself receives or sends out its swift messages of thought and feeling—a perfect system of double nerves being organized throughout the whole human frame expressly for this purpose. But we digress.

In the discovery of Hermes, we have not only the origin of the Æolian harp, but of all harps, with successive additions to the number of their strings. In Egypt there were originally three chords—some say two, and subsequently we find as many as twenty-two. In Greece, during the Homeric age, there were four chords; between which period and the time of Terpander the number was increased to seven; an eighth was added by Pythagoras; Euclid alludes to a tenth; Timotheus, to his cost, added an eleventh; Plutarch speaks of twelve. Thus additions and improvements continued to be made, until at length we have now the modern Erard Harp, with its pedals and increased powers.

Many graceful forms of ancient harps are preserved to us by means of gems, coins, vases, bas-reliefs, mural paintings, &c.; these have been collected in two large volumes, by Doni, his valuable work being entitled “*Lyra Barberina*;” also in Flaxman’s designs, which are more

¹Since the above was written, “M. Wertheim states that he can *hear* molecular vibrations running along in the longitudinal direction of an artificial magnet, so long as its substance is kept in a vexed state by frequent interruptions of the inducing electric current.” Edin. Rev., No. 215, p. 53. (Article “*De la Rive on Electrical Science.*”)

generally accessible, antique lyres, exquisitely beautiful in design, are frequently introduced.

To the same source may also be traced stringed instruments with keys, from the clavichord, virginal, spinet, and harpsichord, down to the grand piano-forte by Broadwood or Collard, with its delicate and intricate action. As an illustration of this complexity, it is stated that "In one of Messrs. Broadwood's most complete cabinet piano-fortes, the mechanism connected with the 'action' consists of about *three thousand eight hundred* separate pieces of ivory, ebony, cedar, sycamore, lime-tree, mahogany, beef-wood, oak, pine, steel, iron, brass, lead, cloth, felt, leather, and vellum. Every one of these has to be fashioned with the most scrupulous exactness, and as scrupulously adjusted to its place. Many of the pieces are not more than a quarter of an inch square, many of them even less. The qualities of all the varieties of wood are closely studied, in order to determine their particular aptitude for the different parts; and it is thus that so many as seven or eight kinds are used in the 'action' alone. One kind is preferred because slender rods made of it will not warp; another kind because the grain is straight; a third because it is hard and smooth; a fourth because it is soft and smooth, and so on. Some of the rods are as much as three feet long, and only a sixth or seventh of an inch in thickness."

Such are the facilities now afforded to Thalberg or Moschellés, to Hallé, Schumann, or Pleyel; magnificent instruments such as Handel or Haydn never beheld, but with which they would certainly have been delighted.

Also, stringed instruments played with a bow, from the rebec to the double bass; or the violins of Amati,

Steiner, or Stradivarius—in the hands of a Paganini, Sivioli, Ernst, or Remenyi. As with these four species of stringed instruments, whether the chords be of gut or wire, plain or covered, so with all other kinds, enumerations of which are to be found in every work on music.

Musical glasses, sounding by friction of the finger, or by percussion; metallic springs made to vibrate, such as the Jew's harp, by the finger, or the notes of the musical box, by means of a toothed barrel; or when a current of air is directed against a thin slip of metal in an aperture, as in the harmonicon, accordion, or seraphine. In wind instruments, tubes of wood or metal, such as the flute, flageolet, horn, trumpet, &c., or those in which a reed is used, such as the clarinet or oboe, the sound is produced by the column of air inside vibrating spirally. Others are merely pulsatile, such as triangles, cymbals, drums, bells, gongs, &c.—the harsh, broken, wild and confused tone of the latter being occasioned by "the roughness and inequalities of its thickness and surface."

As the varied powers of instruments are from time to time discovered and developed, both by improvements in their construction, and additional skill acquired by performers in their management, the field for musical expression and effects is enlarged. Each instrument speaks a language of its own—its peculiar body of tone possessing a distinct quality, or as it were colour, which is by the French designated *timbre*.

The duration, succession, and combination of these, from the "lonely flute" to the "trumpets, sackbuts, psalteries, and fifes, tabors, and cymbals," which, with "the shouting Romans," Shakspeare says, made "the sun dance," joined to the ever-changing and growing re-

sources of modern instrumentation, give, to music, powers of harmony of which the ancients had not the slightest conception. While listening to instrumental music—say Mozart or Beethoven's—as Coleridge has beautifully observed in "The Friend"—"The present strain seems not only to recall, but almost to renew, some past movement, another, and yet the same! Each present movement bringing back, as it were, and embodying the spirit of some melody that had gone before, anticipates, and seems trying to overtake something that is to come; and the musician has reached the summit of his art when, having thus modified the present by the past, he at the same time weds the past in the present to some prepared and corresponsive future. The auditors' thoughts and feelings move under the same influence, retrospection blends with anticipation, and hope and memory a female Janus, becomes one power with a double aspect."

Music, furnishing the key to all order, harmony, or symmetry, might be literally called the mathematics of the feelings. Hence, those ancient fables, attributing to it miraculous powers, when rightly read, even fall short of the reality.

Chladni's experiments demonstrate the connection between sound and form;—certain vibrations causing particles of sand strewn on glass to assume certain beautiful and varied geometrical forms. Here we have

"Beauty born of murmuring sound."¹

True of atoms, the same law, under different conditions,

¹ Wordsworth.

may have, nay, has had to do with the disposition of worlds in space. We note sympathetic vibrations; sympathies, too, as yet beyond our ken, pervade the universe with sweet compelling power, all diverging from, and converging in Love, its grand key note. One law of order rules the psychical and the physical. Shakspeare makes Ferdinand say—

“This music crept by me upon the waters;
Allaying both their fury, and my passion,
With its sweet air:”

in the same strain Milton alludes to the musician—

“Who with his soft pipe and smooth dittied song,
Well knows to still the wild winds when they roar,
And hush the waving woods:”

and Wordsworth writes—

“The pipe of Pan to Shepherds,
Couch'd in the shadow of Mæalian pines,
Was passing sweet; the eye-balls of the Leopards,
That in high triumph drew the Lord of Vines,
How did they sparkle to the cymbal's clang!
While Fawns and Satyrs beat the ground
In cadence, and Silenus swang
This way and that, with wild flowers crowned.”

This accords with the miraculous powers ascribed to music in ancient times, and among primitive races. In infant Greece, the lyre was believed to be all but omnipotent. It stopped the flow of rivers, tamed wild animals, raised the walls of cities, while, in later times, it was employed as a specific by the physician, and, in public education, as a medium of instruction in religion, morals and the laws. In the latter light, it was regarded both

by Plato and Aristotle—men who differed widely in other political maxims. Nor are such views confined to any age. Luther called music “a half discipline and school-mistress to make the people gentler, milder, more moral and wiser;” and he elsewhere emphatically says—“Next unto theology, I give the place and highest honour unto music.” The day is breaking when such opinions will not be confined to the enlightened few.

Among the Greeks, the Spondees of Pythagoras calmed rage as if by magic; discord, and civil commotions even, were stayed by music; and they believed it capable of civilizing fierce and savage nations. The lyre of Orpheus became a constellation in the heavens, and divine honours were paid to the memory of Sappho. Truly the Greeks, who, more than any other nation, worshipped and developed the beautiful—were ruled by the lyre.

The musical traditions of the Chinese are, in many respects, similar to those of Greece. In early ages they shrewdly designated music the “*science of sciences*,” the “*rich source from whence all others spring*.” We find Kinglun, Kovei, and Pinmoukia arresting the flow of rivers, and causing woods and forests to crowd around them, attracted by their performances; and that certain ancient strains drew angels from heaven, and up-conjured departed souls from the regions of woe. They also believe that music can inspire men with the love of virtue and duty. Confucius expressly says—“To know if a kingdom be well governed, and if the customs of its inhabitants be bad or good, examine the musical taste which prevails therein.” All music but that of a warlike character, was proscribed by the Emperor Nagaiti, when he wished to rouse the courage of the Celestials.

The Hindoos, also, have music-spells innumerable, serving for all occasions, ordinary or extraordinary, physical or mental: for example, one of their *raugs*, or melodies—with its minute intervals, broken and irregular time, and modulations frequent and wild—they believe to be a certain bringer on of storms, clouds, and earthquakes; and, in like manner—certain spells being apportioned to each hour of the day, varying with the season of the year—that a strain peculiar to midnight perfectly played, would induce darkness at noon. Such an effect is ascribed to the playing of Mia Tousine, in the time of the Emperor Akbar.

Similar traditions survive in Persia; and Arabic literature abounds in illustrations of Music's power under the guise of similar hyperboles. Numerous are the miracles said to have been wrought by the vocal and instrumental performances of their most skilled musicians.

The wise men among the Arabs perceived—modern writers came to say *imagined*, but in the clearer light of science we again say *perceived*—the marvellous relation existing between harmonious sounds and the processes of nature, and closely interwove it with their philosophy. Universal in its influence, the tones of the lute furnished medical recipes for almost all diseases; thus literally bracing or toning the mind and frame, restoring both to health, in the same way as Saul's troubled spirit was refreshed by David's playing on the harp. In the tenth century, it is related that on one occasion the learned Al Farabi composed a piece of music, the first movement of which, sung with an instrumental accompaniment before Seidfeddonla the Grand Vizier, joyfully excited the mind with its incongruities, throwing

that prince and his courtiers into incontrollable fits of laughter; the next, waking sympathies, melted all hearts into tears; while the last, the grandest and loftiest of all, lulled and at length plunged every one present into a deep sleep, even the performers themselves being quite unable to resist its potent enchantment. This story is beautifully allegorical of that unconsciousness, or *unselfing*, which more or less pertains to the very highest efforts of art in any department, both as to production and appreciation; nay, as might be expected, the same law of unconsciousness holds good in life, and may be observed in that reciprocal spontaneity, characteristic of giving and receiving, where there is the purest and highest friendship; for then the *musical* relations of life are perfect, and all is harmonious.

History furnishes many instances of the power of music, similar to that recorded of David and Saul; and all have in some degree felt its sweet, soothing influences.

Truly the poet sings of Apollo—

“Music exalts each joy, allays each grief,
Expels diseases, softens every pain,
Subdues the rage of poison and the plague;
And hence the wise of ancient days regarded
One power of Physic, Melody, and Song!”

And Mrs. Browning touchingly and beautifully alludes to

“Antidotes
Of medicated music, answering for
Mankind’s forlornest uses.”

Shakspeare writes—

“Preposterous ass! that never read so far
To know the cause why Music was ordained!
Was it not to refresh the mind of man
After his studies, or his usual pain?”

And elsewhere, as if describing Al Farabi's third movement—

“In sweet music is such art;
Killing care and grief of heart
Fall asleep, or, hearing, die.”

This depth or universality—speaking in the breeze, in the whispering wood, and the murmuring fountain, in the singing of summer birds, in odour-breathing flowers, or

“In the words
Of antique verse, and high romance; in form,
Sound, colour;”

in the silent crystal, the plant, the animal, and in man's spirit—manifestly proclaims the harmony of truth; and, the heart right with God,

“Every motion, odour, beam and tone,
With that deep music is in unison.”

Shakspeare himself, who above all others is *the* eulogist and poet-laureate of music—ever felicitous as he is far-reaching in his allusions—fathoming the deepest depths of its primary and ultimate significance, thus conclusively writes:—

“Therefore, the poet
Did feign that Orpheus drew trees, stones, and floods;
Since nought so stockish, hard, and full of rage,
But music for the time doth change his nature:
The man that hath no music in himself,
Nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils;
The motions of his spirit are dull as night,
And his affections dark as Erebus:
Let no such man be trusted.—Mark the Music.”

The art of music, vocal and instrumental, would seem to have been almost coeval with man. Before the deluge,

Jubal, the son of Lamech, is mentioned as the inventor of musical instruments, though, of what kind, translators are not agreed. Laban, in Mesopotamia, complained that he had no opportunity afforded him of conducting Jacob and his family out of the land "with mirth and with songs, with tabret and with harp." The *lyric* odes of the Hebrews, as the name implies, were set to music. The glorious triumph of the Lord was sung by Miriam on the banks of the Red Sea. Music, vocal and instrumental—they are never separated—formed an important feature in most of the festivities and religious services of the Jews, whether public or private. It enlivened their march in the annual pilgrimage to Jerusalem;¹ and music is still employed for this purpose in oriental processions. Not that music of any kind—except the blowing of the two silver trumpets—was ever enjoined on the Jews as part of their ceremonial services. In the directions given to Moses there is no other allusion to music. This was altogether unnecessary; for being in perfect accordance with man's moral and physical constitution, applicable to all time, and affording the highest medium for the utterance of praise, it was joyfully and naturally rendered by the sanctified heart, as a *free-will offering* to the Lord—the Divine sanction subsequently showing that it was acceptable and well-pleasing in His sight. When the Ark was brought up, "David and all Israel played before God with all their might, and with singing, and with harps, and with psalteries, and with timbrels, and with cymbals, and with trumpets."² It accompanied the prophets, was employed in funeral ceremonies, at

¹ Isaiah xxx. 29.

² 1 Chron. xiii. 8.

marriage festivals, and was closely interwoven with all their feelings, manners, and customs. The skill of David in sacred music, and his regal direction of choirs and orchestras, are recorded in the Books of Chronicles. Many of the Psalms are arranged for different choirs and choruses; and frequently with directions to "the chief musician." The twenty-fourth Psalm would seem to be intended for such alternate singing, which is called *antiphonal* or responsive. It is thus given by Professor Eadie:—

"Both Choruses.

Jehovah's is the earth and its fulness;
The world and its inhabitants;
For he founded it upon seas,
He established it upon streams.

First Chorus.

Who can go up into the mount of Jehovah?
Who shall stand in the place of his holiness?

Second Chorus.

He whose hands are clean, whose heart is pure,
Who lifts not his soul to vanity, and swears not in deceit;
He shall receive blessing from Jehovah,
And righteousness from the God of his salvation.
This is the generation which seek him;
Jacob's generation, who seek thy face.

First Chorus.

Raise your heads, doors;
Lift up yourselves, everlasting (venerable) gates, that the
king of glory may enter.

Second Chorus.

Who is the king of glory?

First Chorus.

Jehovah, the strong one and mighty;
Jehovah, the mighty one in battle.

Second Chorus.

Raise your heads, doors;
Lift up yourselves, venerable gates, that the king of glory
may enter.

First Chorus.

Who is the king of glory?

Both Choruses.

Jehovah, Zebaoth, he it is; he is the king of glory."

As a nation, the Hebrews were musical. Sweet singers, they sang very lovely songs, had pleasant voices, and could play well on instruments—(Ezek. xxxiii. 33.) Captive by the rivers of Babylon, they were importuned to sing the songs of Zion for the entertainment of their oppressors, from which circumstance may be inferred their superior musical skill.

Daniel describes the musical establishment of the Chaldeans at the Court of Nebuchadnezzar as being magnificent, for which, some think, he was indebted to the Jews. Ezra (ii. 65) records, that among those who returned from the captivity were "two hundred singing men and singing women." It may also be remarked that under the impious reigns of some kings, their musical services fell into disuse, but were again revived by the good kings Hezekiah and Josiah.

In Egypt music was cultivated in the most remote ages, and many are of opinion, that what has been generally thought the beginning of the arts and sciences, in that interesting country, was only their revival. The arts had long been declining in Egypt, ere their infancy in Greece.

The oldest known representation of a musical instrument is one of two strings, on an Egyptian obelisk now standing at Rome, and known by the name of the *guglia rotta*. It was brought there, by Augustus, from Heliopolis, where it had been first erected by Sesostris, 400

years before the siege of Troy. The peculiar interest of this instrument is derived from its having a neck or finger-board like a lute; a contrivance which enables the performer to obtain, by fingering, a succession of notes from each string. This invention affords facilities and powers to instrumental music which were unknown to the Greeks in the best period of the Arts. This, in connection with those fresco representations of harp-playing, in the sepulchres adjoining Thebes and elsewhere, described by Bruce and other travellers,¹ in which harps, almost equalling those of our modern drawing-rooms in size, graceful form, highly finished ornament, and great compass, would seem to indicate a high state of perfection both in "geometry, drawing, mechanics, and music;" the latter in all likelihood reaching a higher degree of excellence than that to which even the Greeks subsequently attained. Latterly, according to Plato, they were restricted by their laws—as in other arts relating to form and colour—to certain fixed melodies which they were not permitted to alter, and these were handed down traditionally, by the ear alone. The Egyptians would seem to have had no original theatrical performances, although they had wandering singers, players upon instruments, dancers, and story tellers, as in modern times: the study of music as a science, however, was chiefly confined to the priesthood.

In early ages the position of the poet or musician in Greece somewhat resembled that of the northern Scalds, Minstrels, and Bards of a later time—singing on the street

¹ See Wilkinson's "Ancient Egyptians," vol. i., pp. 125-130—more particularly the representation at p. 109.

or in the palace. Regarded as inspired, he was welcomed and respected by all. Homer's numerous allusions, glowing descriptions and fine appreciation of music are only excelled by Shakspeare, who in this respect, as indeed in almost all others, is unapproachably alone. Music, however, in Homer is always mentioned in connection with poetry; those instruments most frequently named by him being the lyre, the flute, and the syrinx or Pan's pipe. In later times we have seen that melody and poetic song—regarded as the grand medium of instruction in religion, morals, manners, and the laws—constituted the chief part of the national education, being taught to all; and, deemed a useful and valuable accomplishment, music was assiduously practised alike by the warrior, statesman, judge, or philosopher. When we say taught to all, we refer only to the educated classes; for *unmusical* among the Greeks was the equivalent for uneducated.

Much learned research has been bestowed upon ancient music, particularly upon that of the Greeks, but with very little result as to its actual character, although much is known of its use, influence, connection with manners, customs, &c. It would seem to have been "a rhythmical recitation, with a simple accompaniment, less musical than rhetorical." We do not find that *harmony*, in its modern acceptation, was known to the Greeks, their technical use of that word only signifying *melody*, or successive intervals in unison or octave. There are several ancient treatises on acoustics,—the theory of music in a mathematical point of view,—and others which have reference to its practice; but from the want of material to illustrate them, they are now quite unintelli-

gible. Terpander is said to have first invented notation in Greece, 671 years B.C., before which time, much must have depended on the memory and taste of the performers. The system of notation, when complete, was very intricate—being based upon the letters of the alphabet, mutilated, variously altered and modified by accents and arbitrary marks, thus increasing the musical signs to upwards of sixteen hundred, the mere acquisition of which involved the labour of years. Several undoubted fragments of Greek music are preserved in ancient MSS., but every attempt hitherto made to render them is unsatisfactory in the extreme. The scale consisted of two octaves, the notes being arranged in tetrachords or groups of four notes each. Their music, too, was of three kinds—the *diatonic*, or natural scale; the *chromatic*, introducing semitones; and the *enharmonic*, dividing the scale into quarter tones or lesser intervals. The various effects of the different modes¹ were probably introduced in a way similar to our modern changes of key and rhythm.

We read of musical instruments costing enormous sums, rivalling those frequently paid by our *Cremona* fanciers; and also of favourite flute-players, or lyrists, receiving rewards equal to the salaries demanded by first-class opera singers of the present day. Whenever

¹“There were four principal *Nomoi*, or *modes*; the Phrygian, which was religious; the Doric, martial; the Lydian, plaintive; and the Ionic, gay and flowery. Some add a fifth, the Æolic, which was simple. The mode used to excite soldiers to battle, was called *Orthios*. In later times the term *Nomoi* was applied to the hymns which were sung in those modes.”—“Potter's Grecian Antiquities,” p. 666.

Amabæus the harper sang in public, he received an attic talent for his performance.¹

Dryden, in his "Ode to St. Cecilia," has described the thrilling effect of Timotheus' lyre on the mind of Alexander. Historians have recorded the marvellous power of music on the battle-field, to rouse, calm, or inflame to deeds of desperate valour; hence its habitual use. Such accounts do not exceed authentic instances in modern days, such as the effect of the trumpet on Abyssinian soldiers as described by Bruce—the frantic enthusiasm roused in the Arabs by the peculiar shrill cry or *Tahleel* of the women, of which Layard writes—or the song of the Marseillaise, and other airs, on masses of the French people. Frequently has the Ranz des Vaches to the Swiss, or the Pibroch to the Highlander, conjured up pictures of home, filling the heart with a sad longing; but as often has it raised the drooping spirit of the soldier, cheering him on to death or victory!

As to the actual character of Greek music, the national airs of all countries, when analyzed, are found to conform to certain scales, in accordance with the mental and physical constitution of man; from existing national music, therefore, in various countries, we may reasonably infer somewhat concerning that of primitive times. Dr. Burney is of opinion, that both the ancient melodies of Greece and China were similar in character to those of Scotland—a conclusion which many collateral facts render extremely probable. For, exhibiting great versatility, the dance music of Scotland, unrivalled in spirit and force, is absolutely electric; its serious melodies are often highly polished and graceful; while those of a plaintive

¹ Nearly £200 sterling.

character are as exquisitely pathetic as can well be conceived.

It is deeply to be regretted that the musical *chef d'œuvres* of the Greeks—a people with whom the love of art was a passion, and whose native atmosphere of thought was the Beautiful—should have been, it is to be feared, irrecoverably lost; and that the magic strains of Orpheus, Amphion, Terpander, Tyrtæus, and “burning Sappho,” together with the recitative and chorus of the Athenian stage itself, alas! can only be heard in imagination. Joyfully, contentedly, and beautifully, however, does John Keats—in the “Ode on a Grecian Urn,” with “its flowery tale” or “leaf-fringed legend,” “In Tempè or the dales of Arcady,”—with the true creative faculty, exclaim

“ Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard
Are sweeter; therefore, ye soft pipes, play on!”¹

The music of the Romans was, in early times, rude and coarse. From the Etruscans they derived their religious music, and from the Greeks their military music and that of the drama. Fast becoming degenerate and

¹ “ A few specimens of Greek melody, expressed in the ancient notation, have come down to us. An account of them may be found in Burney (vol. i., p. 83), where they are given with modern notes in a conjectural rhythm. One of the best of them may also be seen in Boeckh (iii. 12), with a different rhythm. It is composed to the words of the first Pythian, and is supposed by Boeckh to be certainly genuine, and to belong to a time earlier than the fifteen modes.” (See “Smith’s Dictionary of Greek and Roman Antiquities,” 2d Ed., article “Music,” p. 778 especially.) We have not met with this air, but, since the above was in type, have, in answer to enquiries, received from a friend the following interesting communication regarding it:—“The music consists only of a couple of lines. I cannot at the moment lay my hands on it; but I know a Greek lady of great beauty and talent

corrupt as a people, that art, which in Greece was employed to teach morality and virtue, was perverted into an object of mere luxury. Soon afterwards it began to decline, rapidly falling into disuse, till in a short time the music of Greece, which they had adopted, was entirely forgotten; and, for what little we now know of it, we are chiefly indebted to the few ancient treatises on the subject which have survived the dark ages, and to incidental allusions throughout the classics.

The early Christians were in the habit of singing, or chanting hymns, the character of the music being solemn and slow, a grave sweet melody, capable of being accompanied on the psaltery, which it probably was when harp players were found among the converts. In Ephesians v. 19—"Speaking to yourselves in psalms and hymns, and spiritual songs, singing and making melody in your hearts to the Lord," *psallontes* (*πσαλλοντες*)—the word which in our version is rendered "making melody," is literally *playing on the psaltery*, *psallo* being

who sings it, and every time I go I request to hear it. It sounds like a church chaunt—deep, sonorous, and solemn—grand as the ideas of Pindar, and such as we can only conceive of in great cathedral choirs. It is a solemn and deep music, such as we can readily believe was sung on the steps of the temple of Solomon, when the *songs of degrees* were sung; and we can readily believe it, coming from the East, to be repeated in the temples of Greece, to make in time the Ambrosian and Gregorian chaunts, and the sacred music of Beethoven and the moderns, but more especially if church music, which has had the best chance of being preserved. The solemn church music is undoubtedly ancient. It must either have begun or passed through Greece. We can then connect the most glorious ideas with Greek music; and when we hear this beautiful piece of Pindar's Pythian, we can feel that the Greeks had solemn thoughts as well as we who have seen cathedrals."—R. A. S.

the verb from which *psalm* is derived. Calvin, notwithstanding his own violent opposition to instrumental music, in his notes on Colossians iii. 16, defines "a psalm" to be "that species of song, in the singing of which some musical instrument is employed beside the voice." Such praise, commanded on earth, we read of in the Apocalypse of St. John, as being the employment of the redeemed, and of the holy angels in heaven.

The primitive church probably adopted the same strains which had been sung under the former dispensation, nor is it unlikely that the pagan music of various countries also furnished airs, which, thus, in time would become consecrated to higher uses. A few Culdee melodies are extant, which would seem to have been handed down from this early period. Copies of several of these we received from the late Dr. Mainzer; simple and plaintive, there is a strangeness in their beauty which association renders extremely interesting.

About the close of the fourth century, St. Ambrose digested the music then in use among the Christians into a system, retaining the Greek method of notation. He was the first to introduce the *antiphonal* singing of the psalms—*i.e.*, the singing of verses alternately by the choir—from Antioch, to Milan whence it was generally received and adopted throughout Christendom under the name of the Ambrosian Chant. The effect of this music appears to have been great. St. Augustine, speaking of his sensations on entering the church while the choir was singing, says, "As the voices flowed into my ears, truth was instilled into my heart, and the affections of piety overflowed in tears of joy."

Two centuries later, under Gregory the Great, further

improvements were introduced. The notes were increased from four to seven, and the psalmody was noted by the following six sign-letters: C, D, E, F, G, and A, —C being singularly enough used for two notes, viz., the first and seventh. Those letters were at first written over the syllables to which they were to be sung, but, subsequently, were written on parallel lines, higher or lower, according to the sound.

He established and endowed a singing school, for the training of the young, which continued to flourish for three hundred years after his death. From him we have the Gregorian Chants, "which," as a writer in the *Quarterly* has beautifully said, "rise up from the vast profound of the past, like solemn heralds of a dawning world of sound—pure, solemn, and expressionless—like those awful heads of angels and archangels we discover sometimes, in rude fresco, beneath the richer colouring and suppler forms of a later day. . . . Kyries, Sanctuses, and Te Deums now rise up before us like the early pictures of the Virgin and Saints, all breathing a certain purity and austere grace, and all marked with that imperfection which naturally belongs to the ecclesiastical modes or keys of the day, and yet an imperfection which gave them a kind of solemn beauty, as if they were too holy to stoop to please." In these we have the preparatory exercises and solid foundations for the music of a later period.

About the year A.D. 1022, Guido D'Arezzo, a Benedictine monk, added the seventh letter, B—some, however, using H instead of B—thus each note had now its own sign mark. He is also said to have originated the appellation Ut, Re, Mi, Fa, Sol, La, these syllables oc-

curring, and corresponding to the scale, in that ancient Latin hymn, the air of which has been attributed to Saint John, or at least is said to have been sung by him. The music rises a note with each of the syllables indicated, thus forming the common scale.

UT queant laxis, REsonare fibris,
MIRA gestorum, FAMula tuorum,
SOLvi polluti, LABii reatum.

SANCTI JOHANNIS.

For euphony and ease in singing, the first syllable was changed by the Italians into *Do*, though till very lately the primitive *Ut* was retained by the French; and instead of *B*, *Si* was introduced. D'Arezzo also substituted dots or marks for letters on and between the lines of the stave, the number of which have since been modified to five. He only retained transformations of three letters to place at the beginning of an interval, marking or fixing the value of the notes which followed, thus constituting the signature *clef* or key.

The introduction of harmony, however simple, with the use of keyed instruments, now called attention to the regulation of the time or the length of each note, in order to keep the singers together. D'Arezzo invented and named at least these three notes, the *long*, the *breve*, and the *semibreve*; and Franco of Cologne shortly afterwards reduced notation, or the relative value of notes, into a systematic form, which, with certain modifications, is virtually that still employed.

St. Austin established a school at Canterbury; and, near the close of the ninth century, Alfred the Great founded a music-professorship at Oxford. In the middle ages, music formed one of the four branches of a learned

education, belonging to the *quadrivium*—Arithmetic, Geometry, Astronomy, and Music.

It will be remembered that Alfred, an accomplished performer on the harp, entered the Danish camp, disguised as a minstrel, and obtained such information as enabled him to regain his crown. The only English stanza preserved from before the conquest, and attributed to Canute, relates to music, and is as follows:—

“Merry sungen the Muneches binnen Ely
The Cnut Ching reuther by;
Roweth Cnites noer the land,
And here we thes Muneches sang.”¹

The Chanson de Roland, full of military fire, is historically interesting, from its having been sung by the soldiers of the Conqueror when advancing at Hastings. The most ancient English song, with music, that has yet been met with, is one written, on the battle of Agincourt, as late as the year A.D. 1415.

The discovery of Richard Cœur de Lion by his minstrel, Blondel de Nesle, in the “*Tour Tenebreuse*” of the Castle of Dierstein (?) on the banks of the Danube, where he had been thrown by the treachery of Duke Leopold of Austria while returning from the Holy Land, is a well known incident. So is the romantic recovery during the same reign of the young heiress of D’Evereux Earl of Salisbury, from Normandy, by a knight of the Talbot family; and also the tragical story of Chatelain de Coucy

¹ Thus modernized by Campbell:—

“Merry sang the Monks in Ely
When Canute king was sailing by;
Row ye Knights near the land,
And let us hear the Monks’ song.”

and the Lady of Fayel. History and song abound in such instances.

Dante and Boccaccio frequently allude to music. The pages of Chaucer everywhere attest its sweet power and universality, both during his own, and in the preceding age. He represents his Squire as singing, or fluting, all the day; his mendicant friars, monks, and nuns are also vocalists, and, amongst instruments, he mentions the fiddle, psaltery, harp, lute, cittern, rote (or hurdy-gurdy), and the organ. The accomplished James I. of Scotland was even more eminently distinguished as a musician and composer than as a poet. His beautiful airs having been received with enthusiasm in Italy, gave an impulse, and exerted a lasting influence—which has been acknowledged by the Italians themselves—on the subsequent music of that country. Those simple melodies such as “Waly, waly, up the bank,” “Ay wakin’, O,” “Be constant ay,” and “Will ye gang to the ewe-buchts, Marion?” can be traced to this age, and possibly are royal compositions. The oldest Scottish airs have been thought by some to exhibit traces of an Eastern origin, and to have been handed down from a remote antiquity; but human nature being everywhere much the same, and all early art-efforts bearing a considerable family resemblance to each other, it becomes difficult, in the absence of positive proof, to hazard an opinion as to what has been derived, and what is purely indigenous.

To the period between James IV. and V. and on to the end of the reign of Queen Mary, belong many tragic ballads and songs, such as, “Busk ye, busk ye, my bonnie, bonnie Bride,” “Hero and Leander,” “The Flowers of the Forest,” “Ballow, my boy,” “The bonnie Earle of

Murray," and "Queen Mary's Lament." The modulation to the seventh of the key frequently introduced in old Scottish songs has a fine pathetic effect.¹ Tassoni, an Italian writer of the period, speaking of the music of King James the First, who introduced such intervals, said that it "was plaintive and melancholy, and different from all other music."²

Of the period from Queen Mary to the Restoration are the songs, "Through the lane muir I followed my Willie," "Ettrick banks," "I'll never leave thee," "The broom of Cowdenknowes," "Where Helen lies," "Through the wood, Laddie," and "Muirland Willie."

From the Restoration to the Union we have, amongst many beautiful songs, "An thou wert mine ain thing," "Mary Scott, the flower of Yarrow," "My dearie an' thou die," "Allan Water," "The Highland laddie," "The lass of Patie's mill," "The Yellow-haired Laddie," and "Lochaber no more."

Later still, we have "The Birks of Ivermay," "The Banks of Forth," "Roslin Castle," and "The Braes of Ballendine"—the last two composed by Oswald; also several exquisite songs composed or adapted by R. A. Smith to the words of Tannahill. We have only named a few of the many songs of Scotland, as illustrative of national melody, no country in the world being so rich in that department of music. The natural simplicity and genius herein occasionally displayed, is in some respects unsurpassed by any efforts of art—even the very

¹ Rather a passing modulation to the fourth, which is accomplished by flattening the seventh.

² "Il trova da se stesso, una nuova musica, lamentevole e mesta, differente da tutte l'altre."

highest. Among persons of refined musical taste, these old songs only require to be known in order to be appreciated. The same remark, though in a lesser degree, might be applied to some of the finest Irish airs.

National Melody, self-sown, is fostered by art; Harmony is also the result of science and experience. While the song of the wandering Minstrel, tuned to love or war, sprung up indigenously in the various countries of the north and the sunny south—kings and nobles frequently seeking to rival him in skill—Italy in the early ages, Flanders from the fifteenth to the sixteenth century, and Rome after the time of Palestrina, were respectively the head-quarters of scientific music; and thither ecclesiastics continued to resort for instruction, while masters from these countries were much in request throughout Europe.

From Guido D'Arezzo, to the age of the Medici and Leo X., music made no rapid or very marked progress. This period of wondrous intellectual activity, however, as in the other arts and sciences, was an epoch of great and decided advancement. Time, melody, and harmony, were now studied, each both as an art and a science. The most distinguished architects, sculptors, poets, painters, and scientific men of the day were at the same time musicians. The organ had but recently been brought near to its present perfection, so that the deep capabilities and powers of harmony were perceived. To that instrument, therefore, may principally be ascribed the gradual discovery and study of harmony and counterpoint. Although we read of water organs; of an organ having been presented to Pepin, king of France, by the Greek Emperor Constantine, in the eighth century;

and of a rude, cumbrous instrument in Winchester Cathedral, with twenty-six bellows, requiring seventy men to blow them, and much strength to force down its few keys which were each five or six inches broad; these were all rude, ineffective contrivances, compared with our modern instrument.

Milton—himself a skilful performer on the organ, and the son of one who in his leisure hours was an enthusiastic organist—evinces his fine musical appreciation in the following lines,

“There, let the pealing organ blow,
To the full-voic’d quire below,
In service high, and anthems clear,
As may with sweetness, through mine ear,
Dissolve me into extasies,
And bring all Heav’n before mine eyes.”

By a singular anachronism, however—or, rather, a poetical license—in “Paradise Lost,” he represents Jubal as performing on an instrument of the seventeenth century, in beautiful language, so technically correct as to be even yet singularly applicable to the masterly playing of Bach, Handel, or Mendelssohn. His words are—

“The sound
Of instruments that made melodious chime
Was heard, of harp and organ; and, who mov’d
Their stops and chords, was seen: his volant touch,
Instinct through all proportions, low or high,
Fled and pursued, traverse, the resonant fugue.”

For a time the new combinations and capabilities of harmony led to a partial neglect of melody. The latter, however, being the soul of all national and secular music, speedily produced a reaction, and came to supply the de-

ficiency of the former. No harmony, however rich, can dispense with melody, any more than gorgeous colouring in a painting can, in any degree atone for the absence of correct drawing.

Palestrina (who was born in 1524, and died in 1594) may be regarded as the creator, or reformer, of modern church music. Far in advance of that age, his massive harmonies exhibit a depth, purity, richness, and dignified grandeur, especially in the celebrated Mass of Marcellus, which makes him rank unspeakably above the florid composers of a later time. The principal characteristics of his style have thus been enumerated—"precision and clearness in the observation of the rules of harmony, grace and truth in expression, with pure taste, and the noblest simplicity in modulation." Luca Marenzi, of the same period, also brought the madrigal to a degree of perfection which has scarcely been excelled.

The sacred music of Palestrina is still considered a model of excellence. From his successors we single out one great name, Gregorio Allegri, the composer of *The Miserere*, of whom little else is known than that he was admitted into the Pope's chapel in 1629, and died in 1652.

For a time, the scientific music of Rome, both sacred and secular, was received as the scientific music of the world. Soon, however, originality and genius, roused and stirred by sympathetic appreciation, began to think and invent, forming new and striking combinations.

In the Netherlands, a succession of distinguished musicians appeared at the close of the fifteenth and during the sixteenth century; the founder of the Flemish school being Josquin des Prés, many of whose beautiful masses, motets, and songs are still extant.

To the Reformation in Germany and Switzerland, with the efforts of Huss, Jerome of Prague, Zuinglius, and, above all, of Luther, we are chiefly indebted for the psalmody of our Protestant churches, and, indeed, for a higher tone of morals in the popular songs of Europe.

In France, Clement Marot, and his friend Theodore Beza, prepared a version of the psalms, and did much to render the singing of them acceptable among the people. In England, during the sixteenth century, among the greatest names in ecclesiastical harmony were Tye, Marbeck, Tallis, Bird, and Gibbons: of these, the greatest was Tallis. At the Reformation, the choral service, superior to that of any other country, was fortunately retained in our cathedrals, and ordered to be carried on, "reduced, nevertheless, to that state of purity and simplicity from which it had deviated." Under the reign of Elizabeth, many improvements, particularly in regard to psalm-singing by the people, were effected, principally through the musical taste and learning of Archbishop Parker. Later appeared Thomas Ravenscroft's celebrated work, containing a melody for every one of the one hundred and fifty psalms. It is interesting to know that he was assisted in its preparation by John Milton, the father of the poet, whose "York," a fine composition,—the alternate rising and falling of the melody ever suggesting to us the waving of cherub-wings—is still a favourite tune in our churches at the present day. The numerous services, anthems, and canons of this period are regarded as the finest compositions of their kind to be met with. Reserving some remarks on the improvement of psalmody for the close of the present treatise, we proceed with our sketch.

Towards the close of the sixteenth and the beginning of the seventeenth century, rose that brilliant constellation of English musicians, whose madrigals and glees are still unrivalled in originality and beauty. A collection of twenty-four madrigals, entitled "The Triumphs of Oriana," was published by Morley in 1602; and we learn from various sources, that to sing in parts at social meetings, when the music books were as a matter of course placed on the table, was then deemed an ordinary and necessary accomplishment for any well-educated lady or gentleman. The following dialogue of the period, from Morley's "*Introduction to Practical Music*," is interesting and curious, as illustrating the manners of the time. We quote it at second hand.

"*Polymathes*.—Sage brother *Philomathes*, what haste? Whither go you so fast?

"*Philomathes*.—To seek out an old friend of mine.

"*Pol*.—But before you goe, I prairie you to repeat some of the discourses which you had yesternight at *Master Sophobulus*, his banquet; for commonly he is not without both wise and learned guestes.

"*Phi*.—It is true, indeed; and yesternight there were a number of excellent schollers, both gentlemen and others; but all the purpose which was then discoursed upon was musicke.

"*Pol*.—I trust you were contented to suffer others to speak of that matter.

"*Phi*.—I would that had been the worst; for I was compelled to discover mine own ignorance, and confesse that I knewe nothing at all in it.

"*Pol*.—How so?

"*Phi*.—Among the rest of the guestes, by chance

Master Aphron came hither also, who, falling to discourse of musick, was in an argument so quickly taken up and hotly pursued by Eudoxus and Calergus, two kinsmen of Master Sophobulus, as in his own art he was overthrowne; but he still sticking in his opinion, the two gentlemen requested me to examine his reasons and confute them; but I refusing and pretending ignorance, the whole company condemned me of discourtesie, being fully persuaded that I had been as skilfull in that art as they took me to be learned in others: but supper being ended, and musick books, according to the custom, being brought to the table, the mistress of the house presented me with a part, earnestly requesting me to sing; but when, after many excuses, I protested unfainedly that I could not, everie one began to wonder: yea, some whispered to others demanding how I was brought up. So that, upon shame of mine ignorance, I goe now to seek out mine old friende Master Gnorimus, to make myself his scholler."

The rule in those days has unfortunately now become the exception; hence the greater need for following the example of Philomathes. Progressing, however, in many other respects, we have much reason to be thankful for the incomparable advantages we now possess, which were utterly unknown and unthought of in "the good old times" that are gone; and yet, is it not for that reason the more sad to mark our degeneracy in this particular?

The greatest musician of the next century,—with its many distinguished composers, such as Arne, Boyce, Jackson, &c.,—and immeasurably the greatest musician that England has ever produced, was Henry Purcell, who was born at Westminster, in A.D. 1658. In many

respects he resembled Mozart, displaying that precocious genius which is more frequently to be met with in music than in any other of the arts, exhibiting the same versatility in many varied styles of composition, with the difference of his music being vocal instead of instrumental; he also died at the same early age. Many of his early compositions are still sung in our cathedrals. At eighteen years of age, he was appointed organist to Westminster Abbey. At twenty-four, he was advanced to be an organist of the Chapel Royal. His noblest sacred compositions are the "Te Deum," and "Jubilate." Many of his finest anthems are preserved in Dr. Boyce's collection of cathedral music, and all have subsequently been collected and published by Novello.

His music is marvellous for its strange, wild beauty, as in the air "Come unto those yellow sands," and in the song and chorus of invisible spirits, "Full fathom five," from *The Tempest*; in the songs for Dryden's "King Arthur;" "The Fairy Queen" from the *Midsummer Night's Dream*; "Don Quixote;" and "Boadicea." His "Cantatus" "Mad Bess," with its abrupt and affecting changes of time, and "From Rosy Bowers;" these, together with numerous airs, overtures, interludes, mad songs, duets, rounds, catches, &c., stand altogether unrivalled in their own peculiar excellences. Purcell alone seems to have realized the enchanted isle, and enabled us to hear its "sounds and sweet airs, that give delight and hurt not."

Instrumentation, which is constantly varying, was at that period but little understood; hence his music depends for effect almost entirely on the voice, and is thus rendered more independent. The draperies are so simple,

that they are less subject to change of fashion. "Purcell's genius," says Dr. Burney, "though less cultivated and polished, was equal to that of the greatest masters on the continent; and though his dramatic style and recitative were formed, in a great measure, on French models, there is a latent power and force in his expression of English words, whatever be the subject, that will make an unprejudiced native of this island feel more than all the elegance, grace, and refinement of modern music less happily applied can do; and this pleasure is communicated to us, not by the symmetry or rhythm of modern melody, but by his having tuned to the true accents of our mother tongue those notes of passion, which an inhabitant of this island would breathe in such situations as the words describe. And, these indigenous expressions of passion, Purcell had the power to enforce, by the energy of modulation, which, on some occasions, was bold, affecting, and sublime. . . . Handel, who flourished in a less barbarous age for his art, has been acknowledged Purcell's superior in many particulars; but in none more than the art and grandeur of his choruses, the harmony and texture of his organ fugues, as well as his great style of playing that instrument, the majesty of his grand concertos, the ingenuity of his accompaniments to his songs and choruses, and even in the general melody of the airs themselves. Yet, in the accent, passion and expression of *English words*, the vocal music of Purcell is sometimes, to my feelings, as superior to Handel's as an original poem to a translation."

He was buried in Westminster Abbey, and the following beautiful inscription, from the pen of Dryden, graces his monument:—

THE BEAUTIFUL

"HERE LIES

HENRY PURCELL, ESQ.,

WHO LEFT THIS LIFE

AND IS GONE TO THAT BLESSED PLACE

WHERE ONLY HIS OWN HARMONY CAN BE EXCEEDED.

OBITI 21 MO. DIE NOVEMBRIS,

ANNO AETATIS SUAE 37 MO.,

ANNOQUE DOMINI 1695."

We have recognized the Theban cart, with certain modifications, in the mysteries, moralities, or miracle plays of the middle ages. To this same source, through successive stages, we can trace the modern Drama, the Opera, and the Oratorio; the distinction having been gradually drawn between sacred and profane, and scenic representation at length dispensed with, as inconsistent with the sublimities of the former, we have productions such as the "Messiah" of Handel, or the "Elijah" of Mendelssohn. In the regular drama, *action* is allowed to predominate; in the opera, *music* forms the chief attraction—the libretto, and all the accessories being regarded only as a subordinate medium for the expression of musical thought. The same germ enfolds Purcell's Shakspeare music, and the magnificent instrumental epoch of Germany from Haydn to Mendelssohn, probably culminating in the "Don Giovanni" of Mozart.

It is interesting to note successive styles which have prevailed, the modifications introduced by the various masters, and in how far these led, or were led, by the tastes and necessities of the respective ages in which they lived. Thus to Peri, Monteverde, Carissimi, and several others, as is well known, may be ascribed the recitative; to Cavalli, Cesti, &c., the dramatic melody; to

Perti, Colonna, Scarlatti, Leo, and their followers, science; to Porpora, Vinci, Durante, Pergolesi, and other pupils of Scarlatti, expression; to Glück, the lyrical drama, or the application of dramatic rules—involving time, place, and “the unities”—to music as well as words, rendering the one an exponent of the other. Wieland once remarked that “Glück fulfilled one of the finest maxims of Pythagoras in preferring the Muses to the Syrens.” This, however, is only partially true. Many of his airs, simple, graceful, and sweet, deserve to be and probably soon will become better known.¹ And, lastly, we have the great instrumental epoch of the dramatic symphony in Germany.

In the manners and customs, the arts and language of a people, many legible and characteristic traits stand spontaneously or unconsciously self-recorded; and all these bear a certain relation to each other. Here, too, as is, in a higher sense, said of nations and individuals, ‘by their fruits ye shall know them.’

National music forms no exception to this universal rule. To illustrate the scope of our proposition, take an example from language as applied to morals:—The word honesty (*honnêteté*) implies civility in France, and probity in England; or another, *virtus*, valour in Latin, and virtue in English;¹ while in Italian, *virtuoso* (a virtuous person) has come to signify one accomplished

¹ That of “Pylades,” from his “Iphigenie en Tauride,” is very lovely.

¹ Kossuth, the great Hungarian exile, instances three words—“Gemüth,” “Esprit,” and “Common Sense”—as peculiar respectively to the German, French, and English languages. Each word is so thoroughly characteristic of these nations, as to be quite untranslatable, possessing no equivalent in the language of the other.

in the arts. Thus it is that inward thoughts and feelings—the springs of action—unconsciously leave their impress on all outward manifestations.

More than two centuries ago, Doni thus wrote of National melodies :—“ Although Italian music is the most excellent and varied of all, French airs possess variety and lightness, the melodies being spirited and pleasing. The melody and rhythm of old Spanish airs suggests grave and majestic subjects ; that of the Moors is beautiful and lively, but more soft and effeminate ; Portuguese music abounds in tender and affecting passages ; Sicilian airs possess little variety, are mournful and lugubrious ; the English (including Scottish, Irish, and Welsh) and German are bold and warlike conceptions, manifesting a certain manly and military character.” It is curious and interesting to notice in how far many of these observations are applicable at the present day, notwithstanding the important changes and modifications which music has since undergone, both as a science and an art.

French music from Lully, Rameau, Gretry, &c., to that of Meyerbeer,¹ though showy and brilliant, has been too habitually cramped by ancient rules and “unities,” absurdly imposed from other days and climes ; thus rarely allowing it to rise above *point* and neatness, except when in direct violation of these rules—the natural taste of the composers leading them right in spite of their theories.

Italian melody is more graceful and flowing, richer and sweeter, expressive of lively emotion, passion—in one word, *abandonment*. We are forcibly reminded of

¹ A native of Berlin.

the difference between Nicholas Poussin and the painters of the Florentine and Venetian schools.

German music, with its gorgeous glooms and golden gleaming light, its rich Gothic variety, its pathetic tenderness, its new scientific modulations, combinations, and contrasts full of strange wild beauty, might be described as,

“Untwisting all the chains that tie
The hidden soul of harmony.”

The English Choral Service, Anthems, and Psalmody, and also our secular music, culminating in Purcell, have not yet been surpassed in depth, clearness, beauty, manliness, and intrinsic lasting excellence, by the vocal music of any age or country.

Thus the Italian, German, and English vocal, may be regarded as the three greatest schools of music in the world.

Italian Operatic music, much of which is addressed merely to the senses and surface feelings, might thus not inaptly be described in the words of Shakspeare,

“A violet in the youth of primy nature—
Forward, not permanent—sweet, not lasting,
The perfume and suppliance of a minute;
No more;”

while German and English music, possessing a far deeper and more thoughtful character, is, to adopt Milton's language—

“Such as raised
To height of noblest temper heroes old
Arming to battle; and instead of rage
Deliberate valour breathed, firm and unmoved
With dread of death to flight or foul retreat;

Nor wanting power to mitigate or suage
 With solemn touches troubled thoughts, and chase
 Anguish, and doubt, and fear, and sorrow, and pain¹
 From mortal or immortal minds."

We shall here briefly advert to a few of the great German composers of recent times, endeavouring at the same time to convey an idea of their position and works.

BACH.

Johann Sebastian Bach, (Born 1685, Died 1750) for the severe and sustained grandeur of his sacred music, is second only to Handel. Clearness, purity, and perfect symmetry of design, are alike apparent in his most complex harmonies, simple modulations, or sweet-flowing melodies. His magnificent combinations and bold transitions unite splendour, richness, profundity and breadth, with all that is solemn and chaste. "Wildly romantic, deeply mysterious, yet all flowing naturally" as has justly been observed, "from the inspiration of the moment," his Organ-fugues are unrivalled; their marvellous Preludes, as also the Adagios of his Sonatas for two rows of keys and obligato pedals being characterized by rare etheriality and beauty. Herein he displays the most consummate knowledge of counterpoint in complete subservience to genius.

His "Passionsmusik" and "Chorales," or psalm tunes, are among his finest vocal compositions. His choruses, airs, and sacred music of every kind is grave and dignified; and along with Handel's, might be "a pattern

¹ Observe the disposition of the accents in this wonderful line. To read it with feeling almost makes us pant, as we labour on through the lengthened rhythm.

to these later times" in all the more important elements of the highest excellence. A certain air of Roman grandeur seems verily to linger about the memory of this accomplished musician, whose greatness, both in composition and as a performer, was only equalled by his amiability and retiring modesty.

HANDEL.

George Frederick Handel, the Milton of music, was born at Halle in 1684, and died in 1759, having spent the best part of his life, and composed his greatest works in England. We cannot conceive of his majestic grandeur, sublimity, and spirituality being excelled while humanity remains as it is. His numerous operas, and other secular pieces, might be compared to the masque of "Comus," that star-lit dream of beauty, and to other of the minor poems, while his oratorios are themselves musical epics of the highest order. Of these the "Messiah" is, undoubtedly, the greatest, standing alone in the whole range of music, both in regard to recitative, chorus, and song—so great, indeed, that we hear and know too little of his "Saul," "Israel in Egypt," "Samson," "Judas Maccabæus," and other works, which are only "a little lower."

In it "we feel," as has been admirably said, "that the sculptured grandeur of his recitative fulfils our highest conception of Divine utterance—that there is that in some of his choruses which is almost too mighty for the weakness of man to express—as if those stupendous words, 'Wonderful, Counsellor, The Prince of Peace!' could hardly be done justice to, till the lips of angels and archangels had shouted them through the vast Profound

in his tremendous salvos of sound: and yet that, though the power of such passages might be magnified by heaven's millions, their beauty could hardly be exalted. We feel in that awful chorus, 'And the glory of the Lord shall be revealed,' that those three magical notes which announce in claps of thunder 'That all flesh - shall see - it, toge-ther,' might better belong to an order of ethereal beings, with *wings*, that they might rise spontaneous with the sounds, than to a miserable race who are merged in clay and chained to earth, though they feel they hardly stand upon it when they hear them."

How mournful and pathetic the effect of the diminished seventh at the words, "a man of sorrows," in "He was despised and rejected;" and the first four bars of the first song, simple and soothing, prepare the heart for those Divine words, "Comfort ye," with their strong consolation, and assured hope of ultimate rest!

Listening to the Messiah, we seem verily by anticipation to hear

"The sound
Symphonious of ten thousand harps that tune
Angelic harmonies."

And voices of

"All the saints above,
In solemn troops and sweet societies,
That sing, and singing in their glory move."

Where all is so great, it is difficult to particularize. "For unto us a child is born," "The Hallelujah Chorus," the airs, "I know that my Redeemer liveth," "He shall feed his flock," and "He was despised and rejected," are for all time.

Feeling his imagination kindled by the sublime poetry

of the sacred volume, and the whole tenor of his thoughts habitually inflamed thereby, Handel took great delight and evinced rare familiarity, skill, and judgment in selecting Scripture passages for his oratorios. He himself declared that "such studies, and this grave style of composition, are best suited to the circumstances of a man descending into the vale of years;" and in Dublin, when Lord Kinnoul complimented him on the noble entertainment which he had given to the town, "My Lord," said Handel, "I should be sorry if I only entertained them; I wish to make them better."

As a performer on the organ, he has never had his equal. Blind during the last nine years of his life, it is said that he could not refrain from shedding tears on hearing the music of his "Samson." It must have been touching to see him led to and from the instrument, on which he improvised accompaniments and played voluntaries with all his wonted fire, retaining his unrivalled mastery of touch to the last. The "divine enchanting ravishment" of his giant strains moving "the vocal air," he brought "all heaven before his eyes," and with his

"Mingled harmony,

Made up full concert to the angelic symphony."

His last appearance in public was on the 6th of April 1759. He died seven days afterwards, having, during his brief illness, looked forward with joy to the hope of meeting his arisen Lord and Saviour. He was interred with great pomp in Westminster Abbey; and the monumental figure, by Roubilliac, is there represented as holding a scroll, inscribed with these words: "I know that my Redeemer liveth," along with the notes to which they are set in the "Messiah."

HAYDN.

Francis Joseph Haydn was born at Rohrau in 1732, and died in 1810. His trios, quartets, and symphonies may almost be said to have originated, or at least given form to that species of composition. To Haydn modern orchestral music, with its variety of parts and instruments, is greatly indebted; so much did he add to its efficiency, by availing himself of those marvellous and felicitous adaptations and combinations of *timbre* in harmony, which had already been indicated in "Idomeneo," by the future composer of "Don Giovanni."

His melody is "a lucid tide of streaming sweetness," in which the exquisite song always overflows; while perfect clearness pervades every part of his composition. His Twelve Symphonies, and the beautiful English Canzonets, were composed for Salomon's concerts, during his stay in London, where he enjoyed the privilege of listening to Handel's music. Returning to the continent, he, in 1795, when 63 years of age, began his greatest Oratorio, or Cantata, "The Creation," and wrought on it constantly for two years. When urged by friends to bring it to a conclusion he used to say calmly, "I spend a long time upon it because I intend it to last a long time!" The celebrated chorus, "The Heavens are telling," at the close of the third part, is, perhaps, only second in grandeur of effect to Handel's "Hallelujah." After the "Messiah," no other oratorio has been more frequently performed in this country. Two years later he composed "The Seasons," full of beautiful musical episodes, and sweet visions of

"Valleys low where the mild whispers use,
Of shades, and wanton winds, and gushing brooks."

There are few finer passages than that in which we have the calming and dying away of a thunder-storm. We almost see the clouds racking and dispersing; feel the delicious, cool, balmy softness of the air purified by the electric discharge; and rejoice in the genial sunshine which gilds the landscape, now again all fresh and bright and green; these effects being produced by no vulgar attempt at imitation, but only by those deeper and subtler sympathetic analogies, of which musical genius alone possesses "the silver key."

Haydn frequently laboured eighteen hours a-day, even when at the height of his fame, and has left an almost incredible number of works in all classes. He himself could reckon up eight hundred. "Among these are 116 Symphonies, 83 violin Quartetts, 60 pianoforte Sonatas, 15 Masses, 4 Oratorios, a grand 'Te Deum,' a 'Stabat Mater,' 14 Italian and German Operas, 42 Duets and Canzonets, and 200 Divertimentos for particular instruments."

His harpsichord, or pianoforte music, is now little played; the capabilities of the instrument having since undergone great changes. Nor did his operas ever acquire much celebrity; some of them, unfortunately, are lost, having been destroyed by fire. His quartets, however, retain their place, and are as yet unsurpassed in freshness, grace, and originality. The accompaniments which he wrote for Thompson's Collection of Scotch Airs, are models of what accompaniments should be. His greatest instrumental works are his symphonies; and in vocal composition, "The Creation." His sacred music, though always pleasing, seems comparatively light and secular, after that of Bach or Handel.

His life was bright and equable, and has been compared to "the untouched green forest, in the fulness of a June day." His music is a calm atmosphere of joy; not more than two or three times is it really melancholy, as in a verse of his "Stabat Mater," and in two of the Adagios of the "Seven Words" of the Passion. His compositions are regarded as "unrivalled models of skill and judgment in the development of musical ideas, and the conduct of melody, harmony, and modulation." We have frequently been struck with the strange and powerful effect of contrast, like sunshine and shade on a landscape, produced by the transition from G major to E flat about the middle of his fourth symphony; and with what startling effect the tambourine is introduced in his third symphony called the "Surprise."

When in such a mood as brings home to us Wordsworth's beautiful lines

"Oh that some minstrel's harp were near
To utter notes of gladness,
And chase this silence from the air
That fills my heart with sadness!"

then the calm joy of Haydn's "clear unwrinkled song" meets our vague longings, and fills the aching void with its "sober certainty of waking bliss."

It is interesting to trace Haydn's career, from the time when the poor boy became a menial, that he might hear and profit by the instructions of Porpora, to that affecting scene at Vienna, when the beloved and honoured court musician in tears took his last farewell of the public at a performance of the "Creation."

Cheerful, gentle and affectionate, benevolent, candid and upright, he possessed that "strong and deeply-rooted

sense of religion, which is the only solid foundation of moral excellence." At the commencement of all his scores stands inscribed "In Nomine Domini," or "Soli Deo Gloria," and at the end of them all "Laus Deo." Nor was this a mere form. To his most intimate friends he frequently remarked, "When I was engaged in composing *The Creation*, I felt myself so penetrated with religious feelings, that before I sat down to write, I earnestly prayed to God that he would enable me to praise him worthily." With the same reverent spirit Handel and Beethoven also applied themselves to composition.

Poetry being the nearest approximate, to it we turn instinctively for musical description, analogy, or illustration; and in vain might we search for a passage that would better convey what we conceive to be the leading characteristic of Hadyn's music than the following exquisite lines from Milton's "Ode on the Nativity:"

"The winds with wonder whist,
Smoothly the waters kist,
Whispering new joys to the mild ocean,
Who now hath quite forgot to rave,
While birds of calm sit brooding on the charmed wave!"

MOZART.

Johann Wolfgang Mozart—the amiable, the gifted, the universal—was born at Salzburg, in 1756, and died at Vienna in 1791, aged thirty-five years and ten months. Of early musical prodigies—and nearly all the greatest musicians have been such—he was undoubtedly the greatest. The precocity of infancy did not, however, pay the penalty to be feared under other circumstances, or even "die away, and fade into the common light of

day." "The child was father to the man," and "the blossom became ripe fruit."

While the father, Leopold Mozart, was giving music lessons to his daughter Maria-Anna, a girl of seven, the infant Wolfgang, who was then only three years old, listening delighted, would strike thirds and other intervals on the clavier, incline his little head and smile at the harmonies he had discovered. At four he played minuets; at five he dotted down his thoughts, writing difficult music in strict accordance with the rules of counterpoint. Between the age of six and eight, with his father and sister, he visited every court in Europe, playing the most intricate compositions on the clavier, the organ, or on the violin. He "sang, played, and composed extempore, played and transposed at sight, accompanied from score, improvised on a given bass, and was able, in fact, to answer every challenge." Though thus marvellously gifted, he was an affectionate, gentle child, exhibiting extreme sensibility and tenderness, loving-obedience, and an entire unselfishness. How interesting and childlike the incident mentioned by the Hon. Daines Barrington, of the young Mozart's abruptly leaving the instrument, and starting off in pursuit of a cat which had entered the room. Passionately fond of arithmetic, he covered the walls, chairs, and tables with figures. His friend Storace had the same predilection, and this trait has been exhibited by several musicians of eminence.

His progress through Italy, rivalling its professors, and receiving the highest musical honours, was a perfect triumph. At Naples his marvellous playing was attributed to magic, and he was obliged to lay aside

a brilliant ring which he wore, in order to convince the audience that *it* was not the talisman which enabled him to work so many wonders. At Rome, during a rehearsal in the Sistine Chapel, he took down with perfect accuracy, note for note, *The Miserere*, of which no copy could be obtained under pain of excommunication—a feat unexampled in the records of music. Before he was seventeen he had composed four operas, an oratorio, and many other works. His “*Idomeneo*” (A.D. 1780) and Symphonies introduced modern instrumentation. Accompaniments had hitherto been meagre: he wrought an entire revolution, effectively painting his beautiful melodies on a skilfully prepared background of full rich orchestral harmony. His numerous compositions—sacred, secular, vocal, and instrumental—embrace every variety of style, from the opera to the simplest ballads; from the symphony to the dance; and he is great in them all. In mastery of expression, variety, and universal sweetness, the composer of “*Idomeneo*,” “*Clemenza de Tito*,” “*Zauberflöte*,” “*Don Giovanni*,” “*The Jupiter Symphony*,” and the “*Requiem*,” can only be compared to Raphael or Shakspeare. The many fine minor works which cluster around these, his *chefs d'œuvre*, displaying excellences achieved in walks hitherto unknown, have become landmarks to all succeeding artists. During the latter years of his life, his health, which had always been delicate, rapidly declined. While writing “*Zauberflöte*” he was frequently attacked with fainting fits. About the same period he was also occupied with “*Clemenza de Tito*,” and, in the shadow of death, he composed the “*Requiem*,” which was left unfinished.

His wife Constance Weber, to whom he was devotedly

attached, was a very angel of goodness to him. Seldom have artists been so singularly happy in their choice; we are reminded of the perfect sympathies existing between William Blake the painter and his beloved Kate—of John Flaxman the sculptor — of Weber the musician—and, by sad contrast, of those soul-wearing sorrows, and afflictions manifold, endured so patiently by the good and great Albrecht Dürer.

To Constance Weber may be attributed the excellence of the love songs in his opera "Die Entführung," he having written that opera when a bridegroom. Once, on being asked by the Emperor Joseph, when in pecuniary difficulties, from causes over which he had no control, "Why did you not marry a rich wife?" Mozart nobly replied, "Sire, I trust that my genius will always enable me to support the woman I love." It is melancholy to think that such a man, and those dear to him, should ever have felt "necessity's sharp pinch." Upright and truly independent in spirit, it is satisfactory to know that ultimately his debts were all liquidated. His goodness of heart was too easily imposed upon; he was basely treated by theatrical managers; his works were pirated by music-sellers—and thus was he deprived of the just fruit of his labours. On these occasions, to his friends he would merely say, "Do not speak of it," and dismiss the subject altogether from his mind. His numerous, laborious, and inestimable works composed for the Emperor, were rewarded by little else than words. Haydn thus wrote of him—"Were it possible that I could impress every friend of music, particularly among the great, with that deep musical intelligence of the inimitable works of Mozart—that emotion of the soul with which they affect

me, and in which I both comprehend and feel them—the nations would contend together for the possession of such a gem. . . . I feel indignant that this *unique* Mozart is not yet engaged at some royal or imperial court.”

The kindly feelings and admiration entertained for each other by these two great men were such, that no intrigues of malicious enemies could affect their friendship. Paesiello and Storace were also his intimate associates.

When the connoisseurs were praising “Don Giovanni,” in general terms—each, however, having some fault to find, Haydn remained silent till called for his opinion, when he replied, “I cannot give a judgment, gentlemen, upon all these objections you have started, all I know is, that Mozart is certainly the greatest composer now existing.” Mozart always felt and spoke in a similar manner of Haydn. To one who teased him with carping depreciation, exultingly pointing out little negligences and errors in some of Haydn’s new compositions, his patience being quite exhausted, he said very abruptly, “Sir, if you and I were melted down together, we should not furnish materials for one Haydn.” Such incidents are refreshing after witnessing the cruel, unrelenting intrigues of Salieri, and the numerous feuds and jealousies among musicians and their admirers, as in the cases of Lully and Rameau, Glück and Piccini, Bononcini and Handel, and the yet fiercer and more disgraceful animosities among the partizans of favourite singers, such as that in London, called forth by Cuzzoni and Faustina ! The mutual admiration of Haydn and Mozart reminds us of chivalric days, and is worthy of such spirits as Richard Cœur de Lion and Saladin.

In serious dramatic music, the solemn beauty of "Idomeneo," with its thrilling storm-chorus in D minor, "Corriamo fuggiamo," at the close of the second Act; and the massive Roman grandeur of "Clemenza de Tito," are unrivalled. "Figaro" is a marvellous combination of playfulness and grace; varied in style, it is full of melody, and its harmony is perfect. In the "Zauberflöte,"

"Sweet as stops
Of planetary music heard in trance,"

Mozart, revelling in the romantic wildness of the subject, has presented creations of enchanting beauty, absolutely Shaksperian. In the overture are two fine examples of free fugue; and the whole opera is a "Midsummer Night's Dream," the characteristics of which might thus be given in the words of Tennyson, Milton, and old Crawshaw:—

"There is sweet music here that softer falls
Than petals from blown roses on the grass,
Or night-dews on still waters, between walls
Of shadowy granite in a gleaming pass."¹

—"A soft and solemn breathing sound
Rose like a steam of rich distilled perfumes,
And stole upon the air."²

"Anon
Creeps on the soft touch of a tender tone,
Whose trembling murmurs, melting in wild airs,
Run to and fro, complaining his sweet cares;
Because those precious mysteries that dwell
In Music's ravished soul he dare not tell,
But whisper to the world."³

In 1787 Mozart produced his masterpiece, "Don Giovanni," for the opera at Prague. Impassioned scenes and unearthly horrors called forth his highest powers; so

¹"Lotus Eaters."

²"Paradise Lost."

³"Musick's Ducl."

that, verily, it is the greatest achievement in the whole range of dramatic music. The opening of the overture, passionate and melancholy, speaks to the soul. In the scene in the cemetery, he probably followed that passage in Glück's "Alceste," where the oracle of Apollo is heard in the temple; but how strikingly he has improved on his model. The supernatural voice is accompanied by "three trombones, two bassons, two clarionets, and two oboes," which render the effect of the chant terrific; its solemnity is still further heightened by terminating on the fifth above the key note. This Opera, Holms, the biographer of Mozart, justly characterizes as a "great work, combining the labour of the greatest melodist, symphonist, and master of dramatic expression ever united in the same individual. Whether we regard the mixture of passions in its concerted music, the profound expression of melancholy, the variety of its situations, the beauty of its accompaniment, or the grandeur of its heightening and protracted scene of terror,—the finale of the second act—'Don Giovanni' stands alone in dramatic eminence. Of all musical romances it is certainly the first."¹

His magnificent symphonies, with their flowing melodies and rich harmonies, are the delight of every musical audience worthy of the name. His quartets and quintets are exquisite compositions. His concertos and sonatas for the pianoforte—although in some measure superseded, in consequence of that instrument having since undergone many improvements, thus affording wider scope to the great masters who have subsequently written for it—are, as might be expected, pure, delicate, and

graceful. Mozart's mastery of keyed instruments was wonderful, and there must have been a singular beauty and expressiveness in his perfect execution—the spirit of sweet sound, with a power almost electric, especially in moments of extemporaneous invention, streaming forth from his magic touch and reaching the heart. “Mozart's playing,” said Haydn, “I can never forget.” The concerto in C minor is a fine combination of wind instruments and the pianoforte. The sonata in B flat for the pianoforte and violin, one of his finest, is that which he played at a concert, without any rehearsal, with Signora Strinasacchi, she having received her part on the previous evening, and he only having had time to note the bars on the blank sheet before him. This marvellous feat of musical memory—to which, however, the great master was equal—strikingly illustrates, while reminding us of his having committed to writing, in full score, the overture of “Don Giovanni” the night before its rehearsal. The common version is that he then composed it; as it was, the wonder is sufficiently great.

His pianoforte quartets display exquisite refinement and purity of style. In the magnificent pianoforte duet in F major, “the ideas are orchestral, and of greater dignity than had ever been displayed in music for that instrument.”

In sacred music, his “Davide Penitente,” for solemnity, grandeur, originality, various treatment, and keeping, is entitled to a place among the greatest productions of recent times. The concluding fugue and double chorus has been called “the queen of vocal fugues.” His “Requiem” is the greatest, most deeply impressive, and solemn religious composition that has appeared since the days of

Handel. His compositions, both vocal and instrumental, are all intensely human, and always clear and intelligible. It has been said, "we kneel with Mozart, but rise on wings with Handel." The one raises "a mortal to the skies," the other draws "an angel down!"

Writing the "Requiem" in the shadow of the grave, Mozart felt that it was his last work. He composed the greater part of it in the open air—in a garden—and afterwards, when unable to leave his bed, he had the score continually lying on the counterpane, anxious for its completion, writing as he was able, and giving directions regarding effects he wished produced in it. The ruling passion strong in death, he desired that it should be sung. The various parts being apportioned to friends, who had come to visit him and were standing around his bed, "himself taking the alto part, Schack sang the soprano, Hofer, his brother-in-law, the tenor, and Gori the bass. They had proceeded as far as the first bars of the *Lacrymosa*, when Mozart was seized with a violent fit of weeping, and the score was put aside."¹

As he looked for the last time on the score, "Did not I tell you," said the dying musician, with tears in his eyes, addressing his beloved Constance, "that I was writing this for myself!" Thus passed away this universally gifted, gentle, and truly great genius, the range, grasp, strength, purity, and rounded beauty of whose realized wealth of thought, better entitle him than any other composer to rank with Raphael and Shakspeare. Holms, in closing his highly interesting and valuable work, "The Life of Mozart"—"a man whose beautiful spirit was at the same time possessed by a passion for

¹ Life, p. 347.

truth, and at all times manifested an entire unselfishness," thus writes: "Estimated by the universality of his power, the rapidity of his production, and its permanent influence on art, the models he created, and the constantly advancing march of his genius, arrested in full career, and in the bloom of life, Mozart certainly stands alone among musicians. . . . Of his title to the highest honours which posterity can award, there cannot be a doubt.

"His works remain the 'star y-pointing pyramid' of one who excelled in every species of composition—from the impassioned elevation of the tragic opera, to the familiar melody of the birth-day song; nor will they cease to command universal admiration while music retains its power as the exponent of sentiment and passion."

BEETHOVEN.

Ludwig Von Beethoven was born at Bonn in 1770, and died at Vienna in 1827. His mother was "a pious gentle being;" but his father was harsh, and neglected him. His musical studies began when he was five years of age, but it would seem that it was not till his twelfth year that his genius developed itself. At thirteen he published variations on a march, several sonnets, and songs; and attracted much notice on account of his great powers of improvisation, and marvellous execution on the pianoforte. About 1791 he proved himself to be a musician of the highest order by composing his quartets. From time to time thereafter, he continued to produce those marvellous works now preserved among our choicest musical treasures—Trios, Quartets, Quintets, Concertos, "The Mount of Olives," "The Sinfonia Eroica," "Fidelio,"

two Masses, numerous Symphonies, besides the one already named—that in C minor being the grandest—Songs, Accompaniments, Sonatas for the pianoforte, and works in every variety of style, numbering in all about one hundred and twenty.

He was unfortunately attacked by deafness, which, coming on gradually and defying all remedies, ultimately increased to such a degree that he had to resort to writing, in his communications with others. This deprivation, sad in any case, but more especially to a musician, and to one so highly gifted as Beethoven, cannot fail to awaken feelings of the deepest sympathy. Thus it was that, in a manner excluded from the enjoyments of society, he shrunk from it and lived in retirement, composing his music in solitary rambles amidst the wildest scenery. His favourite authors, after the sacred volume, were Homer, Shakspeare, Goethe, Schiller, and Scott. He greatly admired Franz Schubert's songs, with their rich dramatic accompaniments; and so highly did he value the works of Mozart, Handel, and Bach, that they were always lying on his desk. When he had scarcely the means of subsistence, and meditated accepting an invitation to Westphalia, a pension was settled on him by the Austrian Government, only a small portion of which he ever received.

His deafness is more than sufficient to account for sundry vague rumours of his *brusquerie*, want of affability, &c. Upright, independent, kind-hearted, and generous, he was esteemed and loved by the few who really knew him; and his will, that touching document found among his papers after his death, affords the key to his true nobility and manliness of character. Long-

suffering, forgiving, and even munificent, he certainly was, under aggravated wrongs and unheard-of provocations from unnatural and selfish relations, who systematically cheated and robbed him. To the frequent remonstrances of friends wishing him to act more sternly—nay, angry that he did not do so—he would, on the slightest appearance of penitence on the part of the delinquent, mildly reply, “after all he is my brother,” and all was frankly forgiven and forgotten. His was “a heart gushing with tenderness underneath its rugged covering, and all its sensibilities preserved by an exceeding purity of life.” It would seem that he was attached to the Countess Giulietta di Guicciardi, to whom, apparently, some very fond and melancholy letters, preserved by Schindler, were addressed, and to whom he dedicated his “Moonlight Sonata”—that in C minor, Op. 27—one of the most tender and impassioned outpourings of a great heart, and, to our thinking, the finest of all his sonatas, although the “Pathétique” is more popular. Difference of rank, or other causes, may have presented obstacles; at all events he died unmarried. Feelings of blank desolation would at times bring tears to his eyes, when, in his lonely wanderings, he saw—but only *saw*—the shepherd playing on his flute by the running stream, the happy birds, or the trees waving in the summer breeze; for to him, alas! all was now “silent as a picture.” Shut out from nature’s voices save in memory and imagination, and from that deep heart sympathy for which he yearned, he retired into the depths of his own spirit; high principle, a keen sense of moral duty, and undeviating rectitude of conduct alone sustaining him under the thickening clouds and accumulating

ills which unhappily gathered around his latter days. There was no kindly voice to soothe, or gentle hand to minister, on that "wild March morning" when this mighty spirit, "untended, unwept, and sinned against," took the last, sad, lonely farewell! He died aged fifty-six years and three months; and it is recorded that "he expired amidst the tumult of a fierce storm which was passing over the town."

Beethoven has imparted a massive grandeur to his concerted pieces, quartets, trios, compositions for the pianoforte, &c., developing the rich resources of harmony, with an effect almost orchestral. As we listen to his sonatas—sublime, beautiful, mysterious,—in wonderment strange,

"We bridge abysmal agonies,
With strong clear calms of harmonies,"

and are reminded of "the huge winds that sweep from Ursa Major to the Tropics and Equator, dancing their giant waltz through the kingdoms of Chaos and Immensity;" we feel, too, that

"Dire chimaeras and enchanted isles,
And rifted rocks, whose entrance leads to hell,"

are not "vain and fabulous." Then, again, we are led with a power so deliciously and persuasively sweet,

"That Orpheus' self may heave his head
From golden slumber, on a bed
Of heaped Elysian flowers, and hear
Such strains as would have won the ear
Of Pluto, to have quite set free
His half-regained Eurydice."

What, then, must it have been to have heard those compositions from the mighty master's hand, "fraught

with a fury so harmonious ;” to have drunk in the direct improvisations of his spirit, the while, watching “ the music of the man’s soul ” passing over his countenance ! Of those who were so highly favoured it may verily be said—

“ Such music sweet
Their hearts and ears did greet,
As never was by mortal finger strook.”

His quintets, quartets, and trios for bowed instruments, alone or with the pianoforte, are all strikingly original, beautiful, and quite different in character from the same class of music in which Haydn and Mozart so greatly excelled—Beethoven everywhere preserving his individuality.

He only wrote two operas, one of which, “ Melusina,” was never produced ; the other, “ Fidelio,” though second, as a whole, to “ Don Giovanni,” is, in several respects, quite equal to that masterpiece. In deep dramatic interest and command of the feelings, “ Fidelio ” is unrivalled. The accents of rapturous joy with which it concludes, the beauty and expression of the airs throughout, the richness and curious felicity of the massive harmonies, choral and concerted, and the power displayed in orchestral effects, are altogether marvellous.

His greatest vocal composition is “ The Mount of Olives.” It opens with an instrumental passage, impressively solemn and grand—gloomy sounds sink into “ a silence broken only by the slow and measured beat of the drum,” banishing wandering thoughts, and filling the mind with awe, preparative for “ that strain so full of woe which expresses the passion of the Redeemer.” Parts of this oratorio, or musical drama, are, however, somewhat light, and almost theatrical ; but that solemnity which

we feel to be most appropriate in ecclesiastical music is thoroughly sustained in the opening symphony, and in the magnificent concluding chorus, "Hallelujah to the Father," which is simple, sublime, and worthy to be named after Handel's "Hallelujah," and along with "The Heavens are telling," by Haydn.

Of his grand "Missa Solemnis," it has been said that it "is the most wonderful moving *tableau* of musical painting that was ever presented to outward ear and inward eye. Each part is appropriate in expression. The 'Kyrie Eleyson' is a sweet Babel of supplications; the 'Gloria in excelsis Deo' is a rapturous cry; the quartette 'Et in terrâ pax—hominibus bonæ voluntatis' is meant for beings little lower than the angels; the 'Credo' is the grand declamatory march of every voice in unison, tramping in one consent, like the simultaneous steps of an approaching army; the 'Ante omnia secula' is an awful self-sustainment of the music in regions separated in time and space from all we ever conceived in heaven or earth. Beethoven out-Beethovens himself in a sublimity of imagery no musician ever before attempted."

Some are of opinion that his being unfortunately obliged to compose only from the memory of sounds, on account of his deafness, may have injuriously affected his later productions; thus accounting for much in them, especially in his posthumous mass, that seems almost inexplicable. But when one remembers that his earlier productions underwent the same ordeal, many of the finest having been regarded as "wild, crabbed, and unintelligible," and that "when his Symphony in C minor was first tried by the band of the Philharmonic Society, an assemblage of musical ability not surpassed in the

world, they were so astounded at its odd and abrupt outset, and so bewildered by the novelty of its harmonies and transitions, that it was not till after several repetitions that its amazing grandeur and beauty began to unfold themselves even to *their* enlightened vision."

It is, therefore, difficult to know whether certain of Beethoven's passages are only the idiosyncracies of a mighty genius, or if, when rightly understood, they may not yet be regarded as the highest points to which the master has attained, and be admired as his crowning excellencies.

We merely mention his celebrated Cantata "Adelaida;" his "May-Song," the poetry by Goethe, words and music alike breathing the very spirit of the sweet summer-time; and Mignon's beautiful song, "Kennst du das Land," well known from its having been so frequently translated or imitated; Scott, Byron, Mrs. Hemans, Carlyle, and countless others having endeavoured in their versions of it to "give the soul a look southward" to the bright sunny land of "the citron and myrtle."

In his Symphonies, Beethoven exhibits his highest powers; in them, we have lofty grandeur and tender grace; sublimity and beauty; gorgeous ornate richness, and massive strength, along with the greatest simplicity of design, and all blending in one flow of "streaming sweetness;" strains that carry "the blest soul," as Milton hath it, "snatched by a strong ecstasy,"

"Through all the spheres
Of music's heaven; and seat it there on high
In the empyrean of pure harmony!"

The "Sinfonia Eroica," stately and grand, with the "March on the death of a Hero"—being that which was

played at the funeral of the Duke of Wellington—contain solemn dirge-like passages, with modulations extending only over a few simple notes, till the monotony becomes sublime, and the effect absolutely appalling, ere it begins to fade away in tones of plaintive sadness; but the sorrow is high and pure, and the tears such as angels might weep.

There is great descriptive power in the “Sinfonia Pastorale.” The scenery passes before us—every movement is a scene; there is the freshness of the summer morning; the breeze stirring in the woods; birds singing; brooks gushing; waters murmuring; the thunderstorm gathers, bursts forth, and gradually passes away in the far distance. Nature refreshed, we feel “the west wind’s musky wing;” all again is still; soothed, we hear the sweet pastoral song of gratitude, and—

“The winds in the reeds and the rushes,
The bees on the bells of thyme,
The birds on the myrtle bushes,
The cicadé above on the lime”—

we “listen,” in silent delight, to the “sweet pipings!” Or, as Zelter finely says, it is music where “one feels the starlight.”

Of all Beethoven’s various works, his magnificent symphony on C minor is, to our thinking, alone and unrivalled. We quote the following able analysis from the *Programme* of the London New Philharmonic Society:—

“The subject of the first movement, an Allegro in two-fourth time, is poetical and grand; it bears the form and feature of a gigantic solitary rock, standing alone, discovered in elemental strife from the earth around.

None but Beethoven could have imagined such a subject; all but Beethoven would have rejected such a subject. From these few notes



he has awakened the most profound and majestic ideas; he excites emotions of grandeur and sublimity such as nature evokes in the vastness of her ancient mountains. So characteristic of the composer is this short and powerful strophe, that the sculptor, in chiselling the few notes on the pediment of his marble, would more impressively convey to the mind of the spectator the intended representation, than if he had written in plainest characters, 'This is Beethoven.'

"It is remarkable, in the treatment of a subject so limited and abrupt, of such sudden effusion and vehement excitement, unaccompanied as it is by a second motivo, that we should feel no fatigue, discover no monotony in the frequent recurrence of the same phrase; but the composer appears, by a species of magic, to elude this in the endless variety of conditions under which the subject is presented, *always another and the same*. Through the daring impetuosity and unapproachable attainment of genius, the work grows into a mighty whole, and we are as much lost in wonder and admiration of the achievement, as when we contemplate the majestic oak in reference to its growth from an acorn.

"The Andante, in three-eighth time, is a work of touching grace and tenderness, a landscape in autumn. It opens with a pleasing theme, and is immediately

succeeded by a second motivo. The treatment of these subjects displays a rich abundance of fancy and imagery; the whole movement is highly wrought and beautifully coloured; the modulations are simple, clear, and agreeable, yet unexpected; fragments of the subjects, in various and plaintive harmonies, are continually projected, like scattered leaves of dying flowers. The student cannot devote too much attention to the skilful working of this Andante, which exhibits the highest elaboration, without the smallest affectation or appearance of learning.

“The Scherzo follows, with a motivo of peculiar rhythm; the second subject is simply formed by the reiteration and varied accent of one note appearing as

‘Dew-drops, which the sun
Impearls on every leaf and every flower.’

This imparts a peculiar effect to the movement, which again is powerfully relieved by the wild and energetic character of the Trio, suggestive of Titanic mirth and gaiety.

“In the treatment of this and the concluding Allegro, Beethoven departs from the usual forms of composition, by uniting the two into one movement. The subject of the Allegro is a brilliant illumination, projected in vivid contrast by the deep heavy masses in Scherzo, which immediately precede and lead into it. The second subject of the Scherzo, being introduced in the middle of the Allegro, so completely involves the unity of the two movements, that the one cannot with any degree of propriety be performed without the other. By these artistic and skilful resources, the composer develops his ideas in

beautiful contrast and symmetrical proportions. If we survey the whole as one movement, the mind is satisfied with the propriety and completeness of the work; there is nothing defective nor redundant, and the last introduction of the subject of the Allegro will be found to yield an appropriate and magnificent climax. Let us separate the two movements, and regard the Allegro detached as a whole: we shall then find a disproportionate and overwhelming anti-climax—all symmetry and proportion destroyed. The subject becomes too bright and imposing, the composer's intentions are destroyed, and the gradation will be from light to darkness, whereas the composer moves from darkness to light.

"Nec fumum ex fulgore sed ex fumo dare lucem cogitat."

"The opening of the Allegro is delivered in notes of such joyous excitement and exultation, that they may be said to depict tears of joy, and such emotions of pleasure as may be said to have arisen in the breast of Columbus when he first observed the light that revealed the existence of the land he had so long and so ardently sought for; indeed, a powerful and absorbing interest is sustained throughout. By some, the Coda is pronounced superfluous; but this judgment cannot be admitted; for, in the 'Postscript,' as it may be termed, the composer unites seemingly opposite excellencies—simplicity, brilliancy, variety, and grandeur. By merely dwelling on the tonic, with an employment of the common cadence, he produces, with the skill of an inspired artist, reminiscences of the previous subjects; and with this happy effort of genius, he closes a work which, of its own kind,

HAS CERTAINLY NO EQUAL, and we may search in vain among the works of the sister arts for its parallel."

Its style reminds us of Shakspeare's description of the "two princely boys" in *Cymbeline* :—

"As gentle
As zephyrs, blowing below the violet,
Not wagging his sweet head: and yet as rough,
Their royal blood enchaf'd, as the rud'st wind,
That by the top doth take the mountain pine
And make him stoop to the vale."

Or yet more of that verse in the "Hymn of Pan" :—

"I sang of the dancing stars,
I sang of the dædal Earth,
And of Heaven, and the giant wars,
And Love, and Death, and Birth."

The following loving description of Beethoven's playing we extract from "The Vision of Cagliostro," a paper which appeared some years ago in "Blackwood's Magazine." The master is seated in the grey twilight at a piano—

"At first the fingers of the player seemed to frolic over the keys, as though they toyed with the vibrations of the strings. The sounds were sportive and jocund; they rippled like laughter; they were capricious as the merriment of a coquette. Then they merged into a sweet and warbling cadence—a cadence of inimitable tenderness, the very suavity of which was rendered more piquant by its lavish variations. The measure changed, with an abrupt fling of the treble-hand; it gushed into an air quaint and sprightly as the dance of Puck—comic—odd—sparkling on the ear like zig-zags: it threw out a shower of notes; it was the voice of agility and merri-

ment ; it was grotesque and fitful, droll in its absurd confusion, and yet nimble in its amazing ingenuity. Gradually, however, the humorous movement resolved itself into a strain of preternatural wildness—a strain that made the blood curdle, and the flesh creep, and the nerves shudder. It abounded with dark and goblin passages ; it was the whirlwind blowing among the crags of the Jungfrau, and swarming with the forms and cries of the witches of Walpurgis ; it was Eurydice traversing the corridors of hell ; it was midnight over the wilderness, with the clouds drifting before the moon : it was a hurricane on the deep sea ; it was everything horrible, wierdlike, and tumultuous. And through the very fury of these passages there would start tones of ravishing and gentle beauty—the incense of an adoring heart wafted to the black heavens through the lightnings and lamentations of Nineveh. Again the musician changed the purpose of his improvisation ; it was no longer dismal and appalling, it was pathetic. The instrument became, as it were, the organ of sadness, it became eloquent with an inarticulate woe ; it was a breast bursting with affliction, a voice broken with sorrow, a soul dissolving with emotions. Then the variable harmonies rose from pensiveness into frenzy, from frenzy into the noise and the shocks of a great battle ; they swelled to the din of contending armies, to the storm and vicissitudes of warlike deeds, soared at last into a pæan such as that of victorious legions when—

“Gaily to glory they come,
Like a king in his pomp,
To the blast of the tromp,
And the roar of the mighty drum !”

As the triumphant tones of the instrument rolled up from its recesses, and filled the apartment with a torrent of majestic sounds, as the musician swayed to and fro in the enthusiasm of his sublime inspirations, and enhanced the divine symphony by the crash of many thrilling and abrupt discords, the Rosicrucian gazed with awe upon the responsive grandeur of his countenance. The impetus of his superb imagination imparted an inconceivable dignity to every lineament, to his capacious forehead, to his broad and distended nostrils, to the fierce protrusion of his under-lip, to the mobile and generous expression of his mouth, to the tawny yellow of his complexion, to the brown depths of his noble and dilated eyes. There was something in unison with the glorious sounds that reverberated through the chamber, even in the enormous contour of his head and the grey disorder of his hair. He seemed to exult in the torrent of melody as it gushed from the piano and streamed out upon the dusk of the evening. While Cagliostro was listening in an ecstasy of admiration, he was startled by a sudden clangour among the bass-notes—the music seemed to be jumbled into confusion, and the ear was stunned by a painful and intolerable dissonance. On looking more intently, he perceived that the composer had let one hand fall abstractedly upon the key-board, while the other executed, by itself, a passage of extraordinary difficulty and involution. Then, for the first time, the thought struck him that the musician was deaf. *Adas!* the supposition was too true: Beethoven was cursed with the loss of his most precious faculty. Those who appreciate the full splendour of his gigantic genius, those who conceive, with a distinguished composer now living, that

‘Beethoven began where Haydn and Mozart left off;’ those who coincide with an eminent critic in saying that ‘the discords of Beethoven are better than the harmonies of all other musicians;’ those, in fine, who worship his memory with the devotion inspired by his compositions, can sympathise in that terrible deprivation of the powers of hearing, by which his art was rendered a blank, and the latter years of his life were embittered. They will remember with gratitude the joys they have derived from the effusions of his fruitful intellect; they will call to their recollection the joyous chorus of the prisoners in *Fidelio*—the sublime and adoring hymn of the “Alleluia” in *The Mount of Olives*—the matchless pomp of the *Sinfonia Eroica*—the passionate beauty of the sentiment of *Adelaida*—the ærial grace of his quartets and waltzes—the thrilling and almost awful pathos of the dirge written for six trombones—but, above all, they will recall to mind the noblest work ever conceived and perfected by composer—one of the greatest achievements of the human mind—the *Mass in D*. And, bearing these wonders in their memory, their hearts will ache for the doom of Ludwig Von Beethoven.”

To illustrate from the sister arts. If Mozart be the Raphael of music—high above us, yet always satisfying, because within the range of common human sympathies, retaining perfect command of his ideas, and producing, apparently without effort, creations of perfect and rounded beauty—Beethoven, although the complete circle which bounds his universality is, in some respects, more circumscribed, has, nevertheless, boldly pushed out farther in certain given directions. In daring grandeur of thought he somewhat resembles Æschylus, Michael Angelo, or

Dante, while his works, at the same time, abound in passages of exquisite beauty and deep heart-touching pathos—flowers in sunny valleys, mountain pathways, or springing up in the wild rocky crevices of Chimborazian heights, never previously reached by man—flowers such as shed their sweet delicate fragrance only in the pages of the mightiest masters. The latter of these two classes of mind has frequently its most enthusiastic admirers among those who are quite capable of drawing the distinction between what is personal in their preference, and what is absolute in their judgment. Pre-eminently picturesque, and with all the various parts in perfect keeping, Beethoven might also be compared to Turner, in whose inimitable works there is the same sublimity, strength, daring, correct drawing, mastery of expression, and absolute truthfulness in rendering the ever-changing mysteries of sea, sky, light, shadow, and the perfect aerial perspective of the far-stretching landscape.¹ Many analogies might be traced between them, not even excepting their relations to the critical world; for Beethoven was accused of “harsh modulations, melodies more singular than pleasing, and a constant straining after originality;” while Turner’s paintings have called forth much stinging sarcasm, clever in its way, and perhaps amusing, but nothing more, save to certain unfortunate critics who, grievously at fault, have pilloried *themselves* to future generations, by designating them “fiery abominations,” “pictures of nothing and remarkably like,” &c.

¹ We would refer to the illustrations of “Rogers’ Italy,” and “Poems,” which, though merely small vignettes, display all these varied excellencies, and may be profitably studied as helps to the interpretation of Nature herself.

All bold innovators who dare advance the outposts of truth are generally treated in this contemptuous way, before they are understood. "We see it ever falleth out," says Bacon—speaking of Church controversies—"that the forbidden writing is always thought to be certain sparks of truth that fly up into the faces of those that seek to choke it and tread it out; whereas, a book authorised is thought to be but 'temporis voces,' the language of the time." Many parallel cases might be found in which "the self-love of the multitude being affronted by productions beyond their power to appreciate, they have revenged themselves by treating with indignity and contempt the noblest efforts to enlarge the sphere of human enjoyment. The bold inquirer after truth must often be content to wait till the accumulated opinions of years gradually reverse the verdict of contemporaries."

Beethoven's favourite maxim was, "The barriers are not yet erected where it can be said to aspiring talent—thus far and no farther!"

Beethoven has written little music in the same department as Handel, yet in grandeur of conception, sublimity, breadth, and gorgeous massive harmonies, no other master has exhibited so much of the same giant spirit. The various *parts* perfect studies, each is essential to the perfection of the whole, and all mysteriously blend together in one rich flow of harmony.

If Haydn's music be sober, regulated, concentrated, ever displaying order, placid composure, perspicuity, and fine taste;—the genius of Mozart is richer, and more various, embracing a wider field of human interest: He speaks from the depth of the heart in passionate tones of sustained tenderness. Beethoven, different from

either, is impetuous, energetic, and always strikingly original. Massive and stately, he also abounds in uncommon passages with abstruse scientific modulations, producing singular harmonic effects which irresistibly fascinate us with their strange wild beauty. The melodies in his greatest works are, at the same time, all characterized by extreme simplicity and naturalness; a few simple notes are all that he requires, and with these he charms the world. He is now a Jupiter Tonans; now a Caryl, of whose music Ossian says that it is "like the memory of joys that are past; pleasing and mournful to the soul!" In a word—with a witching air of wild romance—unlimited power to dare and do—sympathy with nature—deep melancholy thought—remembered hopes and joys—sunshine in fitful gleams occasionally breaking through darkest storm-clouds, or passion, long pent up, finding relief in tears—always magnificently copious, Beethoven's marvellous works might be characterized as a blending of strength, sublimity, beauty, and tenderness.

Reichardt has discriminately said, that "Haydn built himself a lovely villa; Mozart erected a stately palace over it; but Beethoven raised a tower on the top of that, and whoever ventures to build higher will break his neck." "Weber, Spohr, and Mendelssohn have each added a porch in their various styles of beauty, but otherwise there are no signs of further structure." Who can tell in what new directions musical excellencemay next spring up? or if the achievements of these great minds shall ever be surpassed? The future is sealed, but that which is truly excellent we know to be for all time.

WEBER.

Carl Maria Von Weber was born at Eutin-Holstein in 1786, and died of consumption, in London, in 1826. His music possesses much novelty and beauty. His four greatest works may be named in the following order.

“Der Freischutz”—bold, spirited, striking—affording scope to his peculiar genius; “mystic snatches of harmonious sound” affecting us by turns with their melting tenderness, wierd-like wildness, or melancholy grace; and now calling forth feelings of unearthly terror and sublimity, being, in truth, “solemn and strange music.” The “Huntsman’s Chorus,” and many airs from this opera, on its production at Berlin, flew like wild-fire over Europe, enjoying a popularity quite unprecedented.

“Oberon,” or the Elf King’s Oath—founded on Wieland’s poem of that name—is full of “marvellous sweet music”—passages, such as the “Mermaid’s Song,” that continue to haunt us, ever recurring with a delicious lulling power, a few simple notes composing the charm. The ear, as it were, finds rest in the perfect symmetrical beauty of the design; and, there being nothing to distract, repetition produces the desired soothing slumber-lulling spell-like effect, in a way which no variety could even suggest. Again, as we wake sweetly wildered, we hear passages of airy grace and fantastic beauty, breathing

“Above, about, or underneath,
Sent by some spirit to mortals good,
Or the unseen Genius of the wood.”

Of this opera, produced in London, and conducted by Weber shortly before his death, an able contributor to

"Fraser's Magazine," thus writes—"In the overture to *Oberon*, there are passages that express the light clashing and claspings of fairy wings—one, the rapid blaze of harmless summer lightning—there is ethereal beauty and delicacy in the whole; and in the opening chorus, 'Light as fairy foot can fall,' it needs no scene or action to show us the fairy king asleep on his bed of lilies, his troop of attendant spirits, the glitter of fountains, the crystal columns, and magic lights of the enchanted halls. Further on in the piece, the master waves his wand of power, and a pale-green brightness spreads over our eyes like the daylight in an ocean-cave, and crowned with water-lilies, girded with coral, float before us a troop of Naiads, smoothing with the mermaid-song the rough crests of the billows, raised by that splendid incantation, 'Spirits, wherever ye chance to be.'" . . . "In *Oberon* Weber worked a miracle in music: it stands alone, as solitary as the enchanted isle of Prospero. None but Weber could have realized satisfactorily to our ears the strain with which Ariel 'enters invisible, playing solemn music.' *Oberon* is like one unique fire opal, on which the light of the sun plays in a thousand colours and changes—the fairy-like tints of the rainbow seem to be the stuff whereof it is made—so delicate, so ethereal, so magically brilliant is every part of that marvellous work. It is united, also, with the heroic devotion of the Paladins of Charlemagne; and amply expressive of the age is the glorious march and martial chorus with which it winds up the fate of 'Reiza the lovely, and Heron the brave.'"

The story of "Euryanthe" is silly and uninteresting, but the music is, nevertheless, chivalric, heroic, and effective. Lastly, ere passing from Weber, we name "Preciosa,"

founded on a tale of Cervantes, as being much admired, especially in Germany, for "the beauty and romantic character" of the music.

SPOHR.

Ludwig Spohr, born at Seesen in the Duchy of Brunswick, in 1783, is distinguished both as a performer on the violin and as a musical composer. He has written many concerted pieces for various instruments, also operatic music and oratorios. In all he exhibits variety of expression, deep pathos, and a tender melancholy. He continues to reside at Cassel, where he has long been Chapel-master. His "Faust," "Zemira and Azor," "Jessonda," and "Fourth Symphony," are among his finest works.

MENDELSSOHN.

Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy was born at Hamburgh in 1809, and died at Leipsic in 1847. As a child he was precocious, and, possessing every advantage that wealth and intellect could command for the developement of his genius, was early distinguished as a composer. He commenced his opera, "The Wedding of Camacho"—a work of decided originality—when only thirteen years of age, from which time till his death he continued unremittingly and rapidly to produce works of every sort, sacred and secular, his last being the first act of a fairy opera, called "Lorely." The wild beauty and ærial grace frequently to be found in his compositions, remind us of Weber's magic; while his Oratorios, "Paul" and "Elijah," suggest Handel, although he seldom, if ever, attains to the same lofty heights, or the same massive grandeur and

solemnity. "Handel," said Mozart, "understands effect better than any of us; when he chooses he strikes like a thunderbolt"—a remark or judgment which, in all likelihood, will remain applicable during many succeeding ages. Mendelssohn somewhat resembles Coleridge, and those who are familiar with the works of both will readily believe that he could have written music for "The Ancient Mariner," "Kubla Khan," and the magnificent hymn to "Sunrise in the Vale of Chamouni," as perhaps no other could. "The works of Mendelssohn which were published previous to his death, were one opera, four overtures, two symphonies, three quartets, two quintets, two sonatas, a concerto for the pianoforte, a psalm, 'Non nobis,' an 'Ave Maria' for eight voices, six books of 'Songs without Words,' two fantasies, three chorales, and numberless varied themes, songs, duets, capriccios, &c., for the pianoforte, and his two imperishable oratorios, 'St. Paul,' and 'Elijah.' Among his MSS., many of which have been published since his death, were an overture and symphony, several chorales, the 'Walpurgis Night' cantatas, an operata 'The Son and Stranger,' some sacred pieces, and music adapted to the 'Antigone,' and the 'Œdipus Colonnus.'"

The overture to the "Midsummer Night's Dream" is absolutely Shaksperian, in its exuberance of thought, marvellous variety of effects and thorough originality. We are at once in fairy land, and feel the "spangled starlight sheen" all around green and fresh, the dew sparkles on each blade of grass, we hear the clear crystal tinkling of tiny rills, quite o'erhung with "nodding violets," and "mark the merry elves of fairy-land," hearing the light patter of innumerable fairy feet as they

"trip away" to fulfil the behests of Titania the Fairy Queen, who "there sleeps," "lulled in these flowers with dances and delight" on that fragrant "bank," the very memory of which comes over our senses "stealing and giving odour." The overture is also finely developed in the playful scherzo, the lovely Notturino, the airy Agitato, and in the final fairy-like chorus.

The gorgeous "Wedding March," bold, brilliant, clearly defined, full of massive strength, yet flowing and effective, is from the same work, and few compositions of the kind possess more of these qualities in combination. Along with it, although inferior, we would name the "War March of the Priests in Athalie," the opening passage of which is particularly fine. The leading phrase in his delicious overture to "Melusine," continues to haunt us with its airy grace and fantastic sweetness. His overture to "The Isles of Fingal," written after visiting the Western Islands of Scotland, although it has peculiarities in style, and difficulties of execution which, for a time, may interfere with its popularity, is full of descriptive power, grandeur, and beauty, singularly suggestive of

"The shores and sounding seas,
Beyond the stormy Hebrides."

The Cantata to Goethe's first "Walpurgis Night" presents beauties of rare boldness and startling effect, in keeping with the strange wild witchery of such a scene.

Of his three grand Symphonies, that on A minor, on which he laboured for several years, is perhaps the finest.

He has left many beautiful songs—the "Rheinische Lied," "Zuleica," "Auf Flügeln des Gesanges" (On wings of Song), and that for two voices, "Ich wollt 'meine Lieb

ergösse sich" (I would that my love), most readily occur to our memory, the last named being, perhaps, the finest of them all. Mendelssohn composed several airs expressly for Jenny Lind, of whom he frequently said that a thousand years might pass ere another artiste so marvellously gifted would arise.

His quartet in F minor is by some considered one of the most stupendous and impassioned outpourings of sadness in instrumental music. In 1836, his oratorio of "St. Paul" was produced at Düsseldorf, and at once revealed his great powers and established his fame as a master. In 1839 he composed the "Lobgesang" (or Hymn of Praise)—he himself called it a "Sinfonia Cantata"—regarded by many as his masterpiece. It has been discriminatingly and beautifully characterized as "the aërial music of spirits that never fell and never suffered," while the "Hallelujah of Handel is the thanksgiving of the redeemed from great tribulation." In 1846, his "Elijah" was first produced at Birmingham, and already has deservedly taken its place among those oratorios which are most frequently performed at our music festivals. He has also left several beautiful anthems and sacred hymns. We would mention his 42nd Psalm, "As the heart pants;" the 114th, "When Israel out of Egypt went" (for eight voices); and the 115th, "Not unto us," as full of grandeur and beauty. His Greek choruses display great dramatic power, and his numerous pieces of concerted, vocal, and instrumental chamber music testify to his unwearied labours. Skilled from his earliest years in the management of keyed instruments, he united in himself the opposite qualities requisite for the mastery of the organ and the pianoforte,

attaining to the highest excellence in both. It must have been a rare pleasure to have been present when he was seated at the organ-desk in some old cathedral playing over, *con amore*, one of Sebastian Bach's grand fugues, the deep thunder-music now shaking

"The prophets blazoned on the panes,"

and then dying softly and sweetly away in the far distance like an angel's song ; or to have heard him playing his own "Lieder ohne Worte" (Songs without Words) on a Broadwood or Erard. These graceful compositions for the pianoforte, of which he has left us six books, though inferior both in depth and beauty to many similar *andante* and *adagio* movements to be found throughout the works of Mozart and Beethoven, are nevertheless perfect studies. Always pleasing, they possess grace, ease, variety, originality, and occasionally induce an indefinable soothing dulcet dreaminess, which acts like a charm. In one of them, the Venetian "Barcarole," leaving out the introductory note, with which a common musician would have begun, he at once strikes into the theme—we are in Venice ! The first chord we feel to be the unmistakable *imprimatur* of genius ; nor are we deceived in what follows. We would only name another of these, Lieder No. 6 (5th Book, Op. 62), to our thinking the finest of them all. It is simple and straightforward, but, to evolve its beauty, like the greater part of Mendelssohn's music, requires both mental appreciation, and that firmness and delicacy of touch which can only be acquired by patient, earnest practise. The same theme ever recurs, pleading with increased tenderness and persuasive power, till we are moved to hear. Its close ever

reminds us of that passage where Milton describes Morn appearing :—

“ While rocking winds were piping loud,
Or ushered with a shower still,
When the gust hath blown his fill,
Ending on the rustling leaves,
With minute drops from off the eaves.”

We have already compared Mendelssohn to Coleridge. The following lines from the “Ancient Mariner,” are singularly suggestive, or rather descriptive, of his music:

“ Around, around, flew each sweet sound,
Then darted to the sun ;
Slowly the sounds came back again,
Now mixed, now one by one.

“ And now 'twas like all instruments,
Now like a lonely flute ;
And now it is an angel's song
That makes the heavens mute.

“ It ceased, yet still the sails made on
A pleasant noise till noon :
A noise like of a hidden brook
In the leafy month of June,
That to the sleeping woods all night
Singeth a quiet tune.”

This great man, variously and highly accomplished, was modest, warm-hearted, sensitive, affable, and universally beloved. He died in his thirty-eighth year, literally “consumed by the fire within him,” leaving a wife¹ and five children to mourn his untimely loss. His works, always elevated, pure, and beautiful like his mind, occupy a place, perhaps, only second to those of Handel,

¹ Madame Mendelssohn gradually sunk under her grief, and died at Frankfort in 1853.

Mozart, and Beethoven ; while as a performer on the organ and pianoforte, evolving the powers and capabilities of these instruments, as increased by recent improvements, Mendelssohn certainly stands without a rival.

ROSSINI.

The two most distinguished Italian composers of recent times are Rossini and Bellini.

Rossini was born at Pesaro, in 1792, and is still living at Florence, although his musical life has been almost a blank for the last twenty years. He possesses almost nothing in common with Mozart—indeed, it would be difficult to find in music more striking contrasts. Mozart's airs possess a "divine simplicity ;" Rossini's are generally florid. Mozart's profound harmonies gush from the inexhaustible fountain of his own heart, his every modulation expressing the deepest feelings and emotions of a life ; Rossini, careless and gay, as it were, only lives for the present moment, making use of chords and instruments merely to strengthen an effect, by increasing the loudness rather than by making use of the separate language which each part or instrument may be made to speak, and the rich variety of such combination. Mozart makes us sigh, weep, tremble—dissolves us in tenderness, or fills us with awe—"he could inspire tranquillity and cheerfulness, but seldom gaiety, and never mirth, a smile but not laughter ;" Rossini, on the other hand, with few exceptions, such as parts of Othello, which display both passion and expression, is all liveliness, brilliancy, and sparkling gaiety—admirable qualities when each is kept in its own place.

The English, it has been remarked, "do homage to the fire of Italy and the thought of Germany, which neither does to the other," inclining, however, to the profound feeling of the latter, which is immeasurably the greater.

"Tancredi," performed at Venice in 1813, was Rossini's first great success; every one might be heard singing snatches of "Di Tanti Palpiti," or humming "Ti Revedro." The overture retains its popularity, and is familiar to us all.

Passing over many intermediate works, during the Carnival of 1816, at Rome he brought out "Il Barbiere di Seviglia," which was everywhere received with the same enthusiasm. It has been pronounced "without exception the most gay and delightful *comic opera* in existence."

"La Cenerentola," or the fairy story of the glass slipper, written at Rome in 1817, contains some excellent passages, particularly the duet, "Un segreto d'importanza," and the brilliant air, "Non piu mesta."

"La Gazza Ladra" was produced at Milan during the same year. The music is unequal, but the whole scene is pervaded by the hearty joyousness of peasant life. The beautiful air, "Di Piacer mi balza il cor," so expressive of tender and innocent joy, is one of his happiest efforts; there is nothing finer in all his works.

"La Donna del Lago," and "Mosè in Egitto," contain passages of great power and beauty.

"Semiramide" was produced at Venice in 1823, and is characterized throughout by grandeur and gorgeous magnificence, although somewhat noisy and florid in parts. The well-known *andante* movement, near the beginning of the overture, displays more thoughtful feel-

ing than is usually to be met with in Rossini's music. It strikes us, however, as being merely an adaptation of the well-known German air "Freut euch des Lebens," (Taste life's glad moments). If so, it is happily introduced. About 1829, while in Paris, he composed the admirable French opera of "Guillaume Tell," which, on the whole, is accounted the greatest of all his works. How effectively he has introduced the beautiful melodies of Switzerland—a few simple notes, and we are in that mountain land of freedom: the fresh green of its sunny valleys—its sparkling waters—its herdsmen—its cattle and flocks with their tinkling bells—the *ranz des vaches* heard echoing from the distant heights—the chamois-hunter, with his alpen-stock—the milk-maid, or the reaper, in the bright picturesque costume of her Canton,—all are before us as if by a magic spell! Those who have visited that "bright breezy land," or learned to love it, will be charmed infinitely more by these few suggestive bars of Swiss music in the overture, than by the noisy, more mechanical movement, immediately following it, which usually sets inconsiderate people a-tramping time most vigorously with their feet, although the master's score has no need of such an accompaniment.

During these six-and-twenty years, Rossini has been residing in Bologna, Paris, or Florence, leading a quiet, indolent life. He has only produced one work worthy of mention during that time—the "Stabat Mater"—which although pretty and popular, is quite operatic in style, and possesses neither the severity, grandeur, solemnity, nor depth which such a subject demands.

Rossini will likely be known to the future as the composer of "Tell," "Semiramide," and "The Barber of

Seville;" or, perhaps, by selections from the bright glittering gems of melody so profusely scattered throughout these and his many other operas. He is, in some respects, the Tom Moore of music.

BELLINI.

Bellini was born at Catania, in Sicily, in 1806, received his musical education from Zingarelli, in the Conservatorio of Naples, and died at Paris in 1835, at the early age of twenty-nine. His music is always sweet, expressive and graceful, at times rising into grandeur, although the delicate state of his health did not permit of his making great exertions. His style might thus be characterized in the language of Tennyson, between whose works and Bellini's music there are some striking analogies :—

"A certain miracle of symmetry—
A miniature of loveliness—all grace
Summed up and closed in little."

Though simple and flowing, his operas contain many difficult passages, requiring skilful execution to evolve their beauty. At twenty, and twenty-one years of age he was the composer of several successful operas. At Naples he produced "Somnambula," an opera which has perhaps been more frequently performed in this country than any other, and the airs of which, such as "Tutto e sciolto," "Tu non sai," "Vi Ravisò," or Ah, non giunge," are to be heard at every concert. Those who have listened to Jenny Lind's rendering of the latter song, will not fail to associate its triumphant joyousness with her name.

"Norma" was produced at Milan, and is in every re-

spect the greatest of all his works. It abounds in passages of intense passion and interest; who can forget "Casta Diva," "Mira, O Norma," "Deh! con te," the grand "March of the Druids," the thrilling crisis, "Si rea io," and the ecstasy of the forgiveness and reconciliation, which is a triumph of art, and a worthy conclusion to this marvellous tragic opera. His flowing melodies have all a strong family resemblance, whether they be light and airy, as the "Polacca," in "Puritani;" graceful and delicately modulated as are passages in "Béatrice di Tenda," or in the "Capuletti e Montecchi;"¹ lovely as "Somnambula;" or impassioned as "Norma."

In Paris, he wrote in his greatest style, "I Puritani," which has been called by his admirers "the last song of the swan." In October 1835, with the fall of the leaf, this young and gifted genius—gentle and pure-hearted, as his appearance was noble and expressive, fell a victim to consumption, and was followed by sorrowing friends to his last resting place in the cemetery of Père la Chaise.

A melancholy interest attaches to his memory; and many of his airs exercise a soothing influence on the mind, at once creating a natural atmosphere for themselves, and wafting us far away into the regions of romance. If a barrel-organ plays several tunes, the chances are that at least one of the number is Bellini's; his airs being well adapted for that instrument, and at the same time deservedly popular. Heard thus in distant snatches as we haste along the dusty street, sweet thoughts and associations frequently visit us, and the mind, occupied with the stern realities of life, feels thereby sensibly refreshed and strengthened for

¹ We would particularize the air "L'Amo, L'Amo," in the latter.

duty. Nor should any one forget at such times the poor honest wandering Italian, who harms no one, supports life on an incredibly small pittance, and fondly lives in the hope of one day rejoining his loved ones in a sunny home beyond the Alps.

Having thus briefly alluded to some of the greatest composers of recent times, we can do little more than name a few of their successors, still living, or but recently passed away from amongst us.

Donizetti, lively and brilliant, composed even more rapidly than Rossini, and has left sixty-three operas, among which are "Anna Bolena," "Lucrezia Borgia," and "Lucia di Lammermoor;" and also the well known "Elisir d' Amore," "Marino Faliero," "La Fille du Regiment," "La Favorita," "Linda di Chamouni," and "Don Pasquale." He died in 1848.

Verdi, inferior to Bellini and Donizetti, is the most popular Italian composer of the day. His *Lombardi*, produced twenty years ago, abounds in striking situations and effective music. Of his later works a few of the most remarkable are "Nabucodonasor," "Ernani," "Due Foscari," "La Traviata," and "Il Trovatore."¹ He enjoys a European reputation.

Boieldieu, the composer of "Le Calif de Bagdad," "La Dame Blanche," &c., died at Paris in 1835.

Auber—the composer of "Fra Diavolo," "Masaniello" (this last opera containing the well-known and beautiful air, "Come o'er the moonlit sea"), "Le Cheval de Bronze," "Les Diamants de la Couronne," "Gustave," "La Sirène,"

¹The two finest airs from this opera, "Ah! che la Morte," and "Il Balen del suo sorriso," are well known.

"Haydee," and other popular lyric operas—resides in Paris, from whence he sends forth his music to the whole world.

Meyerbeer—the composer of "Robert le Diable," the "Huguenots," "Le Prophète," "Etoile du Nord," and other French operas—is a native of Berlin. He attempts in music to deal with the mystical; his style, which seems to fascinate without commanding him, being generally sensuous, clever, and showy. When effect is desired, that which a higher genius would at once spontaneously produce, he imitates by a laborious concentration of outward appliances, as in the grand chant in the cathedral of Palermo (in "Robert"). However, many of his airs, such as "Nobil donna e tanta onesta" (Blanche), in the *Huguenots*; "Quan je quitani la Normandi," in *Robert*, &c., are sweet, expressive, and beautiful, especially when sung by such an artiste as Jenny Lind.

In the north we have Gade, Weyse, Kuhlau, and Lindblad, all men eminently distinguished as composers.

Balfe—the composer of the "Siege of Rochelle," the melodies of which are sweet and flowing; "The Maid of Artois," "The Bohemian Girl;" (the latter popular throughout Europe), "The Daughter of St. Mark," "The Enchantress," "The Bondman," "L'Etoile de Seville," "The Maid of Honour," "Elfrida," and other operas—was born at Dublin, in 1808, and is well-known as the conductor of music in her Majesty's Theatre, and also in connection with most of our great concerts.

Benedict, sometime the Musical Director of Drury Lane, and frequently the leader at festivals and concerts, although a native of Germany (being born at Stuttgart in 1805), has written some of the finest and most suc-

cessful of English operas, thoroughly adapted to English taste and feelings, and some of which are also well known on the Continent. We need only name "The Gipsy's Warning," "The Brides of Venice," and "The Crusaders."

William Sterndale Bennet, the intimate friend of Mendelssohn, resides in London, and is known in Europe as the composer of several overtures—"The Naiades," the "Waldnymph," "Parisina," and "The Merry Wives of Windsor"—also of numerous Concertos, Sonatas, and Studies for the pianoforte; Songs, Duets, and other vocal pieces. As a performer on the pianoforte, no one, as might be expected, can render the spirit of Mendelssohn's music with greater truthfulness and beauty of effect. He has recently been appointed to the musical professorship at Cambridge.

W. Vincent Wallace is favourably known as the composer of "Maritana," and numerous pieces for the pianoforte.

Sir Henry Bishop, lately deceased, was, perhaps, the most eminent English musician of recent times. While Composer and Musical Director at Covent Garden Theatre, he produced many of his finest operas, having, between the years 1811 and 1824, composed no fewer than fifty dramatic pieces for that establishment, all more or less successful. His best are his earliest, such as "The Maniac," "The Knight of Snowdon," "The Virgin of the Sun," "The Miller and his Men," and "The Slave." Reminding us of Mozart, there is more truth and fine expression in these, than in his subsequent works which were lowered to meet the popular taste of the day for lighter and more showy music. In 1826 he

brought out "Aladdin," since which time to his death, his compositions were chiefly confined to music for the concert room or chamber. His Operas, as a whole hastily and carelessly written, are now no longer performed; but abounding in beautiful Songs, Duets, and Concerted pieces, these have mostly been transferred from the stage, to the latter class of music. A pure genuine English style is the charm of his best works, many of which seem destined to live.

The new oratorio of "Jeptha," by Reinthaler, is said to be little inferior to Mendelssohn's works, but we have not had an opportunity of hearing it performed.

Instead of here particularizing the songs of Henry Russell and other popular song writers of the day; Julien, and the numerous composers and arrangers of pianoforte pieces and fashionable drawing-room music; we will simply indicate three widely different sources, as supplying vocal music, which, if not quite new, has the superior advantage of being good—viz., the compositions of the Chevalier Neukomm, Franz Schubert, and R. A. Smith.

Seldom, indeed, has greater popularity been attained than that awarded to the fine spirited song, by which Neukomm is best known, "The Sea," the words of which are by Barry Cornwall.—Franz Schubert's songs, so greatly admired by Beethoven,¹ with their magnificent accompaniments and effects almost orchestral, require much practice to evolve that unmistakable power and beauty which ever pertains to his genius; but such study is amply repaid. Of these we may name

His words were—"Wahrlich in dem Schubert wohnt ein gottlicher Funke"—(Verily in Schubert dwells a divine spark).

“The Erl King,” “The Wanderer,” “Ossian’s Song,” “The Surety,” “The Young Nun,” &c. And lastly, ere passing to the next portion of our subject, we name the sacred and secular music of the modest and unassuming R. A. Smith. The deep feeling, grace, simplicity, pathos, and tender beauty of his melodies are, in some respects, akin to the poetry of Tannahill, for whose songs he delighted to compose music, or to find suitable old airs. Although Tannahill lacks the robust vigour of Burns, in other respects—such as in fine feeling, perception of simple natural beauty, tenderness and delicacy of expression—he is not inferior to him as a song writer. He has been singularly fortunate in the music to which his verse is wedded. Words and airs are alike beautiful, and songs such as “Jessie the Flower o’ Dunblane,” “The Lass o’ Ardentiny,” “Langsyne beside the Woodland Burn” (R. A. Smith’s own compositions), “The Braes o’ Gleniffer,” and “Loudon’s bonnie Woods and Braes,” (which he adapted and arranged), are valued by all who are capable of appreciating excellence in musical composition.

The fact ought ever to be borne in mind, that truly good music, in all departments, rises in the estimation of persons of correct ear and refined taste with every repetition; whilst that which has little else than novelty to recommend it, soon begins to pall with its insipidity, even on the ears of the most commonplace listeners. We have endeavoured throughout this section to indicate what we consider good, with a view to the guidance of those who may want such information in adding from time to time to their stores of music. For, whatever class of music be preferred, it is surely better to become

familiar with the best of that class, than to spend as much precious time, and more money, on that which gives pain to the highly cultivated ear, which is the natural one. Bad music alike vitiates the taste of performer and listener, blunting the perception of beauty in its higher forms, until at length the ear finds rest and is content with the merely mechanical. After the graces and moralities, few things, we maintain, will conduce more to render home happy and attractive than a cultivated taste for music among its various members. A present good, the influence is none the less in future years, when, it may be looking back through the vista of bygone days, we bridge death, time, or space, and see once more "the old familiar faces." Sweet Music, thus heard vibrating in memory, "Language fades before thy spell!"

COMPOSITION.

Having, as we purposed, briefly glanced at various distinguished musicians, it may not be uninteresting to hear what some of these have told us regarding their mode of composition—to obtain a glimpse into the "study of imagination," that starry-curtained, mysterious chamber of the soul, intermittently lit up from horizon to zenith with flashing glory transcendently bright, and haunted by dim shadowy throngs of

"Shapes and forms and tendencies to shape
That shift and vanish, change and interchange
Like spectres; ferment silent and sublime;"

to note subtle mental processes, the crystallization, as it were, of ideas, as they *set*—to use the language of the laboratory—arranging themselves in accordance with

fixed laws, answering the requirements of Art. In its highest form, we have seen that all Art is but the recognition and realization of harmony; that of the mind, and that of outward things being subject to one and the same law, manifesting itself higher or lower down the stream of being. The pure simplicity of Nature, when truly attained in any department of Art by the humblest votary, will, of necessity, ever be found to accord with the grand orchestral music of the great universe; for truth admits not of degrees. More or less may be revealed, but it is one in kind.

Choron, a distinguished French writer on musical subjects, recently deceased, thus speaks in regard to originality, invention, and the development of ideas.

“The most distinctive characteristic of genius is that kind of invention which creates new and original productions, that do not resemble preceding ones, and that serve as models for succeeding productions. . . . It is found in the details as well as in the general structure; in the manner as well as in the matter. An artist often shows as much genius in treating in his own way a common idea as he could by producing new ideas. . . . The talent of invention is developed by a continual application of mind to the object of invention, by the study of original works, and by directing the attention to seek in all things for the relations that they may have to the art which we cultivate. A thousand things that appear indifferent or useless to an inattentive man, become very significant to him who refers everything to a principal object.

“We are often astonished that artists should have been so happy in their invention, and ascribe this to superior

genius. We should be much more astonished if we knew to what circumstances they owe these advantages. The greater part of their talent consists in neglecting nothing, and in perceiving in what surrounds them everything that can have connection with their art. If we are attentive in collecting everything that presents itself, and take care to treasure up the ideas which occur in favourable moments, we shall soon form a rich collection of materials from which we can draw when occasion requires.

“Finally, we must never torture ourselves to find ideas, and must, especially shun that mania of originality which induces us to reject easy and natural ideas, and to run after fantastical and perplexed ones.”

Thomas Mace, an old English musician, in a work entitled *Music's Monument*, published in 1676, gives the following pleasing account of the circumstances under which he had composed a little air, or lesson, for the lute, at the same time affording a sweet picture of domestic happiness. The old man, he it observed, looks lovingly back through the vista of forty years, and the simple language of affection, tenderness, and feeling, welling up, gushes forth again in all its youthful warmth and freshness. “It is,” says he, “this very winter just forty years since I made it; and yet it is new because all like it; and then when I was past being a suitor to my best beloved, dearest, and sweetest living mistress, but not married, yet contriving the best and readiest way towards it, and thus it was:—That very night in which I was thus agitated in my mind concerning her, my living mistress, she being in Yorkshire and myself at Cambridge, close shut up in my chamber, still and quiet,

about ten or eleven o'clock at night, musing and writing letters to her, her mother, and some other friends; in summing up and determining the whole matter concerning our marriage; you may conceive I might have very intent thoughts all that time, and might meet with some difficulties, for as yet I had not gained her mother's consent, so that in my writings I was sometimes put to my studyings. At which times, my lute lying on my table, I sometimes took it up and walked about my chamber, letting my fancy drive which way it would—for I studied nothing at that time as to music—yet my secret genius or fancy prompted my fingers, do what I could, into this very humour, so that every time I walked and took up my lute, in the interim betwixt writing and studying, this ayre would needs offer itself unto me continually; insomuch that at the last, liking it well, and lest it should be lost, I took paper and set it down, taking no further notice of it at that time; but afterwards it passed abroad for a very pleasant and delightful ayre among all. Yet I gave it no name till a long time after, nor taking more notice of it in any particular kind than of any other my composures of that nature. But after I was married, and had brought my wife home to Cambridge, it so fell out that one rainy morning I staid within, and in my chamber my wife and I were all alone, she intent upon her needle works, and I playing upon my lute at the table by her. She sat very still and quiet, listening to all I played without a word a long time, till at last I happened to play this lesson, which, as soon as I had once played, she earnestly desired me to play it again; 'for,' said she, 'that shall be called my lesson.' From which words, so spoken with emphasis and accent, it pre-

sently came into my remembrance the time when, and the occasion of its being produced, and I returned her this answer, namely, that it may very properly be called your lesson; for when I composed it you were wholly in my fancy, and the chief object and ruler of my thoughts, telling her how and when it was made; and, therefore, ever after, I thus called it my mistress, and most of my scholars since call it 'Mrs. Mace' to this day."¹

Mozart's views of composition are illustrated by the following anecdote, given by Holms:—²"During one of his journeys, Mozart was the guest of a musician, whose son, a boy of twelve years old, already played the piano-forte very skilfully. 'But, Herr Kapellmeister,' said the boy, 'I should like very much to compose something. How am I to begin?' '*Pho, pho, you must wait.*' 'You composed much earlier?' '*But asked nothing about it. If one has the spirit of a composer, one writes because one cannot help it.*' At these words, which were uttered in a lively manner by Mozart, the boy looked downcast and ashamed. He, however, said, 'I merely meant to ask if you could recommend me to any book.' 'Come, come,' returned Mozart, kindly patting the boy's cheek, 'all that is of no use. Here, here, and here,' pointing to the ear, the head, and heart, 'is your school. If all is right there, then you may take the pen without delay.'"

The same great musician, in answer to his friend the Baron V——, who wished to be enlightened on his mode of composition, thus writes—"I am now come to the most difficult part of your letter, which I would willingly pass over in silence, for here my pen denies me its ser-

¹ Quoted from "Hogarth's History of Music," vol. i., pp. 118-20.

² Life of Mozart, p. 236.

vice. Still I will try, even at the risk of being well laughed at. You say you should like to know my way of composing, and what method I follow in writing works of some extent. I can really say no more on this subject than the following ; for I myself know no more about it, and cannot account for it. When I am, as it were, completely myself, entirely alone, and of good cheer—say, travelling in a carriage, or walking after a good meal, or during the night when I cannot sleep—it is on such occasions that my ideas flow best and most abundantly. *Whence* and *how* they come I know not ; nor can I force them. Those ideas that please me I retain in memory, and am accustomed, as I have been told, to hum them to myself. If I continue in this way, it soon occurs to me how I may turn this or that morsel to account, so as to make a good dish of it, that is to say, agreeably to the rules of counterpoint, to the peculiarities of the various instruments, &c.” (There is much in this &c.)

“All this fires my soul, and, provided I am not disturbed, my subject enlarges itself, becomes methodized and defined, and the whole, though it be long, stands almost complete and finished in my mind, so that I can survey it, like a fine picture or a beautiful statue, at a glance. Nor do I hear in my imagination the parts *successively*, but I hear them, as it were, all at once (*gleich alles zusammen*). What a delight this is, I cannot tell ! All this inventing, this producing, takes place in a pleasing, lively dream. Still the actual hearing of the *tout ensemble* is after all the best. What has been thus produced I do not easily forget ; and this is, perhaps, the best gift I have my Divine Maker to thank for.

“When I proceed to write down my ideas, I take out

of the bag of my memory, if I may use that phrase, what has previously been collected into it in the way I have mentioned. For this reason the committing to paper is done quickly enough; for everything is, as I said before, already finished, and it rarely differs on paper from what it was in my imagination. At this occupation I can, therefore, suffer myself to be disturbed; for whatever may be going on around me, I write, and even talk, but only of fowls and geese, or of Gretel or Bärbel, or some such matters. But why my productions take from my hand that particular form and style that makes them *Mozartish*, and different from the works of other composers, is, probably, owing to the same cause which renders my nose so or so large, so aquiline, or, in short, makes it Mozart's, and different from those of other people. For I really do not study or aim at any originality; I should, in fact, not be able to describe in what mine consists, though I think it quite natural that persons who have really an individual appearance of their own, are also differently organized from others, both externally and internally. At least I know that I have constituted myself neither the one way nor the other.

“May this suffice, and never, my best friend, never again trouble me with such subjects. I also beg you will not believe that I break off for any other reason, but because I have nothing further to say on that point. To others I should not have answered; but have thought, *mutschi, buttschi, quittle, etche, molape, newing.*”¹

¹“Such language as this was, certainly never heard but by Panurge, in the Island of Lanterns,” says Holms (Life, p. 318). If not invented at the moment, may we not have here a reminiscence of nursery-lore, where nonsense words, in connection with games are of frequent occurrence?

Such a singularly interesting glimpse into the workings of a great mind—although the individual experience of every composer may be somewhat different—fairly exhausts, we believe, all that can be said on the main features of the subject.

The subject matter fixed, the musician chooses that key, time, and rhythm which he feels to be most in accordance with the spirit of his theme, and best adapted for its expression, consistent with execution, the capabilities of different instruments, &c. The magic effect of time and rhythm on the character of music is very manifest, any sudden change acting electrically on the nerves. So with a change from the major to the minor mode. Some maintain that each key has its own inherent absolute qualities, and, possibly, such subtle analogies and delicate shades of difference may exist; for everything connected with music, both as a science and an art, that can in any way add power to expression, is perceived and laid under contribution by the great musician. The great variety of circumstances under which certain keys are employed, would tend to show that, however this may be, far more depends on the relative modulation of the notes within a given scale, whatever be the key which is adopted. Without unreservedly subscribing to the following passage from the *Quarterly Review*, all must admire its fine discrimination, masterly clearness, and great beauty of expression;—

“A whole Bridgewater treatise might have been not unworthily devoted to the wonderful varieties of keys alone, and their Providential adaptation, as we may say without presumption, to the various moods of humanity.

A composer is now helped so far forward on his road ; the ground-colour is ready laid which is to pervade his whole work. It is for him to choose between the daylight of a major-key, and the soft twilight, or murky gloom of the minor ; to feel whether he wants the earnest, honest, grand matter-of-fact of the natural key, or the happy, fearless, youthful brightness of the key of G, or the soft luxuriant complaint, yet loving its sorrow, of A flat. He knows whether he requires the character of triumphant praise given by two sharps, as in the Hallelujah Chorus, by Handel, or the Sanctus and Hosanna of Mozart's *Requiem* ; or the wild demoniacal defiance of C minor, as in the Allegro of the *Freischutz* overture ; or the enthusiastic gladness of four sharps, as in the song of *Di Piacer* ; or the heart-chilling horror of G minor, as in Schubert's *Erl King*, and all the Erl kings that we have known. He knows what he is to choose for, anxious fears, or lover's entreaties, or songs of liberty, or dead marches, or any occasion, in short, which lies within the province of music—though exceptions to these rules must occur to every amateur, in which the intense feeling of the composer seems to triumph over the natural expression of the key. That most solemn of all human compositions, the Dead March in "Saul," is not only in the full common chord of the natural key, but modulates through the lively keys of C and D—a magnificent device for implying the depth of the sorrow by the triumphant strength of the consolation. The Andante to the Freischutz Overture, too, has a deep shade of melancholy over it, which we could hardly have supposed reconcileable with the natural key it is in.

“A change of key is the most powerful engine in the hands of a musician : it is the lifting of a curtain or the overshadowing of a cloud ; it is the coolness of a deep forest after the heat of the plain ; it is the sudden hurling from the throne to the dungeon ; it is the hope of life after the sentence of death. Every modulation is a surprise, a warning, a tantalizing to the heart. We cannot bear the monotony of one key long, even the most joyful.

‘Prithee weep, May Lilian ;
Gaiety without eclipse
Wearieth me, May Lilian.’

We long for ‘a mournful muse, soft pity to infuse.’ Nor can we bear perpetual modulation ; every mind instinctively feels this when, after following a restless recitative from key to key, touching many but resting in none, till the ear seems to have lost all compass and rudder, the full dominant and tonic chord comes gratefully to the rescue, and leads us slowly and majestically into safe harbour.”

MUSICAL EXECUTION.

Though we thus trace ideas as they are variously developed from the first suggestion till they stand written out in full score, it yet remains that a musical composition be performed in order that we may hear it—and much of the effect is dependent on execution. Execution itself depends—first, on power and musical taste to perceive and appreciate the spirit and intention of the master whose works are being read ; and then on a perfect rendering and pronunciation of these. Perfect command of muscle, and skill requisite to master such

mechanical difficulties as may arise in the management of the voice or of instruments, can only be acquired by much diligent and patient labour. When hearing a skilful performer, people seldom consider the great amount of sunk capital, in time and practice, which such proficiency indicates. Haydn was frequently eighteen hours a-day at his pianoforte, even when at the height of his fame; Porpora kept Caffarelli five years at one sheet of exercises, and made him the first singer in the world. Sad to think that they who thus confer on the composer, as it were, an ever-renewed life, who for the time become gifted *media* between the silent score and the listening heart, should pass away, leaving behind them traces so few and so slight; that the marvellous playing of the greatest masters themselves, and of men, such as Hummel, whose pianoforte improvisations were even finer than anything they have written, should be so evanescent; that the sweetness, smoothness, graceful finish, and exquisite expression of Corelli's performances on the violin—he who, when people talked whilst he was playing, would lay down his instrument, and with quiet humour apologize for having interrupted the conversation; the marvels wrought by Paganini, “the wizard of the bow;” or the deep feeling, energy, calm melancholy grace, fertile imagination, and odd fancies, original rhythms and progressive harmonies of Chopin on the pianoforte, should only survive in memory for a time, and then only in words! Farinelli, Mara, Billington, Catalani, Pisoni, and Pasta, who “sang so sweetly and so well,” are now only of the past: Braham is no more; and Carolan's harp is silent. Who has not listened with delight, to the brilliant touch of a Thalberg or

Moschelles, to the straightforward classic renderings of Hallé, to Madame Gräver, Madame Schumann, or to the massive strength and exquisite delicacy displayed by Madame Pleyel, who, in point of execution, is perhaps the queen of the pianoforte? The magic touch of the latter performer would almost persuade us that in chromatic runs we have all the enharmonic intervals, the music now rippling out in clear silvery waves—now rolling grandly forth in mighty billows—now so light and airy, that we could mark a fairy's footfall on the grass—now, loudly raging, an orchestral storm. Fair lady, thine is the art of the enchantress, and we own thy potent spell! So with Pezze, Gilardoni, Dreschler, Bottessini, or Piatti on the violoncello, or contra basso; Pico, the blind Sardinian minstrel, with his marvellous warblings on the simple pastoral pipe; Sivori, Ernst, or Remenyi on the violin; the amazing volubility of Ronconi, or of Lablache who, in buffo singing, "utters tunes," as Shakspeare hath it, "as if he had eaten ballads;" and so also with the great vocalists, Rubini, Mario, Giuglini, Grisi, Sontag, Garcia, Alboni, Spezzia, Piccolomini, and Jenny Lind, who enable us to appreciate the expression, and agree with the poet who pronounced "the human voice *divine*." These, alas! shall one day become mere traditions. Of Jenny Lind's singing, a writer in the *Athenæum* has justly and beautifully said, that its "truth is equalled by the firmness of tone;" in the "Swedish Echo-song, with its quaint intervals, the strange laugh which breaks its burden, and the dying fall at its close," she is unapproached. "Such consummate musical skill and vocal science were, probably, never before pressed into ballad interpretation, and the

effect is unique and delicious—hearty, without a tone too much of homeliness—easy, yet exquisite in its finish.” Long may she live to enchant the world, and receive the blessings of those whose sufferings have been alleviated by the benevolent outpourings of her womanly heart !

MUSICAL APPRECIATION.

The same musical performance is listened to with every degree of appreciation by different individuals in a general audience, there being every variety of temperament, sensibility, imagination, and training. Some few there are, otherwise very estimable, and even persons of refined taste, who, notwithstanding Shakspeare’s malediction, would seem from neglect or otherwise, to be organically incapable of deriving any pleasure from this source. Dr. Johnson, for example, thought music “the most bearable of noises.” The beauty of simple melody reaches the greatest number. Harmony, which, to give a French definition, is “a succession of chords subjected to certain laws, according to which several different melodies, governed by a common rhythm, and heard together, produce an agreeable effect on the ear,” is more complex, more penetrating, more suggestive ; but it requires cultivation of heart, head, and ear, ere its full beauty, which is relative to all the universe, be perceived and felt.

If the music be of the highest order, and rendered in the best possible way, in order to perfect sympathy with its vibrations, our spirits must also be in perfect tune.

Many as listless as the unobservant boy in the well-known story of “Eyes and No Eyes,” hear as if they heard not, and experience no deep emotions of any kind ;

others listen to a song entirely for the sake of the words. Music is doubtless a beautiful commentary, and, "married to immortal verse," gives colour and expression to an infinity of meaning which words alone can but feebly indicate and never adequately convey. "Music," says Dr. Chalmers, "apart from words, is powerfully fitted both to represent and awaken the mental processes, inasmuch that, without the aid of spoken characters, many a story of deepest interest is most impressively told, many a noble or tender sentiment is most emphatically conveyed by it. . . . The power and expressiveness of music may well be regarded as a most beautiful adaptation of external nature to the moral constitution of man. . . . Its sweetest sounds are those of kind affection—its sublimest sounds are those most expressive of moral heroism, or most fitted to prompt the aspirations and resolves of exalted piety."

To the truly musical, an instrumental performance of the highest order, with its combinations and depths of harmony, furnishes an atmosphere for teeming thought, and the "soul," as Hamlet quaintly expresses it, "hath elbow room." The one field—the vocal—is certainly somewhat narrowed and circumscribed; the other—the instrumental—being *all music*, is limitless and vast.

Music alone acts immediately on the soul, spirit speaking to spirit. The poet delights us with his creations; the musician floods us with harmony, and asks for our own. Rich chords, wild cadences, passages bold and strident, gushes of tenderness, delicious modulations—now swelling and deepening in mysterious chromatics, now fading all away in "starry minors"—are fitted to suggest to a mind possessed of sensibility and imagination,

“Hopes, and fears that kindle hope,
An indistinguishable throng,
And gentle wishes long subdued,
Subdued and cherished long;”

or call forth patriotism, nerving the spirit to deeds of heroic daring. Let us look for a little at both sides of the picture. The simple, quaint, exquisite, penetrating, and loveable Elia begins a chapter with, “I have no ear,” going on to explain that he is not “by nature destitute of those exterior twin appendages, hanging ornaments, and (architecturally speaking) handsome volutes to the human capital . . . those ingenious labyrinthine inlets—those indispensable side-intelligencers” . . . but of an ear “*for music.*” And further on, how humerously he describes his musical sufferings!

“Above all, those insufferable concertos, and pieces of music, as they are called, do plague and embitter my apprehension. Words are something; but to be exposed to an endless battery of mere sounds—to be long a-dying—to lie stretched upon a rack of roses—to keep up langour by unintermitted effort—to pile honey upon sugar and sugar upon honey to an interminable, tedious sweetness—to fill up sound with feeling, and strain ideas to keep pace with it—to gaze on empty frames, and be forced to make the pictures for yourself—to read a book, *all stops*, and be obliged to supply the verbal matter—to invent extempore tragedies to answer to the vague gestures of an inexplicable rambling music—these are faint shadows of what I have undergone from a series of the ablest-executed pieces of this empty *instrumental music.*” It will, we doubt not, readily be perceived that such a passage, and others throughout the essay,

could only have been written by one whose musical appreciation and sensibilities were of a high order. The experience of others in regard to instrumental music may lead them to apply these words of William Lithgow, the old Scottish traveller, who, speaking of his nineteen years' peregrinations, quaintly writes—"For my part, what I have reaped is, by a dear-bought knowledge, as it were a small contentment in a never-contenting subject, a bitter-pleasant taste of a sweet seasoned sour; and, all in all, what I found was more than ordinary rejoicing, in an extraordinary sorrow of delights."¹

The writer in the *Quarterly*, whom we have already quoted, admirably says, "Let us now turn to those pure musical ideas which give no account of their meaning or origin, and need not to do it—to that delicious *German Ocean* of the symphony and the sonata—to those songs without words which we find in every adagio and andante of Mozart and Beethoven—far more, as we must say, than in those dreamy creations, beautiful as they are, expressly composed as such by Mendelssohn. These are the true independent forms of music, which adhere to no given subject, and require us to approach them in no particular frame of, feeling, but rather show the essential capacities of the muse by having no object but her, and her, alone. We do not want to know what a composer thought of, when he conceived a symphony. It pins us down to one train of pleasure; whereas, if he is allowed the free range of our fancy, without any preconceived idea which he must satisfy, he gives us a hundred. There is a great pleasure in merely watching Beethoven's art of conversation—how he wanders and

¹ Travels and Voyages, Part 1., p. 8.

strays, Coleridge-like, from the path, loses himself, apparently, in strange subjects and irrelevant ideas, till you wonder how he will ever find his way back to the original argument. There is a peculiar delight in letting the scenery of one of his symphonies merely pass before us, studying the dim Turner-like landscape, from which objects and landmarks gradually emerge, feeling a strange modulation passing over the scene, like a heavy cloud, the distant sunlight melodies still keeping their places, and showing the breadth of the ground by the slow pace at which they shift towards us. There is an infinite interest in following the mere wayward mechanism of his ideas—how they dart up a flight of steps, like children on forbidden ground, each time gaining a step higher, and each time flung back—how they run the gauntlet of the whole orchestra, chased further and further by each instrument in turn; are jostled, entangled, separated, and dispersed, and at length flung pitilessly beyond the confines of the musical scene. But wait; one soft blossom-link holds the cable, a timid clarinet fastens on, other voices beckon, more hands are held out, and in a moment the whole fleet of melody is brought back in triumph and received with huzzas. It is sufficiently amusing, too, to watch how he treats his instruments; how he, at first, gives them all fair play, then alternately seizes, torments, and disappoints them, till they wax impatient, and one peeps in here and another tries to get a footing there; and at first they are timid, and then bold, and some grow fretful and others coquettish, and at length all deafen you with the clamour of their rival claims. There is varied pleasure in these and many other fantastic ideas which he conjures up; but there is quite

as much in sitting a passive recipient, and giving yourself no account of your enjoyment at all. . . . Pure worldless music has too mysterious and unlimited a range for us to know precisely what it means." Thus what Wordsworth has said of poetry is yet more applicable to music—

"Things that are, are not
As the mind answers to them, or the heart
Is slow or prompt to feel."

Want of appreciation, however, may at times, though more rarely, arise from *superior taste* on the part of the listener; for, there assuredly is both good and bad music, and every degree of excellence lying between the two extremes.

"Some music," said Coleridge, "is above me; most music is beneath me. I like Beethoven and Mozart, or else some of the aërial compositions of the elder Italians, as Palestrina and Carissimi; and I love Purcell. The best sort of music is, what it should be, sacred; the next best, military, has fallen to the lot of the devil. Good music never tires me, nor sends me to sleep. I feel physically refreshed and strengthened by it, as Milton says he did."

Certain musicians would seem to have followed Marcello's satirical advice, given in "Teatro alla Moda, or an easy and certain method of composing and performing Italian Operas after the modern manner." "The modern poet," says he, writing in 1720, "should completely abstain from reading the ancient writers, for this reason, that the ancient writers never read the moderns."!! Or the more recent directions of Weber, who, writing in the same satirical vein, thus points out the hidden beauties,

while giving an analysis, of the last new symphony. The passage is contained in *The Life of a Composer*. "Do you imagine, says he, "that in these enlightened times, when all rules are set at nought, and all difficulties cleared at a bound, a composer will, out of compliment to you, cramp his divine, gigantic, and high-soaring fancies? Thank heaven, we have nothing to do now with regularity, clearness, keeping and truth of expression; all these things are left to such old-fashioned masters as Glück, Handel, and Mozart. No! Attend to the materials of the newest symphony which I have received from Vienna, and which may serve as a recipe for this kind of composition. First, a slow movement, full of short, broken ideas, no one of which has the slightest connection with another; every ten minutes or so a few striking chords; then a muffled rumbling on the kettle drums, and a mysterious passage or two for the violas, all worked up with a due proportion of stops and pauses. Then comes a raging movement, in managing which the principal consideration is to avoid following up any particular idea, thus leaving the more for the hearer to make out for himself. Sudden transitions, too, from one key to another should by no means be omitted: nor need this put you out of the way. To run once through the semitones, and drop into that key which is most convenient, is sufficient, and you have a modulation off-hand. The great point is to avoid everything that looks like a conformity to rule—rules are made for every-day people, and only cramp the freedom of genius."

Such disjointed productions find enthusiastic admirers among that numerous class who indiscriminately praise on

authority good music which they do not understand, along with that which contains less than nothing to be understood; the veriest trash, if noisy and possessed of a distinctly marked mechanical rhythm, far outweighing in their private estimation the finest movements of a master. "Now is it not a thing to be deeply lamented," says Dr. George Wilson, "that the sensitive ears, with which almost every one of us has been gifted by God, are so little educated, that they might as well be stuffed with tow, or plugged with lead, for any good use we make of them? To be sure, we keep them sufficiently open to hear all the gossip about us, and can most of us tell when the cannons are firing; but as for training them to that exquisite sense of melody or harmony of which they are susceptible, how few do it!" Beethoven thus expresses his own feelings, thinking aloud as it were, in reference to music, regarding it as "a higher revelation than all their wisdom and philosophy," not antagonistic thereto, but superadded to all else, and going deeper and further. "I have," he says, "no friend, I must needs live alone with myself; but I well know that God is nearer to me in my art than others. I commune with Him without fear; evermore I have acknowledged and understood Him. And I am not fearful concerning my music; no evil fate can befall it; and he to whom it is intelligible must be free from all the paltriness that others drag about with them. . . . Music gives presentiment of heavenly knowledge, and that which the spirit feels sensual in it is the embodying of spiritual knowledge. Although the spirits live upon music as one lives upon air, yet it is something else spiritually to understand it; but the more the soul draws out of its sensual nourish-

ment, the more ripe does the spirit become for a happy intelligence with it. But few attain to this; for as thousands engage themselves for love's sake—and among these thousands love does not reveal itself, although they all occupy themselves of love—in like manner do thousands hold communion with music, and do not possess its revelation." A great truth beautifully expressed!

Time, place, and season, have all to do with our enjoyment of music.

"How many things by season seasoned are
To their right praise and true perfection!"

Coleridge, in his "Lines composed in a Concert Room," detesting the "scented rooms," where the "gaudy throng" listen to "intricacies of laborious song," thus writes—

"These feel not Music's genuine power, nor deign
To melt at Nature's passion-warbled plaint;
But when the long-breathed singer's uptrilled strain
Bursts in a squall—they gape for wonderment.

"O give me, from this heartless scene released,
To hear our old musician, blind and grey,
(Whom stretching from my nurse's arms I kissed,)
His Scottish tunes and warlike marches play,
By moonshine, on the balmy summer-night,
The while I dance amid the tedded hay
With merry maids, whose ringlets toss in light.

"Or lies the purple evening on the bay
Of the calm glassy lake, O let me hide
Unheard, unseen, behind the alder-trees,
For round their roots the fisher's boat is tied,
On whose trim seat doth Edmund stretch at ease,

And, while the lazy boat sways to and fro,
Breathes in his flute sad airs, so wild and slow,
That his own cheek is wet with quiet tears."¹

Such is always the feeling of the true artist, and those who sympathetically gaze, read, or listen, also share it with him.

Beddoes, in "Lines written in Switzerland,"² thus describes the audience, fit though few, he would wish to reach:—

"Not in the popular play-house or full throng
Of opera-gazers, longing for deceit;
Not in the velvet day-bed, novel-strewn,
Or in the interval of pot and pipe;
Not between sermon and the scandalous paper,
May verse like this ere hope an eye to find on't.
But if there be, who, having laid the loved
Where they may drop a tear in roses' cups,
With half their hearts inhabit other worlds;
If there be any—ah! were there but few—
Who watching the slow lighting up of stars,
Lonely at eve, like seamen sailing near
Some island-city where their dearest dwell,
Cannot but guess, in sweet imagining,—
Alas! too sweet, doubtful, and melancholy,—
Which light is glittering from their lov'd one's home:
Such may, perchance, with favourable mind,
Follow my thought along its mountainous path."

Beethoven frequently expressed himself in a similar manner.

Göthe said, that perfectly to enjoy music, he required to shut his eyes, for he always felt disturbed by the awkward gestures and motions of the performers. In this he was by no means singular.

¹ Poems of Coleridge. Pickering's edition, pp. 132-3.

² Poems by T. L. Beddoes. Pickering, vol. i., pp. 215-16.

"How sweetly," says good Bishop Hall, "doth this music sound in this dead season! In the day-time it would not, it could not so much affect the ear. All harmonious sounds are advanced by a silent darkness." So Lorenzo to Jessica, in the *Merchant of Venice*, finely expresses the same feeling :

"How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank!
Here will we sit, and let the sounds of music
Creep in our ears; soft stillness and the night,
Become the touches of sweet harmony!"

Portia to Nerissa:

"Music! Hark! . . .
Methinks it sounds much sweeter than by day."

And Milton in *Comus* :

"Can any mortal mixture of earth's mould
Breathe such divine, enchanting ravishment?
Sure something holy lodges in that breast,
And with these raptures moves the vocal Air
To testify his hidden residence.
How sweetly did they float upon the wings
Of silence, through the empty-vaulted Night,
At every fall smoothing the raven-down
Of Darkness, till it smil'd!"

Job, Isaiah, and David, all refer with peculiar feelings of gratitude and joy to HIM who giveth his people "songs in the night!"

Those who are so unfortunate as to have no ear for Music, understand not its power—its "sweet power;" and should they, in like manner, have no eye, a painting by Turner, for the very same reason, will to them appear an unmeaning daub. On the other hand, they who are keenly sensitive to music's many deep, inner sympathies and associations with nature; with time or place; with

persons, environments, and events; with the past, with the future; the lights and shadows of both; with feelings long dormant or dead, and states that have passed for ever away; or even with the delicate, volatile, yet vivid creations of loveliness, which come and go unbidden, floating like dreams before the mind, experience emotions of delight not to be derived from any other source, and at once assign to it a high, if not the highest place in the arts. To such minds Music is verily "the purest Sanscrit of the feelings," the poetry of the soul!

WORD PICTURES OF MUSIC.

In every age, we have seen the Kings of Thought delighting to honour music—Shakspeare most of all. Milton is everywhere more musical than picturesque; and in the *Paradiso* of the *Divina Commedia*, it has been justly observed by Hallam that Dante makes use of but "three leading ideas—Light, Music, and Motion!" In other walks of literature, Madame de Stael, Rousseau, Burke, and Jean Paul Richter, may be mentioned amongst those who have written appreciatingly and well of music—the latter especially, wherever it is alluded to throughout his numerous works.

At the present day, in Paris, Madame Dudevant [George Sand] and Jules Janin—the latter styled the "Roi du Feuilleton"—frequently attempt vivid pictures of music. Such descriptions abound in "Consuelo." Although years have passed since we read that singular work, we yet hear the Count's music in the cave, but it leaves a sickly, morbid impression on the mind which is so painfully real, that for relief we instantly, in memory, turn to the Abbot's flower garden, and in the dewy

freshness of the morning, or the mellow sunny brightness of noon, again behold its beauty and feel its delicious fragrance stealing over the senses.

The English language is rich in musical description—less strained, and much more healthy in tone than that to which we have just alluded. Numerous examples might be given, both in poetry and prose, from writers old and new; a few, however, will suffice.

Of the following fragment—"Contention of a Bird and a Musician," from *The Lover's Melancholy*, by John Ford—Charles Lamb thus writes: "This story, which is originally to be met with in 'Strada's Prolusions,' has been paraphrased in rhyme by Crashaw, Ambrose Philips, and others; but none of these versions can at all compare with this blank verse of Ford's. It is as fine as anything in Beaumont and Fletcher; and almost equals the strife which it celebrates."

"*Menaphon*. Passing from Italy to Greece, the tales
Which poets of an elder time have feign'd
To glorify their Tempe, bred in me
Desire of visiting that paradise.
To Thessaly I came; and living private,
Without acquaintance of more sweet companions,
Than the old inmates to my love, my thoughts,
I day by day frequented silent groves,
And solitary walks. One morning early
This accident encounter'd me: I heard
The sweetest and most ravishing contention,
That art or nature ever were at strife in.

"*Amethus*. I cannot yet conceive what you infer
By art and nature.

"*Men*. I shall soon resolve you.
A sound of music touch'd mine ears—or rather,
Indeed entranced my soul. As I stole nearer,
Invited by the melody, I saw

This youth, this fair-fac'd youth, upon his lute,
 With strains of strange variety and harmony,
 Proclaiming (as it seem'd) so bold a challenge
 To the clear quiristers of the woods, the birds,
 That as they flocked about him, all stood silent,
 Wond'ring at what they heard. I wonder'd too.

"*Amet.* And so do I; good! on—

"*Men.* A Nightingale,
 Nature's best skill'd musician, undertakes
 The challenge, and for every several strain
 The well shap'd youth could touch, she sung her own:
 He could not run division with more art
 Upon his quaking instrument, than she
 The nightingale did with her various notes
 Reply to: for a voice, and for a sound,
 Amethus, 'tis much easier to believe
 That such they were, than hope to hear again.

"*Amet.* How did the rivals part?

"You term them rightly;
 For they were rivals, and their mistress harmony.—
 Some time thus spent, the young man grew at last
 Into a pretty anger: that a bird
 Whom art had never taught cleffs, moods, or notes,
 Should vie with him for mastery, whose study
 Had busied many hours to perfect practice:
 To end the controversy, in a rapture,
 Upon his instrument he plays so swiftly,
 So many voluntaries, and so quick,
 That there was curiosity and cunning,
 Concord in discord, lines of diff'ring method
 Meeting in one full centre of delight.

"*Amet.* Now for the bird.

"*Men.* The bird, ordain'd to be
Music's first martyr, strove to imitate
 These several sounds: which when her warbling throat
 Fail'd in, for grief down dropt she on his lute
 And brake her heart! It was the quaintest sadness,
 To see the conqueror, upon her hearse
 To weep a funeral elegy of tears;
 That, trust me, my Amethus, I could chide

Mine own unmanly weakness, that made me
A fellow-mourner with him.

"Amet. I believe thee.

"Men. He look'd upon the trophies of his art,
Then sigh'd, then wip'd his eyes, then sigh'd, and cried:
'Alas, poor creature! I will soon revenge
This cruelty upon the author of it;
Henceforth this lute, guilty of innocent blood,
Shall never more betray a harmless peace
To an untimely end:' and in that sorrow,
As he was pushing it against a tree,
I suddenly stept in,"

We have already quoted several beautiful and philosophical passages on music, from the writings of Sir Thomas Browne. Of the following, from De Quincey's "Vision of Sudden Death," we would say,

"List, mortals, if your ears be true, . . .
And hearken even to ecstasy!"

"Fragment of music too passionate, heard once and heard no more, what aileth thee that thy deep-rolling chords come up at intervals through all the worlds of sleep, and after forty years have lost no element of horror? . . . Music and incense, blossoms from forests, and gorgeous corymbi from vintages, amidst natural carolling and the echoes of sweet girlish laughter. . . . Sweet funeral bells from some incalculable distance, wailing over the dead that die before the dawn. . . . Then was completed the passion of the mighty fugue. The golden tubes of the organ, which, as yet, had but muttered at intervals—gleaming amongst clouds and surges of incense—threw up as from fountains unfathomable, columns of heart-shattering music."¹

¹ De Quincey, vol. iv., p. 354.

And in his "Confessions of an English Opium-Eater," we find this magnificent description:—"The dream commenced with a music which now I often heard in dreams—a music of preparation and of awakening suspense—a music like the opening of the Coronation Anthem, and which, like *that*, gave the feeling of a vast march, of infinite cavalcades filing off, and the tread of innumerable armies. The morning was come of a mighty day—a day of crisis and of final hope for human nature, then suffering some mysterious eclipse, and labouring in some dread extremity. Somewhere, I knew not where—somehow, I knew not how—by some beings, I knew not whom—a battle, a strife, an agony was conducting—was evolving like a great drama, or piece of music, with which my sympathy was the more insupportable from my confusion as to its place, its cause, its nature, and its possible issue. I, as is usual in dreams (where, of necessity, we make ourselves central to every movement), had the power, and yet, had not the power to decide it. I had the power, if I could raise myself, to will it; and yet again had not the power; for the weight of twenty Atlantics was upon me, or the oppression of inexpiable guilt. 'Deeper than ever plummet sounded,' I lay inactive. Then, like a chorus, the passion deepened. Some greater interest was at stake; some mightier cause than ever yet the sword had pleaded or trumpet had proclaimed. Then came sudden alarms; hurryings to and fro; trepidations of innumerable fugitives, I knew not whether from the good cause or the bad; darkness and lights; tempest and human faces; and at last, with the sense that all was lost, female forms, and the features that were worth all the world to me, and but a moment

allowed, and clasped hands, and heart-breaking partings, and then—everlasting farewells! And with a sigh, such as the caves of hell sighed when the incestuous mother uttered the abhorred name of Death, the sound was reverberated—everlasting farewells; and again, and yet again reverberated—everlasting farewells!

“And I awoke in struggles, and cried aloud—‘I will sleep no more!’”

Elizabeth Barrett Browning thus writes in her vision of Poets:—

“So works this music on the earth;
God so admits it, sends it forth,
To add another worth to worth—

“A new creation-bloom that rounds
The old creation, and expounds
His Beautiful in tuneful sounds.

“‘Now hearken!’ Then the Poet gazed
Upon the angel glorious-faced,
Whose hand, majestically raised,

“Floated across the organ-keys
Like a pale moon o’er murmuring seas,
With no touch, but with influences.

“I saw alone, dim white and grand
As in a dream, the angel’s hand
Stretched forth in gesture of command,

“Straight through the haze—And so, as erst,
A strain, more noble than the first,
Mused in the organ, and outburst.

“With giant march from floor to roof,
Rose the full notes; now parted off
In pauses massively aloof,

“Like measured thunders; now rejoined
In concords of mysterious kind,
Which won together sense and mind.

“Now flashing sharp on sharp along,
Exultant, in a mounting throng,—
Now dying off into a song

“Fed upon minors,—starry sounds
Moved on free-paced, in silver rounds,
Enlarging liberty with bounds.

“And every rhythm that seemed to close,
Survived in confluent underflows,
Symphonious with the next that rose:”

and, in her exquisite Sonnet entitled “Perplexed Music,”
thought and language are alike beautiful:—

“Experience, like a pale musician, holds
A dulcimer of patience in his hand;
Whence harmonies we cannot understand,
Of God’s will in His worlds, the strain unfolds
In sad, perplexed minors. Deathly colds
Fall on us while we hear and countermand
Our sanguine heart back from the fancy-land,
With nightingales in visionary wolds.
We murmur,—‘Where is any certain tune
Or measured music, in such notes as these?’—
But angels, leaning from the golden seat,
Are not so minded: their fine ear hath won
The issue of completed cadences;
And, smiling down the stars, they whisper—SWEET.”

The perfect adaptation or sympathy between music
and our inmost thoughts and feelings, is at once its
origin, and the key to its universality. It lightens labour
—sweetens sorrow—banishes care—and gives expression
to joy; its tones

“Tremble along the frame and harmonize
The attemper’d organ, that ev’n saddest thoughts
Mix with some sweet sensations.”

Hence the Indian palanquin bearer, and the German
shepherd boy; the driver of the vetturino, or the

Venetian gondolier ; the spinner at the wheel, and the weaver at the loom ; the Highland girl wading in the mountain stream ; the student, the soldier, and the sailor—all have their songs, sung or remembered alike under the scorching noontide sun of the tropics, or by the pine-shadowed shores of Canada, when

“The rapids are near, and the daylight past.”

To the imaginative artist, even a blotch on a wall may suggest a picture ; and so with the musical composer, and the varied aspects of Nature—there being music in his own soul. In like manner, too, the musical listener will frequently shape a few notes, or even vague sounds, into the richest orchestral effects, hearing all distinctly in the mind’s ear, surrounded with numerous accessories and crowding associations.

Once upon a time we knew a schoolboy, who, if he but chanced on the street to hear an urchin blowing a whistle or playing on a Pan’s pipe, would forthwith conjure up Sicily, Theocritus, Mount Ida, and “the Muses in a ring ;” wild thyme and the drowsy hum of Hyblæan bees, Syrinx and the old mythologies, with many a sweet old pastoral. Then he would hear the little boy piping sweetly under the great plane-tree by the fountain of Callirhoë—the boy who, when asked where he learned to play so well, answered with a look of wondering simplicity, that “it piped itself !” He would also listen in reverie to the Genius in *The Vision of Mirza*, or to the sweet melodies of the good Genius in *Vathek*. He would hear Blake’s happy “Songs of Innocence,” or the child piping in Sir Philip Sydney’s *Arcadia*, “as if he would never grow old !” Each or

all would visit him by turns; for then every sound, present or remembered, had its instant and vivid association. Thus for years he walked, continually surrounded by a bright world of enchantment and delight, sweet sounds and visions haunting him, till at times it became difficult to say whether his waking or sleeping dreams were the more real.

Such feelings are more or less shared by all persons whose natural musical sensibilities are largely developed.

We have now briefly glanced at the origin, philosophy, and history of music, showing that it is a manifestation of those deep mathematical laws which regulate the order, harmony, and consequently the beauty of the universe; we have glanced at a few of the great masters and their mode of composition; at execution and celebrated performers; and, lastly, at the various degrees of appreciation to be found in different individuals when listening to the same musical performance.

The wide extent of the field, and the limited space at ta command, would have rendered a more systematic technical treatise only a meagre outline. Without discarding method, we have, therefore, preferred as it were to *talk*, this being the pleasantest mode of conveying what we had to say on these varied subjects. To embrace counterpoint, and the several branches of music—as a science and as an art—some one has quaintly remarked, “at least, six thousand treatises!”

Having only alluded, in a very cursory manner, to Sacred Music, where, it historically presented itself, when speaking of the Jews, the early Christians, and

the church in latter times—we shall now close this section with a few general remarks on Psalmody, and the means of its improvement.

PSALMODY.

Such a subject at once suggests and carries us back to the days of Martin Luther. This great reformer, boldly attacking the corrupt doctrines of the Romish Church, with equal firmness declared that he “never meant to abolish all external forms of worship, but to purge that which had hitherto been used, and to show what was the true Christian way.” In the preface to a hymn book, published in 1515, he says, “I am not of opinion that all the arts are to be rooted out by the Gospel, as some ultra-divines pretend; but would wish to see all the arts employed, and music particularly, in the service of Him who has given and created them.”

Proficient and skilful as a Musician, Luther assisted in arranging and adapting a collection of psalms, hymns, and verses for the use of the people, the music of the finest, with the words, original or translated, such as the “Old Hundred,” “Great God, what do I see and hear,” and the noble hymn, “Jehovah is our Trust and Tower”—long the watchword of Protestantism on the Continent—being in all likelihood his compositions. The following is his own simple and modest account of the matter: “I and some others, to give a beginning, and set the example to such as are more capable, have collected some spiritual songs to further and bring into use the sacred gospel.” The tunes, he adds, are arranged for four voices, for no other reason than that: I am anxious that young people, who should and *must*

be educated in music, and other good arts, should have wherewith to get rid of their unseemly and carnal songs, and instead of them learn something salutary, and receive what is good with pleasure, as to youth is meet." In Luther's "Table Talk," we find his love of music thus recorded:—"I always loved music," says he; "whoso has skill in this art is of a good temperament, fitted for all things. We must teach music in schools. A school-master ought to have skill in music, or I would not regard him; neither should we ordain young men as preachers, unless they have been well exercised in music. Music is one of the best arts; the notes give life to the text; it expels melancholy, as we see in King Saul. Kings and princes ought to maintain music; for great potentates and rulers should protect good and liberal arts and laws. Though private people have desire thereunto, and love it, yet their ability is not adequate. We read in the Bible that the good and godly kings maintained and paid singers. Music is the best solace for a sad and sorrowful mind; by it the heart is refreshed, and settled again in peace."

On one occasion Luther was recovered from a faint by the power of music, which, as is well known, will reach the soul, frequently penetrating and quickening it, when beyond all other outward sensation. Often has the countenance of the dying brightened up on hearing music, which should be oftener thus employed to comfort and cheer. "Next to religion, from music," the great reformer affirmed that he derived "the sweetest consolation." On one occasion, after listening to some beautiful motets, he said with emotion, "As our Lord pours out such noble gifts upon us in this life, how glorious will be

eternal life! This is only *materia prima*, the beginning." So George Herbert finely calls this life but "the tuning of the instruments!"

Zuingle was scarcely less ardent in his love of music than Luther. "In the midst of labours the most incessant," says his biographer, "he never ceased to cultivate his talent for music, of which he had acquired the elements in his infancy. This art then formed an essential part of the instruction communicated to young men intended for the ecclesiastical profession; and Zuingle regarded it as a means calculated, not only to give repose to the mind after fatiguing occupations and communicate to it fresh power and energy, but to soften down and correct a temper partaking of too much ardour or austerity. He, therefore, particularly recommended music to young persons destined to a laborious and sedentary life."

In this respect, however, these great reformers differed from Calvin, who, upright, zealous and uncompromising, deeming it necessary to mark his hostility to the Church of Rome, went to the then almost pardonable extreme of rejecting her usages, the good together with the bad. Music, consequently, suffered; all excepting his own metrical psalmody in plain song was proscribed; and such was his influence, that no musical instrument was permitted to be used as an assistance in worship within the walls of Geneva for upwards of a century after the Reformation. Psalmody in Scotland and elsewhere continues to suffer from the same cause to this present hour. The unreasonable prejudice entertained by some against the use of musical instruments in praise, however, is giving way, amongst all who are capable of

looking dispassionately on the subject, and is destined, sooner or later, quietly to take its place among the "vulgar errors" of the past. The fact that good men, learned, it may be, in other matters, but utterly ignorant of music, building on false assumptions,¹ should ever have opposed the introduction of the organ, will one day be regarded by all as a parallel to the great Owen's condemnation of a new and corrected translation of the Bible ever being undertaken—the translation we now have—on account of its tendency to shake the faith of believers. He consequently argues the great impiety and sinfulness of the attempt, forgetting that the words of inspiration are in another tongue, and that the most faithful and best rendering of these constitutes the value of the Bible in other languages. David and Solomon would have been delighted with the organ, as being that which of all instruments is best fitted to *assist* the voice in praise. People will one day smile that there ever should have been any controversy on the subject, and class it with the violent opposition, in many cases, given to the abolition of reading aloud each line of the psalm before singing it, as was customary, and with good reason, in other days, ere people were in possession of books. Mozart calls the organ "the king of instruments." We enter not at all on the question of its lawfulness, fitness, or even propriety, as a sustainer and strengthener of the voice, there being no question on the

¹ We allude more particularly to the re-issue of a pamphlet by the Rev. Dr. Begg, in the shape of a volume, prefaced and indorsed by the Rev. Dr. Candlish. Well-intentioned, but displaying more zeal than knowledge, it requires, for any one even tolerably versant with the subject, no refutation of its one-sided and manifest sophistries.

subject among those who are competent to judge. We, therefore, leave the foolish discussion entirely in the hands of objectors. The twisted arguments commonly adduced against instrumental music, on examination will be found—especially when from Scripture—to be equally applicable to vocal praise ; for vocal and instrumental are never dissociated.

If it be contended that some things are lawful and right in themselves that circumstances for the time render inexpedient, the matter then assumes quite another aspect, and we can only wish for more light to dissipate the ignorance and prejudice which may, under any circumstances, render such admirable assistance unavailable.

The human voice, when properly trained in choir, is doubtless finer than any musical instrument, that is, provided it be *true*, and sustained at the right pitch. We entirely concur in the following remark—one of the “eight reasons” given by Bird “for learning to sing:” “There is not,” says he, “any musicke of instruments whatsoever, comparable to that which is made of the voyces of men, where the voyces are good, and the same well sorted and ordered.” The finest *performance* of sacred music in the world, to call it by no higher name, is to be heard in the Sistine Chapel at Rome, where there neither is, nor ever was an organ, there being little need of its assistance ; but such musical education and training it would be Utopian ever to expect in ordinary congregational singing ; and the employment of professional singers from the theatre, in church choirs, merely for their skill, quite irrespective of moral character, is a flagrant abuse of the service—a desecration not to be tolerated by right-thinking men.

Jeremy Collier has well said:—"The end of church music is to relieve the weariness of a long attention, to make the mind more cheerful and composed, and to endear the offices of religion. It should, therefore, imitate the performance of the Jewish tabernacle, and have as little of the composition of common use as possible. There must be no voluntary maggots, no military tattoos, no light and galliardizing notes—nothing that may make the fancy trifling, or raise an improper thought, which would be to profane the service, and to bring the play-house into the church. Religious harmony must be moving, but noble withal—grave, solemn, and seraphic, fit for a martyr to play and an angel to hear. It should be contrived so as to warm the best blood within us, and to take hold of the finest part of the affections; to transport us with the Beauty of Holiness, to raise us above the satisfactions of life, and make us ambitious of the glories of heaven.

"And, without doubt, if the morals of the choir were suitable to the design of the music, it were no more than requisite. To come reeling from a tavern, or a worse place, into a church, is a monstrous incongruity. Such irregular people are much fitter for the exercises of penance than of exultation. The use of them dissevers the interests of Religion; and in effect is little better than singing the praises of God through the organ of the devil."

The organ, then, with a fitting organist, is at once the best and most practical means of outwardly elevating the character of our psalmody. No *valid* objection ever has been or in the nature of things can be urged against its introduction, unless it be the subse-

quent invention of some nobler and more suitable instrument. The Scripture command, that all things should be done decently and in order, is all the warrant that is required in a religious point of view, and ought at once to settle the question to the satisfaction of all thinking minds. Prejudice must and will give way, improved musical services being only a matter of time and enlightenment. The adoption of the organ, where it is not already in use, is a step in the right direction; such an instrument being eminently fitted to sustain, strengthen, and enrich the voice, assimilates it to its own true tones, thus attuning, leading, and harmoniously binding together, "with music's strong and saintly song," heart and thought, and enabling all to unite "as with one voice" in that deepest, purest, and highest, because most unselfish form of worship, the ascription of praise in "ministries of heart-stirring song!"

It need scarcely be remarked that the natural tendency of the unaided human voice is to fall. Even the most accomplished professional singers find, that the effort to sustain their voices at the true pitch, without instrumental assistance is too great a strain on their powers; consequently they seldom or never make the attempt if the piece be long. Leaders of church music, perfectly aware of this tendency of the voice to fall, make use of the pitch-fork or pitch-pipe for sounding the first note, so that they may be able to reach the other notes, and not exceed the register of their voices. But even with such assistance at starting, a considerable fall is quite perceptible by the time that the last line of the psalm or hymn is reached. The organ not only gives the first note truly, but all the notes so as at once effectively

to lead and sustain the voices of a whole congregation in perfect time and tune. It has been frequently remarked that evil example is more potent than good. In acoustics it certainly is so; for one discordant voice will disturb, and ultimately put out ten which are good and true, while the good apparently produce little sensible influence on the bad, else they would sing in tune. From such grievous annoyances and hindrances to devotional feeling, we are, in a great measure, saved by the full tones of the organ.

Such being the valuable assistance it is capable of rendering—kept in its own place—there is no drawback whatever connected with its use. Psalmody is a commanded part of worship: here, as elsewhere, God is entitled to our best. Instead of musical proficiency interfering with devotional feeling—as is frequently asserted—were it general, as it ought to be, the various parts of harmony would be sung, in perfect time, tune, and expression, with no more effort than that required to follow the letters or spelling of words, in reading the page of a book.

Too frequently are the devotional feelings of those, whose ears can appreciate and distinguish between harmony and discord, disturbed and utterly disconcerted by harsh guttural singing, or rather noise, “squeaked out,” as Shakspeare hath it, “without any mitigation or remorse of voice,” till one, spite of place and time, recalls, and is almost tempted to indorse Coleridge’s epigram—

“Swans sing before they die, ’twere no bad thing
Should certain persons die before they sing.”

The best remedy for this evil would be, that, made duly alive to the bounden duty, each for his own sake,

as well as for the help he may afford to the devotional feelings of others, would learn to know what is truly excellent in music, and, to sing it well. This cannot be done without time and attention, but the means of such attainments are within the reach of all. "As it is commanded of God," says Jonathan Edwards, "that all should sing, *so all should make conscience of learning to sing*, as it is a thing that cannot be done decently without learning. Those, therefore, who neglect to learn to sing, *live in sin*, as they neglect what is necessary to their attending one of the ordinances of God's worship."

The high service of "tuneful and well-measured song" is, surely, pre-eminent among the "all things" we are commanded to "do" for "the glory of God."

Bishop Porteus remarks, that where there is an organ, the player of it "must not drown or overpower the singers by the unremitted loudness and violent intonations of the full organ, but merely conduct and regulate, and sustain their voices in a low and soft accompaniment, on what is called the choir organ." The Rev. William Jones of Nayland writes, "There is as much incompetent and erroneous judgment in music, as in any art whatever; and it cannot be corrected but by infusing more knowledge into those who are capable of it, and willing to receive it. Of this we have many lamentable examples amongst the psalmodists of the country, who bestow great labour on music not fit to be introduced into the worship of God, and conceive a higher opinion of it, than of the best compositions of our greatest masters, who being truly learned in their profession, know how to adapt their music to the nature and dignity of their subject, and have inspired the hearers of it with

pleasure and devotion for ages past. But the works of some other self-recommended composers, not half-learned in their art, are generally better accepted; as many of the common people are found to have a better opinion of a mountebank than of a physician who has a talent for his profession, and is possessed of all the improvements of science."

Bishop Horne thus comments on Psalm cl, verses 3, 4, 5: "It is impossible for us to distinguish and describe the several sorts of musical instruments here mentioned. This much is clear, that the people of God are commanded to use all the various kinds of them. And why should they not be used under the *Gospel*? We read of Sacred Music *before* the Law, in the instance of Miriam the prophetess, who, to celebrate the deliverance from Pharaoh and the Egyptians, 'took a timbrel in her hand, and the women went out after her with timbrels and dances.' The custom, therefore, was not introduced by the Law, nor abolished with it. Well regulated music, if ever it had the power of calming the passions, if ever it enlivened and exalted the affections of men in the worship of God,—purposes for which it was formerly employed,—doubtless hath still the same power, and can still afford the same aids to devotion. When the beloved disciple was in spirit admitted into the celestial choir, he not only heard them 'singing' hymns of praise, but he heard likewise, 'the voice of harpers harping upon their harps.' And why that, which the saints are represented as doing in heaven should not be done, according to their skill and ability, by saints on earth; or why instrumental music should be abolished as a legal ceremony, and vocal music, *which was as much so*, should

be retained, no good reason can be assigned. Sacred music, under proper regulations, removes the hindrances of our devotion, cures the distraction of our thoughts, and banishes weariness from our minds. It adds solemnity to the public service, raises all the devout passions in the soul, and causes our duty to become our delight.

“‘Of the pleasures of heaven,’ says the eloquent and elegant Bishop Atterbury, ‘nothing further is revealed to us, than that they consist in the practice of holy music and holy love, the joint enjoyment of which, we are told, is to be the happy lot of all pious souls to endless ages.’ It may be added that there is no better way of combating the mischievous effects flowing from the abuse of music, than by applying it to its true and proper use. If the worshippers of Baal join in a chorus to celebrate the praises of their idol, the servants of Jehovah should drown it by one that is stronger and more powerful, in praise of Him who made heaven and earth. If the men of the world rejoice in the object of their adoration, let the children of Zion be joyful in their King.”

“Instrumental music,” says Richard Baxter, “in worship, was set up by God. It is a natural help which it is our duty to use. Jesus joined with the Jews who used it. The last psalm enjoins it. No Scripture forbids it; and if any object to it as a human invention, so are our tunes with which we praise God with the voice.”

Lowth, Beveridge, Hooker, and many other eminent divines, together with the most distinguished names of modern times, might be cited as worthily appreciating “the might of song,” and desirous that it should be more thoroughly and extensively studied.

“If music,” says the Rev. William Jones, whom we have already quoted, “is a gift of God for our good, it ought to be used as such for the improvement of the understanding and the advancement of devotion. It is loose and irreligious people only who have a dislike and contempt of divine music. They are right,” he says, “for it would carry them out of their element; but God forbid that we should be as they are. No, let us keep our music and amend our lives.”

Praise, we have said, is the highest act in which man can engage on earth. It is the occupation of saints in glory, and of the holy angels.

“For all we know
Of what the blessed do above,
Is that they sing and that they love.”

Jeremy Taylor, speaking of the glory and greatness of the empyreal heaven, the lustre of the celestial city, and the delights of the blessed citizens, says:

“The ears shall be filled with most harmonious music, as may be gathered from many places of the Scripture: If the harp of *David* delighted *Saul* so much, as it assuaged the fury of his passions, cast forth devils, and freed him of that melancholy whereof the wicked spirit made use; and that the Lyre of *Orpheus* wrought such wonders both with men and beasts, what shall the harmony of heaven do? What delight then will it be, not only to hear the voice of one instrument, played upon by an angel, but all the voices of thousands of angels, together with the admirable melody of musical instruments? What sweetness will it be to hear so many heavenly musicians, those millions of angels, which will be sounding forth their hallelujahs unto the great God

of heaven and earth? O how I desire to be freed from this body, that I might hear and enjoy it: Happy were I, and for ever happy, if after death I might hear the melody of those hymns and hallelujahs which the citizens of that celestial habitation, and the squadrons of those blessed spirits sing in praise of the Eternal King; This is that sweet music which *St. John* heard in the *Apocalypse*, when the inhabitants of heaven sung, *Let all the world bless thee, O Lord; to thee be given all honour and dominion for a world of worlds, Amen.*"¹

The service of song ought, therefore, to be of our noblest, our purest, and our best; nothing careless, trivial, much less discordant, being admitted either in composition or performance, but "grave sweet melody," worthy of so exalted a theme.

"Mind possesses an invincible tendency to ascend to the level of its source." If music be, as is affirmed, the only art which has received no taint from the fall—containing in itself the essential elements of all order, harmony, beauty, or perfection—its language deep, universal, pure, and spiritual, being of itself, even in secular forms, utterly innocuous, styled "harmless syren" by Milton, and thus admirably defined by Shakspeare, in a single line, from *The Tempest*—

"Sounds and sweet airs that give delight and hurt not"—

it follows that the musician can find no higher or more exalted function than in the endeavour, himself to rise on wings of adoration and elevate the hearts of others to behold the great fountain-head—the perennial spring, whence flows all light, love, or harmony.

¹ "State of Man," Bk. II., c. v., pp. 161-2.

Shakspere saith—

“Then there is mirth in heaven,
When earthly things made one
Atone together.”

The musician, therefore, open to spirit influences, will listen “all ear” to the voices of external Nature, and to the deep voice of the heart. He will thus be enabled to reveal more of those deep mysteries after which the highest Art ever yearns, and in doing so—pure in spirit and in truth—will “give resounding grace to all heaven’s harmonies!”

SECTION VII.

THE BEAUTIFUL IN ART.—CONCLUSION

LAW PERVADES NATURE AND ART—FUNCTION OF ART TO ELEVATE—OF THOUGHT AND EXECUTION—DIFFERENCES OF APPRECIATION—POSITIVE BASIS—THE GREATEST ARTISTS MEN OF ACTION—THE MORAL ELEMENT IN ART—TRUE EXCELLENCE JUDGED OF BY THE FEW—OF IGNORANT AND ILL-NATURED CRITICISM—AN APPROVED METHOD—THE UPRIGHT REVIEWER.

TASTE FOSTERED BY EDUCATION—REFINED JUDGMENT—INTERNAL ASPECT OF HOME—PICTURES, CASTS, FLOWERS, ETC.—NATURAL CRAVING FOR BEAUTY—INTERCOURSE WITH THE LABOURING CLASSES BENEFICIAL—VULGAR IDEAS REGARDING MONEY AND TASTE—DIFFUSION OF TASTE—ITS POSITIVE BASIS.

EXHIBITIONS—ANTICIPATION OF THE CRYSTAL PALACE BY CHAUCER—THE SYDENHAM COURTS—CONVENTIONALITY AND LICENSE—PYTHAGOREAN STATEMENT—NATURE MATHEMATICAL—ART CONFORMS TO HARMONIC RATIOS—VITAL ART INDIGENOUS—DESCRIPTION OF SYDENHAM BY AN ARABIAN POET OF THE THIRTEENTH CENTURY—MEANS OF PROSECUTING ART-STUDIES REQUISITE FOR ALL CLASSES—EDUCATION OTHERWISE INCOMPLETE—ACQUAINTANCE WITH GREAT WORKS—MUSEUMS—EFFICIENT LECTURERS AND NEW PROFESSORSHIPS NEEDED—IMPORTANCE OF SUCH STUDIES FOR THE PUBLIC WELLBEING—THEIR INFLUENCE ON MANUFACTURES.

IN EDUCATION THE RELIGIOUS ELEMENT NOT TO BE OVERLOOKED—EDUCATION, WHAT IS IT?—ITS BENIGN INFLUENCE.

BRIEF SUMMATION AND RETROSPECT OF THE VARIOUS ARTS—SOOTHING INFLUENCE OF ART—WORDSWORTH'S EXPERIENCE—FUTURE CHRISTIAN ART—ART NOT ULTIMATE, BUT VALUABLE AS MEANS TO AN END.

HAVING thus cursorily examined the various Arts, we have found them employed by man in every age to minister to that innate longing for beauty and ideal perfection which speaks his own high origin and immortal destinies; that wherever Art is most successful, its efforts

will be found in strict conformity with certain definite laws, impressed alike on mind and matter, the latter being made subservient to the former. As the crystal must take its predetermined shape, so the whole universe is but a visible embodiment of the great Creator's THOUGHT. Hence Sir Thomas Browne quaintly but truly speaks of Nature as "the Art of God."

The HIGHEST works by means, and so must man. The type—the formative thought—with "high capabilities" of "looking before and after" existing in his soul, to find expression for these, he must employ the outward or material; and in so doing, conform to harmonious laws found alike at the fountain head, and far down the stream of being.

In the physical world there are depressing influences constantly at work, and also elevating agencies to counteract these. Art is in itself, at best, not ultimate, but chiefly valuable as means to an end: sanctified, its tendency is to counteract the depressing influences of care and care, to diminish the rough attrition of life, and to elevate heart and soul by bringing them into closer relationship with the harmony, beauty, or perfection of the universe.

Thought itself is ever of the first moment, and then such excellence of execution as will add impressiveness to it. Those artists whose lives are most in conformity with God's requirements, and who have a foundation of good sense, heart, judgment, with vivid powers of imagination—which last, rightly understood, is, as we have shown, "Reason in her most exalted mood"—will prove the most efficient. "The noblest art," says Ruskin in *The Stones of Venice*, "is an exact union of the abstract value, with the imitative power, of forms and colours.

It is the noblest composition,¹ used to express the noblest facts. But the human mind cannot, in general, unite the two perfections; it either pursues the fact to the neglect of the composition, or pursues the composition to the neglect of the fact.

“And it is intended by the Deity that it *should* do this: the best art is not always wanted. Facts are often wanted without art, as in a geological diagram; and art often without facts, as in a Turkey carpet. And most men have been made capable of giving either the one or the other, but not both. Only one or two, the very highest, can give both.”

In Shakspeare's Dramas, these opposite qualities, with every shade between, exist in perfection, and constitute part of his pure universality.

Even among persons of taste, a truly sympathetic and discriminating appreciation of art is comparatively rare, and, among these again, that higher degree of cultivation which renders the taste sensitive as an electrometer, is only to be found in a very few individuals. Among artists, too, in every department, there are similar diversities and degrees of excellence, to say nothing of those who unworthily assume the name. The following beautiful and deeply poetical Greek proverb expresses our meaning:—“The thyrsus-bearers are many, but the bacchants

¹ Reprobating the misuse of this word in common art-parlance, Mr. Ruskin says—“Composition is, in plain English, ‘putting together,’ and it means the putting together of lines, of forms, of colours, of shades, or of ideas. Painters compose in colour, compose in thought, compose in form, and compose in effect, the word being in use merely in order to express a scientific, disciplined, and inventive arrangement of any of them, instead of a merely natural or accidental one.”

few"—thus happily annotated by Trench, "Many assume the signs and outward tokens of inspiration, whirling the thyrsus aloft ; but those whom the God indeed fills with his spirit, are few all the while."

In reference to diversity of judgment in matters of taste, we find that Harding in his *Principles and Practice of Art*,¹ feeling the absolute necessity of some positive basis, and groping after it, thus clearly expresses himself as to the result, although without any definite idea as to the mode by which a positive basis is to be attained :—"Decision on beautiful forms," says he, "of whatever kind, does not, and ought not, to depend on vague, capricious taste, and uncultivated feelings ; for unless they be controlled by sound judgment, formed on observation of the truth of Nature, we are not in a condition clearly to distinguish the beautiful, and, consequently, can have no power either to judge of, or to depict it. Unless from such education, no two persons could have the same opinion of the beautiful, and should even the opinion of one of them happen to be right, he would be unable to give a sufficient reason for it ; but if the elements of beauty, founded in truth, be understood, beauty may then be demonstrated, and distinguished from every shade of deformity, which is so often mistaken for it, or set up by fashion in its stead."

Throughout these pages it has been our endeavour, while acknowledging the existence of a definite standard or canon of taste founded on a positive basis, at the same time to indicate the direction in which this standard must be looked for.

We have seen, too, that many of the greatest artists.

¹ P. 8.

have been men of action, and variously distinguished. Æschylus—the soldier, the hero at Marathon, Salamis, and Plataea—in his own epitaph makes no mention of his having, as it were, invented and perfected tragic poetry. The patriotic Leonardo da Vinci successfully conducted the defences of Florence during the siege of the Prince of Orange; superintended marble quarries; was practically acquainted with all the science of his age, indeed, so far was he in advance of it as to have been familiar with many things usually accounted recent discoveries; and he would have taken his own high place although *The Last Supper* had never been painted. That wonderful picture, which is so touchingly grand and beautiful, in spite of the influences of time and all the restorations to which it may have been subjected, and so different from all engraved copies we have ever seen that even the best of these is hardness itself in comparison with the original—the calm majesty and beaming love of the central face affecting many of the most noble and manly hearts to tears!

Petrarch and Chaucer were chosen to conduct intricate and delicate diplomatic business. Shakspeare was wise, in the worldly acceptation of the term, both as regards the accumulation and investment of means, guiding all his affairs, so far as is known of him, with exemplary discretion.

Milton—Cromwell's patient, self-denying, Latin Secretary—in troublous times, bravely and patriotically stood forward in the van, denouncing tyranny, and endeavouring to secure liberty for thought, and the freedom of the press. Such a life was worthy of him, of whose "soul-animating strains" Landor has finely and as comprehensively said—

“ Few his words, but strong,
And sounding through all ages and all climes,
He caught the sonnet from the dainty hand
Of Love, who cried to lose it; and he gave the notes
To Glory.”

Xenophon, Thucydides, and Cæsar enacted what they therefore so well describe. “The most accomplished condition of humanity,” says Reed, “is that in which habits of contemplation and of action exist in harmony. The noblest eulogy was pronounced on the celebrated Sir Philip Sydney by his philosophic friend and biographer, when he said of him, ‘He was the exact image of quiet and action, happily united in him, and seldom well divided in any.’” The charge of carelessness, or inaction, when brought against men of genius with any shadow of justice, must be ascribed to other causes which operate in every class of society, although recorded scrutiny is the certain penalty of eminence in any department. Moral deficiency, in any case, of necessity brings its own punishment. Such a charge, then, is a foul calumny against the truly great.

“Happy,” says Pliny the younger, in his letter to Tacitus, “I esteem those to be whom Providence has distinguished with the abilities either of doing such actions as are worthy of being related, or of relating them in a manner worthy of being read; but doubly happy are they who are blessed with both these uncommon talents.”

The teaching of the artist ought to be an influence for good, supplementary and only secondary to the higher teaching of direct revelation, leading men to regard the beauty of the universe as symbolical of a higher moral beauty, the *mens divini* after which all should strive.

“And now observe,” says Ruskin, in the conclusion of *The Stones of Venice*, “the first important consequence of our fully understanding this pre-eminence of the soul, will be the due understanding of that subordination of knowledge respecting which so much has already been said. For it must be felt at once, that the increase of knowledge, merely as such, does not make the soul larger or smaller; that, in the sight of God, all the knowledge man can gain is as nothing: but that the soul, for which the great scheme of redemption was laid, be it ignorant or be it wise, is all in all; and in the activity, strength, health, and well-being of this soul, lies the main difference, in His sight, between one man and another. And that which is all in all in God’s estimate, is also, be assured, all in all in man’s labour; and to have the heart open, and the eyes clear, and the emotions and thoughts warm and quick, and not the knowing of this or the other fact, is the state needed for all mighty doing in this world. And, therefore, finally, for this, the weightiest of all reasons, let us take no pride in our knowledge. We may, in a certain sense, be proud of being immortal; we may be proud of being God’s children; we may be proud of loving, thinking, seeing, and of all that we are by no human teaching; but not of what we have been taught by rote; not of the ballast and freight of the ship of the spirit, but only of its pilotage, without which all the freight will only sink it faster, and strew the sea more richly with its ruin. There is not at this moment a youth of twenty, having received what we moderns ridiculously call education, but he knows more of everything, except the soul, than Plato or St. Paul did; but he is not for that reason a greater

man, or fitter for his work, or more fit to be heard by others, than Plato or St. Paul. There is not at this moment a junior student in our schools of painting, who does not know fifty times as much about the art as Giotto did; but he is not for that reason greater than Giotto; no, nor his work better, nor fitter for our beholding. Let him go on to know all that the human intellect can discover and contain in the term of a long life, and he will not be one inch, one line, nearer to Giotto's feet. But let him leave his academy benches, and, innocently, as one knowing nothing, go out into the highways and hedges, and there rejoice with them that rejoice, and weep with them that weep; and in the next world, among the companies of the great and good, Giotto will give his hand to him, and lead him into their white circle, and say, 'This is our brother.'

The man who in any department is thus true to himself will neither be over-elated with praise nor cast down by neglect, for he accounts each at its true value. "Praise," Lord Bacon observes, "is the reflection of virtue, but it is as the glass, or body, which giveth the reflection; if it be from the common people, it is commonly false and nought, and rather followeth vain persons than virtuous: for the common people understand not many excellent virtues: the lowest virtues draw praise from them, the middle virtues work in them astonishment or admiration; but of the highest virtues they have no sense or perceiving at all;¹ but shows and 'species virtutibus similes'² serve best with them. Certainly, fame is like

¹In our day, the blessings of education are more widely and equally diffused. Intelligence is now more a personal distinction than one found pertaining to any outward rank or condition of men.

²Appearances like to virtues.

a river, that beareth up things light and swollen, and drowns things weighty and solid; but if persons of quality and judgment concur, then it is (as the Scripture saith), 'Nomen bonum instar unguenti fragrantis;' ¹ it filleth all round about, and will not easily away; for the odours of ointments are more durable than those of flowers."

Lithgow, the old Scottish traveller, smarting under the remembrance of cruel tortures endured by him in the Inquisition at ~~Malaga~~, and anticipating, for his honest exposure of these, "the deadly poison of sharp-edged calumnies," thus concludes his manly Prologue to the Reader, after quaintly recommending the use of a flaxen rope to "the scelerate companion, be he Villian, Carper, Critic, or gnawing Worm with envious lips:" "I neither," says he, "will respect thy love, nor regard thy malice. And shall always and ever remain, To the Courteous still observant, and to The Critical Knave as he deserveth, WILLIAM LITHGOW."

A modern writer ² has said, "High abstract thought is very often termed *mystical*; but to a high, clear, fine quality of intellect, it is not so. If thought be high and abstract, it is evident that it will require a high level of soul to be even with, or fully to appreciate it. The ability to comprehend a pure and original imagination is not given to all souls." Hence, he who seeking excellence rather than commendation, is found worthy by the few, ultimately sways the many, and the thought of the poet at length becomes embodied in acts of parliament. Such a man's ear is but little affected by ill-

¹ A good name is like sweet smelling ointment.

² William Wilson, author of "A House for Shakspeare," &c.

natured ephemeral criticism, much less will it turn him aside. "Curs," said Archdeacon Hare, "bark at a gentleman on horseback; but who, except a hypochondriac, ever gave up riding on that account?" and Shakespeare, in "Henry VIII.," as philosophically as cheeringly writes:

"If I am
 Traduc'd by ignorant tongues, which neither know
 My faculties, nor person, yet will be
 The chronicles of my doing,—let me say
 'Tis but the fate of place, and the rough brake
 That virtue must go through. We must not stint
 Our necessary actions, in the fear
 To cope malicious censurers; which ever,
 As ravenous fishes, do a vessel follow
 That is new trimm'd; but benefit no further
 Than vainly longing. What we oft do best,
 By sick interpreters, once weak ones, is
 Not ours, or not allow'd; what worst, as oft,
 Hitting a grosser quality, is cried up
 For our best act. If we shall stand still,
 In fear our motion will be mock'd or carp'd at,
 We should take root here where we sit, or sit
 State statues only."

He elsewhere says—

"The adder hisses where the sweet birds sing;"

nor is it much to be wondered that such should be the case; for a yet higher authority, going to the root of the matter, has said, "The wicked devoureth the man that is more righteous than he."¹

If a man's work, then, be truly worthy, the consciousness that it is so, nullifies present detraction, so that if he think at all on the subject it will be with pity, and more in sorrow than in anger. As Bishop Hall has

said of *The Happy Man*, "Censures and applauses are passengers to him, not guests: his ear is their thoroughfare, not their harbour; he hath learned to fetch both his council and his sentence from his own breast. His strife is ever to redeem, and not to spend time. . . He walks cheerfully the way that God hath chalked, and never wishes it more wide, or more smooth. Those very temptations whereby he is foiled strengthen him; he comes forth crowned, and triumphing, out of the spiritual battles, and those scars that he hath make him beautiful."

The true artist seeks to learn from all sources, and would not, therefore, set criticism aside; but looking abroad on the ignorant presumption of incapacity—that utter and boastful lack of the *spiritual* which frequently takes upon itself arrogantly to pronounce judgment on those who sit where it can never soar—he is forced indignantly to exclaim,

"Ah God, for a man, with heart, head, hand,
Like some of the simple great ones gone
For ever and ever by,
One still strong man in a blatent land,
Whatever they call him, what care I,
Aristocrat, democrat, autocrat—one
Who can rule and dare not lie." ¹

The writer or compiler of one of the Messrs. Chambers's Tracts actually instances the following three verses, as a glaring specimen of nonsensical puerility in Wordsworth, italicizing the two last lines as the climax of absurdity. ²

¹ Tennyson's "Maud."

² The last verse of this poem we observe is also quoted as a specimen of "balderdash," in an article entitled "Modern Style," in the "North British Review" for February 1857. We are inclined to think the

"She dwelt among the untrodden ways
Beside the springs of Dove,
A Maid whom there were none to praise
And very few to love:

"A violet by a mossy stone
Half hidden from the eye!
—Fair as a star when only one
Is shining in the sky.

"She lived unknown, and few could know
When Lucy ceased to be;
*But she is in her grave, and, oh,
The difference to me!"*

What rare concentration of simplicity and pathos! We have here the tragedy of a heart told in a few touches by the hand of a master—a psychological gem of the first water; but as Wordsworth himself has elsewhere said,

"Minds that have nothing to confer
Find little to perceive."

Another critic finds little or nothing to admire in Tennyson's *In Memoriam*; to his mind it conveys no impression of reality or truthfulness:—and *Maud* calls forth, "O dear, dear! what manner of stuff is this!"—honestly spoken, we believe! Wordsworth is too simple and natural for the one—Tennyson too mystical for the other. We are forcibly reminded of the reasons assigned for the rejection of John the Baptist and our Saviour by a former generation—a class which it would appear still

writer of both articles to be one individual, thus saving literature from the disgrace of there being two such "profane persons" in its ranks. Self damaging blunders will at times escape the eye of even the most accomplished and respected Editors, who on such occasions are perhaps more to be sympathized with than blamed.

continues to be numerously represented in the present age. But Wisdom is ultimately justified of all her children.

An approved method, frequently followed by the small reviewer, whom Carlyle has sketched to the life, is as follows:—

“To perch himself resolutely, as it were, on the shoulder of his author, and therefrom to show as if he commanded him, and looked down on him by natural superiority of stature. Whatsoever the great man says or does, the little man shall treat with an air of knowingness, and light condescending mockery, professing, with much covert sarcasm, that this and that other is beyond *his* comprehension, and cunningly asking his readers if they comprehend it! Herein it will help him mightily if, besides description, he can quote a few passages, which, in their detached state, and taken, most probably, in quite a wrong acceptation of the words, shall sound strange, and, to certain hearers, even absurd, all which will be easy enough, if he have any handiness in the business, and address the right audience—truths, as this world goes, being true only for those that have *some* understanding of them, as, for instance, in the Yorkshire Wolds and Thames coal ships, Christian men enough might be found at this day, who, if you read them the Thirty-ninth of the *Principia*, would grin intelligence from ear to ear. Or, should our Reviewer meet with any passage, the wisdom of which, deep, plain, and palpable to the simplest, might cause misgivings in the reader, as if here were a man of half unknown endowment, whom, perhaps, it were better to wonder at than laugh at, our Reviewer either suppresses it, or, citing it

with an air of meritorious candour, calls upon his author, in a tone of command and encouragement, to lay aside his transcendental crotchets, and write always thus, and *he* will admire him. Whereby the reader again feels comforted, proceeds swimmingly to the conclusion of the "Article," and shuts it with a victorious feeling, not only that he and the Reviewer understand this man, but also that, with some rays of fancy and the like, the man is little better than a living mass of darkness."¹

"Never," says Archbishop Whately, "while the world lasts, will the inconsiderate and the violent be prevented from confounding together things which differ *only* in the point which is of most essential importance, or from indiscriminately censuring whatever has been much abused." There is a Hindostanee couplet which quaintly suggests the impropriety of "anointing rats' heads with Jasmine oil!" "To attempt to convince some men by even the strongest reasons and most cogent arguments, would be like King Lear putting a letter before a man without eyes, and saying, 'Mark but the penning of it;'" to which he answers, 'Were all the letters suns, I could not see one.'²

The upright reviewer, for his own sake and the good of all concerned, ought to bear in mind Coleridge's golden rule of criticism, "Until you understand an author's ignorance, presume yourself ignorant of his understanding," and to search for beauties rather than faults. Such

¹ Miscellanies, vol. ii, p. 5. For apt illustration of these methods, we would refer to recent articles in "Blackwood" on Tennyson's "Maud," Mrs. Stowe's "Dred," and "Ruskin's Works:" all three, "singularly good," and worthy the high honour of being thus "dispraised."

a fine spirit, catholic and genial, nobly pioneering for heart and head, we are glad to say, is occasionally to be met with in our Quarterly, Monthly, and Weekly periodicals, and also in the newspaper press. The sooner criticism of other sorts be for ever swept into silence the better; 'tis a consummation devoutly to be wished. The riddance were worthy service done to the cause of truth throughout the world. For a time, however, we fear that the old Adam will be found too strong for young Melancthon; yet truth, we know, must ultimately prevail; its progress is sure.

Towards forming a just estimate, then, it is the critic's first duty to get into the sphere of a work of art; he who cannot succeed in doing so should hold his peace. "A blind man," says Dr. South, "sitting in the chimney-corner is pardonable enough, but sitting at the helm he is intolerable."

The taste, both to discover and enjoy the beautiful, grows by education, and, when matured and refined, becomes judgment. It is to be found in all degrees of capability, and in every stage and diversity of development: *e.g.*, a man may understand Burns, and be incapable of following Milton, though both are alike great in their respective walks. Akenside thus clearly writes of Taste:—

"What, then, is Taste, but those internal powers,
Active and strong, and feelingly alive
To each fine impulse? A discerning sense
Of decent and sublime, with quick disgust
From things deformed, or disarranged, or gross,
In species? This, nor gems, nor stores of gold,
Nor purple state, nor culture can bestow,
But God alone, when first His sacred Hand
Imprints the secret bias of the soul."

And Cousin no less admirably says¹—“ Besides imagination and reason, the man of taste ought to possess an enlightened but ardent love of beauty; he must take delight in meeting it, must search for it, must summon it. To comprehend and demonstrate that a thing is not beautiful, is an ordinary pleasure, an ungrateful task; but to discern a beautiful thing, to be penetrated with its beauty, to make it evident, and make others participate in our sentiment, is an exquisite joy, a generous task. Admiration is, for him who feels it, at once a happiness and an honour. It is a happiness to feel deeply what is beautiful; it is an honour to know how to recognize it. Admiration is the sign of an elevated reason served by a noble heart. It is above a small criticism, that is sceptical and powerless; but it is the soul of a large criticism, a criticism that is productive: it is, thus to speak, the divine part of taste.”

In the exercise of taste, the fewest portion of mankind have to do with the outward appearance of their dwellings; but all can, and do leave some impress of themselves on interior arrangements. Few possess marble statues—still fewer can produce them—all may procure plaster casts. Few can afford to collect oil paintings—fewer are painters—but most people may hang up one or two prints of first class works. A natural desire for ornament is common to humanity, and manifests itself alike in the aboriginal savage, the rude uneducated workman, the child; or in the deeper knowledge, wider experience, more refined judgment, and purer feeling, of the man of cultivated tastes.

¹ Lecture vi., p. 153.

The latter, in his home, may surround himself with a few engravings—inexpensive it may be—but they will all be pictures that have souls. A Madonna of Raphael, Leonardo da Vinci's Last Supper, or the Crucifixion by Tintorett, with its deep poetry and feeling, may be of the number. Here, landscapes, by Turner, with their wondrous depths of aërial perspective, glorious in sunshine, grand in storm, and always great; there, photographs of the "glorious City in the Sea," its Bridge of Sighs, Dogana, Rialto, and the Doge's Palace, limned by the sun's own subtle alchemy, and presented so truthfully on the walls, that the gazer is in Venice for the time being. Here, friezes of the Parthenon, the Portland Vase, casts from Niobe, and the beautiful Clytie—a cup exquisitely wrought by Cellini—impressions of antique gems, valuable autographs, coins, or interesting documents; there, busts of Handel, Beethoven, and Mozart, or portraits of Raphael, Luther, or Jean Paul; Shakspere, Dante, Sir Isaac Newton, or Columbus. Here, a design by Flaxman; there, views of ancient Athens, the plains of Marathon, Salamis, and Thermopylæ. Here, the Colosseum in ruins; and there Tell's chapel, standing alone on the brink of Lake Lucerne, amidst the wild sublimity and Alpine grandeur of Uri—a "voice of liberty," a protest for ever against the brutal despotism of Austria, a country well described by Shakspere as

"Little valiant, great in villany,
And ever strong upon the stronger side,"¹

an unenviable and traditionary distinction which still

¹ King John.

continues to characterize the crooked line of policy pursued by the house of Hapsburgh.¹

His favourite books of every kind—poetry, imagination, science, philosophy, travel, history, or works of meditation, will be lying about. He will have frequent access to the *chefs d'œuvre* of the great masters of song, as capable of being rendered on an Erard, Broadwood, or Collard. An Æolian Harp may possibly lie in the window sill, rendering the sweet summer air musical at fitful intervals, and taking the soul captive with the wild wayward beauty and yearning tenderness of its spirit cadences—now softly murmuring in an undertone of deep rich harmonious chords—now swelling and rising in strange chromatics—then dying far away in the faintest pulsing minors, plaintive, soft, and low—but unutterably wild and sweet. Hearing its strains the soul revisits the past, and forecasts the future; or perchance, in some fair enchanted isle, listens, rapt like Ferdinand, to the “invisible music” of Ariel.

Preserved sea-weeds may interest and delight with the varied and exquisite beauty of colour displayed in their fronds, and the delicacy of that fibrous formation which they so frequently exhibit. The Aquarium is a never failing source of interest. Mosses, shells, fossils, crystals, &c., to the inquiring mind of the naturalist, are all instinct with instruction and delight. Flowers, without doubt, in a home such as we have described, will fill the air with their freshness, their fragrance, and their beauty. They ought to have been first mentioned, for they are absolutely indispensable. The greatest minds have ever

¹ See Orsini's “Revelations concerning the Austrian Dungeons in Italy.”

loved flowers, and that heart for which they have no voice is worse than dead. Perennial and ever-welcome, starrng with beauty hill and dale, they "paint the meadows with delight," and are earth's highest revelation of the beautiful to man.

If there be the mind to appreciate excellence, it will spontaneously find many ways of manifesting itself. On the principle of "like to like," objects of interest and beauty naturally gather around the man of taste, until at length "from every point a ray of genius flows," and wherever the eye may chance to rest, there, something will be found which ministers to man's innate sense of the beautiful. By the law of affinity he accumulates what is lovely, and his mind at the same time becomes assimilated thereunto. Thus ministering and being ministered unto, he cannot but leave an outward impress of his thought on the appearance of his home.

The same natural instinct, or craving for beauty—a germ which if educated would become taste—is manifested by the Indian who laboriously carves the handle of his battle axe, or the prow of his canoe; by the cottar whose walls exhibit old-fashioned "Peace and Plenty" pictures painted on glass—wood-cuts from cheap publications, good, bad, or indifferent—rude grottoes made up with pasteboard, shells, *crab's-eyes*, and moss, glittering with bits of glass, and gay with peacock's feathers. No man of proper feeling who reflects will despise such groping efforts; on the contrary, taking into account the position and opportunities of the workman, the pleasure and recreation afforded him by the planning and executing of such toys, they are interesting, nay, even affecting in their way. He will rather try, by the gift of a print, the

occasional loan of a judiciously selected volume, or by personal contact, to render the cotter capable of appreciating something higher. The man who, in a right spirit, kindly endeavours to do so, is never repelled; his suggestions will be received with gratitude, and his visits be ever welcome. There is much, however, in the manner of doing a thing. One kindly touch of Eva's little white hand reached and melted Topsy's heart, while all the prolonged, duty-forced, and mistaken efforts of Miss Ophelia were utter failures. Every one instinctively feels the difference. Intercourse with the labouring classes may be made productive of much good: "twice blessed, it blesses him that gives and him that takes;" and he who is thus instrumental in removing thorns from oft-trodden paths, or in opening up new fields of enjoyment to the toil-worn, will, to that extent, increase the happiness of the world, and, at the same time, have his own sympathies warmed and widened.

The workman, tending his few choice monthly roses and geraniums, derives no less pleasure—perhaps more—from watching their progress and beauty, than the rich man in his conservatory.

Money, certainly may cater for taste; but, as it can never be substituted for taste, we find wealth too frequently employed in direct violation of all that is truly artistic and elegant.

Persons of vulgar mind, passing from an apartment inexpensively furnished, but richly suggestive in all that is good or great, to that of a workman such as we have described, would most certainly undervalue *both*, and, unable to recognize much difference, would probably class them together; then, self-congratulatory,

exult in their decided preference of a few massive frames, with a profusion of gilding and upholstery, as having more outward show, all speaking of wealth, and, consequently—judged by the only standard which they recognize—evincing superior taste.

Such minds have much both to learn and to unlearn. Shelley once remarked of Leigh Hunt, "Give Hunt eightpence and he will make a room look elegant."

Rogers, in his *Epistle to a Friend*, thus hits the happy mean :—

"Here no state-chambers in long lines unfold,
Bright with broad mirrors, rough with fretted gold;
Yet modest ornament, with use combined,
Attracts the eye to exercise the mind.
Small change of scene, small space his home requires,
Who leads a life of satisfied desires."

The general diffusion of taste throughout the masses, and the consequent pleasure to be derived from appreciation of the beautiful in Nature, and of the truly excellent in Art, is, doubtless, a matter of very great moment, and one deserving the most serious consideration of all. We are sadly behind in those matters; even young men attending our universities, who would privately prosecute æsthetic studies, find few anywhere who can assist them. Such education in this country forms no part of their *curriculum*; each is left to grope for himself through word-theories, until, sick and weary of such systems, it at last becomes almost a relief to cast them all aside, and, looking around, simply to feel and say, "The world is beautiful!"

Mere metaphysical theories, such as those propounded by Schiller, Cousin, &c., however beautiful, noting mental

processes and movements in the production of works of art, apart from any positive basis, forcibly remind us of Bacon's illustration in the *Advancement of Learning*—"The wit and mind of man," says he, "if it work upon matter, which is the contemplation of the creatures of God, worketh according to the stuff, and is limited thereby; but if it work upon itself, as the spider worketh his web, then it is endless, and brings forth, indeed cobwebs of learning, admirable for the fineness of thread and work, but of no substance or profit." Or, yet more, of those intricate and ingenious calculations, "quaint opinions wide," formerly made to account for the motion and position of the stars, when it was believed that the sun moved round the earth, and which, in fact, yielded results somewhat near the truth, so far as determining their relative position was concerned. These, girding

"The sphere
With centric and eccentric scribbled o'er,
Cycle and epicycle, orb in orb,"¹

may now be swept away—the absolute truth, however, which they embodied being imperishable, remains with us. One law, grand in its simplicity, pervades the universe, from an atom to a star.

Metaphysics may err in relation to Art, in the same manner and for the same reason as it failed in the hands of the Greeks themselves, when by them applied to natural phenomena. Meanwhile we desire, and have been endeavouring, we would hope with some degree of success, to obtain a *positive* practical basis; the only sure stand-point from which taste may be more universally diffused.

¹ Milton.

Many benefits have, doubtless, been derived from the quinquennial expositions of the French—the Great Exhibition of all Nations in 1851, the various Crystal Palaces subsequently reared, and other undertakings of a like nature. From the Manchester Art-Treasures Exhibition, we anticipate many good results.

Strange, we may here remark, to find in Chaucer's *House of Fame* a Crystal Palace, with its opening pageantries, almost literally described, as it were by anticipation, in language applicable, in many respects, to Hyde Park or Sydenham. Thus, we have mention of the assembling together of all nations in a wondrous temple *y-made* of glass, containing works of industry and treasures of art; with details of its sculpture, and portrait galleries, its rich carvings and jewellery, the indescribable variety of its splendours within, and the glorious far-stretching landscape without. We have even a "noble Queen" seated on the dais, and awarding honours to worthy competitors; the whole affording another striking illustration of a remark previously made, that the germs of all inventions or discoveries, like the tulip in the bulb, already exist in the mind of man as possibilities, frequently finding expression ages before they are realized. The following numerous coincidences are so singularly interesting, that readers may pardon the digression, even although they should think us somewhat fanciful.

The poet thus writes—

" But as I slept, me mette I was
Withyn a temple ymade of glas;
In whiche ther were moo ymages
Of golde, stondynge in sondry stages,
And moo ryche tabernacles,

And with perre moo pynacles,
 And moo curiouse portreytures,
 And queynt maner of figures
 Of golde werke, than I sawgh ever."

Dazzled with its splendour, he goes on to say—

"When I had seene al this syghte
 In this noble temple thus,
 'A lorde!' thought I, 'that madest us,
 Yet sawgh I never suche noblesse
 Of ymages, ne suche richesse,
 As I sawgh grave in this chirche;
 But not wote I whoo did hem wirche,
 Ne where I am, ne what contree.
 But now wol I goo oute and see,
 Ryght at the wiket, yf I kan
 See oughtwhere stiryng any man,
 That may me telle where I am."

He thus spiritedly sketches the prospect from the open gallery (not even omitting the antediluvian monsters!)—

"And I adoun to looken thoo,
 And behelde feldes and playnes,
 And now hilles, and now mountaynes,
 Now valeys, and now forests,
 And now unnethes grete bestes;
 Now ryveres, now citees,
 Now tounes, and now grete trees,
 Now shippes seylynge in the see."

Of the palace he remarks—

"Hit was written ful of names,
 Of folkes that hadden grete fames
 Of olde tymes, and yet they were
 As fressh as men hadde written hem here
 The selfe-day, right or that houre
 That I upon hem gan to poure."

He thus proceeds to describe it—

"Thoo gan I on this hille to goone,
 And fonde upon the coppe a woone,
 That alle the men that ben on lyve
 Ne han the kunnyng to descrive
 The beaute of that ylke place,
 Ne coude casten no compace
 Swich another for to make,
 That myghte of beaute be hys make;
 Ne so wonderlyche ywroughte,
 That hyt astonyeth yit my thoughte,
 And maketh alle my wytte to swynke
 On this castel to bethynke.
 So that the grete beautie
 The caste, the curiositye,
 Ne kan I not to yow devyse,
 My witte ne may me not suffise.
 But natheles alle the substanuce
 I have yit in my remembrunce;
 For why? Me thoughte, by saint Gyle,
 Alle was of stone of beryle,
 Both the castel and the toure,
 And eke the halle, and every boure,
 Wythouten peces or joynynges.
 But many subtile compassinges,
 As rabewyures and pynnacles,
 Ymageries and tabernacles,
 I say; and ful eke of wyndowes,
 As flakes falles in grete snowes.
 And eke in eche of the pynnacles
 Weren sundry habitacles,
 In whiche stooden, alle withoute,
 Ful the castel alle aboute,
 Of al maner of mynstralles,
 And gestiours, that tellen tales
 Both of wepinge and of game,
 Of alle that longeth unto Fame."

Then we have music, and thousands of performers—

"There herd I pleyen upon an harpe,

That souneth bothe wel and sharpe,
 Orpheus ful craftely,
 And on the syde faste by
 Sat the harper Orion,
 And Eacydes Chiron.
 And other harpers many oon,
 And the gret Glascursion."

"Tho saugh I stonden hym behynde,
 A fer fro hem, alle be hemselve,
 Many thousand tymes twelve,
 That maden lowde menstralcies
 In cornemuse and shalmys,
 And many other maner pipe,
 That craftely begunne to pipe,
 Bothe in doucet and in riede,
 And many flowte and liltyng horne."

"The hevenyssh melodye,
 Of songes fulle of armonye,
 I herd aboute her trone songe,
 That al the paleys walles ronge !"

"What shold I make lenger tale,
 Of alle the pepil I thor say,
 Fro hennes into domesday ?

Whan I had al this folkys beholde,
 And fonde me louse and nocht yholde,
 And eft I mused longe while
 Uyon these walles of berile,
 That shoone ful lyghter than a glas,
 And made wel more than hit was,
 To semen every thyng, ywis,
 As kynde thyng of Fames is ;
 I gan forth romen til I fonde
 The castel yate on my ryght honde."

He enters the palace, and hears the people crying—

"God save the lady of this pel,
 Our oune gentil lady !"

She is surrounded with "nobles," crowned personages,
 "pursuivants," and "herauldes"—

"Alle and every man
 Of hem, as I yow tellen can,
 Had on him thrown a vesture,
 Whiche that men clepen a cote armure,
 Embrowded wonderlyche ryche,
 As though ther nere nought yliche.
 But nought wyl I, so mote I thryve,
 Ben aboute to descryve
 Alle these armes that ther weren,
 That they thus on her cotes beren,
 For hyt to me were impossible ;
 Men myghte make of hem a bible,
 Twenty foot thykke I trowe.
 For certeyn who so koude knowe
 Myght ther alle the armes seen,
 Of famous folke that han ybeen
 In Auffrike, Europe, and Asye,
 Syth first began the chevalrie.

"Ful moche prees of folke there nas,
 Ne crowding, for to mochel prees."

The walls "wer set as thik of nouchis
 Fyne, of the fynest stones faire,
 That men reden in the Lapidaire,
 As grasses growen in a mede.
 But hit were alle to longe to rede
 The names ; and therefore I pace."

He approaches royalty—

"But al on hye, above a dees,
 Sit in a see imperialle,
 That made was of rubees alle,
 Which that a carbuncle ys ycalled,
 I saugh perpetually ystalled,
 A femynyne creature."

“The gan I loke aboute and see,
 That ther come entryng into the halle
 A ryght grete companye withalle,
 And that of sondry regiouns,
 Of alle skynnes condiciouns,
 That dwelle in erthe under the mone,
 Pore and ryche. And al so sone
 As they were come into the halle
 They gone doune on knees falle.
 Before this ilke noble quene,
 And seyde, ‘Graunte us, lady shene,
 Eche of us thy grace a bone!’”

“‘Madame,’ quod they, ‘we be
 Folke that here besechen the,
 That thou graunte us now good fame,
 And let our werkes han that name.
 In ful recompensacioun
 Of goode werke, give us good renoun.”

These twenty lines, enumerating all manner “of tydyngs, Other loude or of whisperyngs,” which ceaselessly filled “alle the houses’ angles,” find a literal realization in the fiery-whisper passing along the telegraph-wires, and bringing the ends of the earth together in the reading-room of the palace. We have, says Chaucer,

“Tydynges
 Of werres, of pes, of mariages,
 Of restes, of labour, of viages,
 Of abood, of deeth, of lyfe,
 Of love, of hate, accorde, of stryfe,
 Of loos, of lore, and of wynynges,
 Of hele, of sekenesse, of bildynges,
 Of faire wyndes, of tempestes,
 Of qwalme of folke, and eke of bestes ;
 Of dyvers transmutaciouns,
 Of estates and eke of regiouns ;
 Of trust, of drede, of jelousye,
 Of witte, of wynynges, of folye ;

Of plente, and of grete famyne,
 Of chepe, of derthe, and of ruyne ;
 Of good or mysgovernment,
 Of fire, and of dyvers accident."

The following two lines, with which we close these curiously-interesting extracts, embody a wish which might well be inscribed in letters of gold over the entrance of all such places of instruction—

" And God of hevене sende the grace,
 Some goode to lerne in this place."

From the surpassing magnificence of the Sydenham Palace, select and permanent as it is, much may be expected for the art of this country. Although the size, environments &c., of buildings cannot be presented, we have models of portions—a grammar of ornament—so far useful in assisting us to realize the various originals. Its sculpture gallery, with the collection of busts, is the finest and most extensive in the world ; and its courts contain illustrations of ornament, judiciously selected from the best examples of every country and age.

We can now as it were visit the banks of the Nile, and contemplate the thoughtful Egyptian, introducing the palm, papyrus, and lotus, with varied symbols and conventionalities into his work : the Greek, with his symmetrical yet flowing lines ; or behold the decorations of the Moor, seeming as if intricate geometrical problems, acquiring vitality by the talisman's spell, had budded and blossomed into fancy flowers of the fairest and most richly contrasted colours.

Observing the characteristics of various styles, in regard to invention, imitation, and combination, we shall

be better able to distinguish between extreme conventional stiffness on the one hand, and the fancied freedom of lawless license on the other ; for, as Ruskin has beautifully said, "In vulgar ornamentation, entirely rigid laws of line are always observed ; and the common Greek honeysuckle, and other formalisms, are attractive to uneducated eyes, owing to their manifest compliance with the first conditions of unity and symmetry, being to really noble ornamentation what the sing-song of a bad reader of poetry, laying regular emphasis on every required syllable of every foot, is to the varied, irregular, unexpected, inimitable cadence of the voice of a person of sense and feeling reciting the same lines, not incognizant of passion and the natural sequence of the thought."

An account of the Pythagorean system of numbers, which has recently been partially explained, and successfully applied by Mr. Hay, is given condensed in the following paragraph : "The monad, or unity, is that quantity which, being deprived of all number, remains fixed. It is the fountain of all number. The duad is imperfect and passive, and the cause of increase and division. The triad, composed of the monad and duad, partakes of the nature of both. The tetrad, tetractys, or quaternion number is the most perfect. The decad, which is the sum of the four former, comprehends all arithmetical and musical proportions." We have endeavoured to show that nature conforms with mathematical exactitude to certain definite laws, number meanwhile furnishing us with one of the most obvious keys to her myriad correspondencies, relative proportions, or absolute unity—in short, enabling us to comprehend somewhat of her com-

parative anatomy. The correspondence of mathematical and physical truth has been illustrated by the well-known instances of "the change of plane into circular polarization, predicted by Fresnel, from the mere interpretation of an algebraic symbol; and the fact of conical and cylindrical refraction, anticipated from the mathematical theory by Sir William Hamilton." The highest scientific authorities furnish us with endless illustrations in regard to the force of gravity. Molecular action, and planetary motion; the laws of light, heat, magnetism, electricity, and chemical affinity; the forms of plants, animals, and even the rocks are "ruled, in their perpetual perishing, by the same ordinances that direct the bending of the reed and the blush of the rose."

The perceptions and motions of the mind being also subject to these same universal laws—indeed their highest earthly manifestation—of necessity it follows that, in the production of works of art in any department, from the simplest decoration to the highest effort of genius, that alone is truly good and beautiful which is in accordance with Nature's harmonic ratios, as we find these displayed in her every form, colour, or motion. Communion with Nature will *insensibly* influence and enable us, as it were, to think and work as she does, provided we have the loving heart and the seeing eye. Although, in hopeful moods, we may almost bring ourselves to think

"That Nature never did betray
The heart that lov'd her,"

we afterwards come to know and feel that a higher light is requisite, even for art-guidance; and also exclaim with Wordsworth,

"By grace divine,
Not otherwise, oh Nature, we are thine."

To attain excellence, then, we must attempt no mere patchwork of styles.

“ Enough of science and of art,
Close up those barren leaves.
Come forth—and bring with you a heart
That watches and receives.”

Turn lovingly to Nature herself, the recorded art-experience of past ages being only valuable in so far as it may assist us in so doing. All Art possessing vitality will at least endeavour to read, think, and speak for itself. As furnishing examples to be used in this way, Art-exhibitions are deserving of every encouragement and support.

An Arabian poet of the thirteenth century¹ having written eloquently in honour of Imán Ibn Nasr, the builder of the Alhambra, the following verses of his poem were inscribed on the walls of the “Hall of the Two Sisters.” Singularly applicable to the Sydenham Palace, although describing the wonders of his own age, they will form an interesting and beautiful pendant to the longer extract already given from Chaucer.

“ Look attentively at my elegance, thou wilt reap the benefit of a commentary on decoration.

“ For, by Allah ! the elegant buildings by which I am surrounded surpass all other buildings in the propitious omen attending their foundation.

“ Apartments are there enfolding so many wonders, that the eyes of the spectator remain for ever fixed upon them; provided he be gifted with a mind to estimate them.

¹ Quoted by Owen Jones in the “Alhambra Court”—Crystal Palace Library, pp. 5, 6.

“How many delightful prospects—how many objects in the contemplation of which a highly gifted mind finds the gratification of its utmost wishes.

“Markets they are where those provided with money are paid in beauty, and where the judge of elegance is perpetually sitting to pronounce sentence.

“This is a palace of transparent crystal ; those who look at it imagine it to be a boundless ocean.

“Indeed, we never saw a palace more lofty than this in its exterior, or more brilliantly decorated in its interior, or having more extensive apartments.

“And yet I am not alone to be wondered at, for I overlook in astonishment a garden, the like of which no human eyes ever saw.”

However valuable such a metropolitan collection is, we should also desire to see, throughout the provinces, Art Galleries, Museums, Botanic and Zoological Gardens; and the people afforded opportunities of hearing and becoming familiar with the music of the great masters. Dr. Whewell explains education to be “the process by which an individual is made a participator in the rational, the true, the beautiful, and the good.” Art will more readily blossom and ripen into beauty where there is deep sympathetic acquaintance with nature, and a knowledge of the mind of man; nor can any system of education be complete, which stops short at the threshold of art.

Means of prosecuting such studies should not only be accessible to the professional man, or amateur, but be open to the community at large. “Life is short, and Art is long,” even with all appliances at command. If pure Art then be, as we believe, an education of the highest

kind, not, by any means, to be substituted for the physical sciences, but superadded to them, teaching us the proper value of facts and feelings, adjusting them, and crowning our various knowledge, it certainly ought to form part of the education of all.

Towards this, competent men should also be appointed, to give information, teach classes, or deliver courses of lectures, referring on the spot for illustration to such examples as are necessary for the proper understanding of the subject in hand; the department assigned to each man being limited so as to render a thorough acquaintance with its details, history, and bearings within the range of possibility. A practical acquaintance with the great works of all ages, whether in the higher walks of art or in mere ornamentation, is the platform from which originality and excellence may reasonably be expected. Milton, whose experience and example are worthy of being recorded thus writes to Diodati—"Whatever the Deity may have bestowed upon me in other respects, he has certainly inspired me, if any ever were inspired, with a passion for the good and fair. Nor did Ceres, according to the fable, ever seek her daughter, Proserpine, with such unceasing solicitude, as I have sought this perfect model of the beautiful in all the forms and appearances of things. I am wont, day and night, to continue my search; and I follow in the way in which you go before. . . . Whenever I find a man despising the false estimates of the vulgar, and daring to aspire, in sentiment, in language, and in conduct, to what the highest wisdom through all ages has sanctioned as most excellent, to him I unite myself by a sort of necessary attachment; and if I am so formed by nature or destiny,

that by no exertion or labour of my own I can attain this summit of worth and honour, yet no power of heaven or earth shall hinder me from looking with affection and reverence upon those who have thoroughly attained this glory, or appear engaged in the successful pursuit of it."

Museums are frequently attached to our Universities: we should also wish to see them possess Art collections and libraries having special reference to Art; including music, and everything connected therewith, even to the means of realizing it, whether vocal or instrumental. Many Professorships, for which we have no Chairs, would require to be established; and for others again, where the work now devolves on one man, we would require half-a-dozen. Efficiency is not otherwise to be attained.

The humanizing influences of the fine arts ought not to be left, as at present they virtually are, to take care of themselves, in so far as students of Divinity, Law, and Physics are concerned.

"I know very well," says Sir William Temple,¹ "that many who pretend to be wise by the forms of being grave, are apt to despise both poetry and music, as toys and trifles too light for the use or entertainment of serious men; but whoever find themselves wholly insensible to these charms, would, I think, do well to keep their own counsel, for fear of reproaching their own temper, and bringing the goodness of their natures, if not of their understandings, into question. It may be thought, at least, an ill sign, if not an ill constitution, since some of the fathers went so far as to esteem the love of music a sign of predestination, as a thing Divine, and reserved

¹ Essay upon Poetry. Works, vol. i., p. 249—folio ed., 1720.

for the felicities of heaven itself. While this world lasts, I doubt not but the pleasure and requests of these two entertainments will do so too; and happy those that content themselves with these, or any other so easy and so innocent, and do not trouble the world or other men, because they cannot be quiet themselves, though no body hurts them."

Such movements in the direction of thorough education, once fairly started, we may, in time, reasonably hope to leaven the masses with a genuine and intelligent appreciation of art; while, from the additional thousands subjected to its influence, and thus afforded opportunities of evolving what powers they may possess, will be winnowed the artists, teachers, and professors of the future, and will also spring that general taste which calls for and appreciates excellence in the various departments, from the highest efforts of genius, to a wall paper, or an article of dress.

There will then be fewer complaints from intelligent manufacturers, that they require to furnish articles which will sell in quantity, instead of what they themselves know to be in better taste; and, on the other hand from purchasers, that they are compelled to make their selection from articles submitted, not because of liking them, but from their being the best to be had. Manufacturers and the public thus mutually act and react on each other, neither being entirely to blame. Art education will reach and ultimately benefit both.

Government, recognizing though tardily the vital importance of the fact that a knowledge of design is only to be attained by such means, and desirous that we should maintain our position with other nations, who have long

enjoyed these privileges, has already established Schools of Design throughout the country. Of such means the public ought to avail themselves to the largest extent, so that the number of schools would soon require to be greatly increased, and at the same time elevated in character. No danger of trenching on our Universities, even although these branches were taught, as they ought to be, within their time-hallowed precincts. Let them still keep ahead in all branches of education, and have teaching of a yet higher order for advanced students who have already acquired elementary knowledge, preserving a relative advance on the education of the day; for Universities are, or ought to be, fountain-heads of learning.

Neither art, science, nor literature, however desirable in themselves, we have seen, can civilize a people apart from religion, or in conjunction with degraded forms of Christianity. In recommending these studies, we therefore pre-suppose a moral and religious education, after which the "whatsoever things are lovely," although elsewhere abused, ought not therefore to be passed by. "As to the business of the GRACES," says Bishop Horne,¹ "before the gloss can be given, a substance must be prepared to receive it; and solid bodies take the brightest polish." We understand by education nothing short of the definition of the term given by Milton, in his letter to Master Hartlib. "I call, therefore," says he, "a complete and generous education, that which fits a man to perform, justly, skilfully, and magnanimously, all the offices, both private and public, of peace and war."

Anniversary Sermon preached before the Society of Gentlemen educated in the King's School, August 26th 1784. 4to Ed., p. 19.

“The intent of Education,” says Rollin in his *Belles Lettres*, “is to inculcate Knowledge, Morality, and Religion: To adorn the mind with learning; form the heart by principles of Honour and Probity; and to complete the whole by giving it the last degree of Perfection, in making us good Christians.”

In the present day many are becoming alive to the paramount importance of education—a subject in which all are alike interested; numerous schemes are being propounded and discussed; a desire is being manifested for the elevation of our university systems,¹ and a deep conviction is at the same time abroad, that the masses must be in some way reached and leavened with sound instruction. Education in the proper sense of the word has been too long neglected, too long left to take care of itself, and too frequently considered as an amount of drudgery to be got through by teacher and pupil in the acquisition of certain rudiments.² Such a misconception strikingly contrasts with the large and enlightened views of our Bacon and Milton, men in some respects far in advance of their own, and even of the present age; men who legislated for that future which we would hope is fast approaching, when nothing short of the leading out and training of all the faculties—moral, intellectual, and physical—assigning to each its relative importance and place, towards the formation of the perfect man, will be considered worthy of being called education. Refined taste, calling into exercise the intellectual

¹ See Professor Blackie's admirable Letter on this subject.

² As exhibiting the educational influences of life, outward environments, &c., in training the mind, we would recommend the late Hugh Miller's fascinating work. “My Schools and Schoolmasters.”

faculties, with the emotions of the heart, and elevating these to the Great Source of all Beauty, will ever discover new fields of interest.

The ever-varying combinations and effects of light and shade, form and colour, everywhere perceived by the educated eye, afford new and never-failing sources of delight. To render thousands capable of thus more fully enjoying the marvellous works of the Creator, and the efforts of human genius; or, in other words, to enlarge the perception of the beautiful by educating the taste, so that the greatest amount of pleasure may be derived from the greatest number of pure sources, we regard as a matter of the utmost moment, and only second in importance to the vital teachings of Christianity, and those outward decencies which ever follow in its wake.

If the devil be the father, idleness is the mother of sin—let, then, means of wholesome mental occupation and recreation be freely furnished to the people. Pre-occupy the mind with what is good, and there will be less room for the bad: the one requires laborious culture, the other is indigenous to fallen humanity. “Thelwall,” said Coleridge, “thought it very unfair to influence a child’s mind by inculcating any opinions before it should have come to years of discretion, and be able to choose for itself. I showed him my garden, and told him it was my botanical garden. ‘How so?’ said he, ‘it is covered with weeds.’ ‘Oh,’ I replied, ‘that is only because it has not yet come to its age of discretion and choice. The weeds, you see, have taken the liberty to grow, and I thought it unfair in me to prejudice the soil towards roses and strawberries.” Let pure religion and pure art go hand in hand, the latter respectfully

keeping its own place, and we may speedily look for a better state of things throughout the world.

In this Division we have viewed Art with its varied sympathies and analogies, in relation to nature and the soul of man, and endeavoured to point out its "high capabilities." We have spoken of the artist, enumerating some of his requisite qualifications; we have then spoken *seriatim* of the different arts, endeavouring to present their characteristics, and throw out suggestive hints regarding each. To have written complete systematic treatises, would almost have required as many volumes at command for each, as we have had pages; and mere encyclopædia-article outlines would not have served our purpose.

We have seen the beauty of Grecian and Gothic architecture produced by an adherence to certain given mathematical ratios.

We have seen the beauty of the Statue regulated by the same positive laws; in strict conformity with which, the marble block, receiving the impress of thought, is wrought till

"The statue's silence is the Sculptor's voice!"

We have also seen the Painter striving to embody the outward beauty of nature, as a means of presenting moral beauty to the mind; every line, hue, &c., employed by him being in accordance with the actual or possible in nature, and subject to the same laws.

We have heard the Poet—in his "singing robes" walking the earth, yet

"Thick as stars,
Around him all the sanctities of heaven,"—

teaching men how to observe and regard this beautiful universe; and we have also seen that nature when thus studied, in turn reciprocates the favour, teaching us to observe much in the poet or artist which had otherwise been entirely overlooked. His highest theme MAN, and, as Shakspeare saith, "What a piece of work he is! How noble in reason! How infinite in faculties! in form and moving, how express and admirable! in action, how like an angel! in apprehension, how like a god! the beauty of the world! the paragon of animals! . . . the quintessence of dust!"¹ And Dryden—

"From harmony, from heavenly harmony,
This universal frame began:
From harmony to harmony,
Through all the compass of the notes it ran,
The diapason closing full in Man."

Meditating the high and immortal destinies of the race, the Poet utters wisdom, truth, and beauty for all time. Words being primarily symbolical of things, language

¹ Modern inductive science has shewn this to be literally true, for "everything passes by indivisible shades into something else,"—

"Links of life through nature creeping,
Serial steps progressing ever—"

though in a sense quite apart from the absurd development theory of Lamarck, as recently revived by the author of "The Vestiges." Every organism points upwards to man as "the apex of the earthly hierarchy," for, says Professor Owen, "all the parts and organs of man, had been sketched out, in anticipation, so to speak, in the inferior animals."

The reader will recall George Herbert's beautiful poem, quoted in our introductory chapter, and also be prepared to appreciate the following passage from Coleridge's "Aids to Reflection," which, with the exception of one or two slight misapprehensions of fact, embodies the latest scientific results.

"The metal," says he, "at its height, seems a mute prophecy of the coming vegetation, into a mimic resemblance of which it crystallizes.

is his medium of representation, and with new capabilities, a wider field, and the power of positive teaching, he is in an especial manner the High Priest of the Beautiful.

The blossom and flower, the acme of vegetable life, divides into component organs with reciprocal functions, and by instinctive motions and approximations, seems impatient of that figure, by which it is differenced in kind from the flower-shaped Psyche that flutters with free wing above it. And wonderfully in the insect realm doth the irritability, the proper seat of instinct, while yet the nascent sensibility is subordinate thereto—most wonderfully, I say, doth the muscular life in the insect, and the musculo-arterial in the bird, imitate and typically rehearse the adaptive understanding, yea, and the moral affections and charities of man. Let us carry ourselves back in spirit to the mysterious week, the teeming work-days of the Creator, as they rose in vision before the eye of the inspired historian of the operations of the heavens and of the earth, in the day that the Lord God made the earth and the heavens. And who that watched their ways with an understanding heart could—as the vision evolved and still advanced towards him—contemplate the filial and loyal bee, the home-building, wedded, and divorceless swallow, and, above all, the manifestly intelligent ant tribes, with their commonwealths and confederacies, their warriors and miners, the husband folk that fold in their tiny flocks on the honey's leaf, and the virgin sisters with the holy instincts of maternal love, detached, and in selfless purity, and not say in himself, Behold the shadow of approaching humanity, the sun rising from behind in the kindling morn of creation !”

A more recent authority says: “From the lowest mechanical or chemical influences on inorganic matter, there is an unbroken series to the first manifestation of organic changes, and from these again—from the lowest vegetable, or zoophyte, up to the highest mammalia—there is entirely one continuous progression, its connexion from one term to another being carried on through absolutely insensible degrees and shades of difference.”

We refer for more particular illustration, or rather confirmation of these views (in their proper acceptation) to the first scientific authorities of the day, more particularly to the “Footprints of the Creator,” and “Testimony of the Rocks,” by Hugh Miller; also, to a recent popular and able work, by M'Cosh and Dickie, entitled “Typical Forms and Special Ends in Creation.”

We have watched Music, "heavenly maid," with so little of the earth earthy about her, bearing "the silver key of the fountain of tears," and soaring away above the world—"poetry taken wing"—to the regions of the blessed.

The intervals and harmonies of music, we have seen, afford the key to that universal harmony, which alike pervades nature at rest or in motion, all the arts, and the mind of man himself: not that these are dependent on music, or even specially influenced by it; but by means of musical vibration and rhythm, we have obtained the earliest intimation, and, as yet the clearest insight into those all-embracing and all-controlling ratios which extend from a ray of light, an atom, or crystal, to plant or animal; from those welling rings which outspread when a stone is dropt into the smooth lake, to the epochal changes of ancient oceans; from the graceful bend of a drooping flower, to the curve of a mountain or a wave; from a dew-drop, to a star, and throughout the whole revolving galaxies of worlds; from minute insect-notes, far above and beyond the compass of man's hearing, to ear-shattering salvos almost too loud to be heard; from the note carelessly struck by a child to the marvellous Sonata of Beethoven; from a Greek temple with its friezes and statues, or a picture by Raphael, to the mighty intellect of our Shakspeare.

We have then spoken of criticism, and the function of the critic, in reference to the appreciation of excellence; and, also, of the means of diffusing correct taste so that art may best serve its own high ends.

It only remains for us to notice the potent influence of pure and sanctified art in balancing and tranquilizing

the mind. Wordsworth, speaking of his studious occupations and beloved books, writes, what is worthy of being read by all who love beauty under any of its manifestations—

“ Thus I live remote
From evil speaking ; rancour, never sought,
Comes to me not ; malignant truth or lie.
Hence I have genial seasons, hence have I
Smooth passions, smooth discourse, and joyous thought ! ”

He elsewhere nobly speaks of the diffusion of

“ Spirit divine through works of human art.”

In this respect, however, we admit that art has hitherto been lamentably deficient, save in a few exceptional instances, the beauty of the unregenerate mind being that of a ruin ; but enough has surely been done to show its capabilities, and what may reasonably be expected, when the world becomes permeated by LOVE—the genial spirit of Christianity.

In the *Hymn of Heavenly Beauty*, Spenser writes :

“ His seat is Truth, to which the faithful trust,
From whence proceed her beams, so pure and bright,
That all about him sheddeth glorious light.”

And mark how Cowper, picturing the bliss of that friendship which God so bountifully had bestowed upon him, in the last line, refers its greatest charm to the same Divine source—

“ ’Tis grace, ’tis bounty, and it calls for praise,
If God give health, that sunshine of our days !
And if He add, a blessing shared by few,
Content of heart, more praises still are due ;
But if He grant a friend, that boon possessed,
Indeed is treasure, and crowns all the rest.

And giving one whose heart is in the skies,
 Born from above, and made Divinely wise,
 He gives what bankrupt Nature never can,
 Whose noblest coin is light and brittle man,
 Gold, purer far than Ophir ever knew,
A soul, an image of Himself, and therefore true."

The Greeks have given us the perfection of material beauty—the Christian alone can hope to equal this perfection, and, at the same time, subordinate it to the yet higher beauty of the spiritual.

Henry Taylor has well said—"The understandings, from which mankind will seek a permanent and authentic guidance, will be those which have been exalted by love, and enlarged by humility."

We again repeat, that Art is not in itself ultimate, but chiefly valuable as a means to an end—the elevation of the soul producing its corresponding fruit in the life—a truth which cannot be too often enunciated; for "the end of all study," as Sir James Mackintosh has well said, "is to inspire the love of truth, of wisdom, and of beauty, especially of goodness, the highest beauty, and of that Supreme and Eternal Mind, which is the fountain of all truth and beauty, all wisdom and goodness." While then we endeavour cheerfully to render our highest and our best, consecrating Art and everything we have, let us also bear in mind the great truth thus set forth by Wordsworth—

"God for his service needeth not proud work of human skill;
 They please him best who labour most to do in peace his will.
 So let us strive to live, and to our spirits will be given
 Such wings as, when the Saviour calls, shall bear us up to heaven."

And now, passing on to the next and last portion of our subject, we close this section with the following lines,

in which the late Samuel Rogers—pre-eminently *the* poet of Art—modestly and beautifully alludes to his own tastes and feelings :

“ Nature denied him much,
But gave him at his birth what most he values :
A passionate love for music, sculpture, painting,
For poetry, the language of the gods,
For all things here, or grand, or beautiful,
A setting sun, a lake among the mountains,
The light of an ingenuous countenance,
And what transcends them all, a noble action.”

THE BEAUTIFUL IN LIFE.

THE BEAUTIFUL IN LIFE REGULATED BY LAW—A MORE INTERNAL HARMONY—NO TRANSITION—DISCORD—CHAOS—THE ANCIENTS SOUGHT TO VIEW THE UNIVERSE IN ITS TOTALITY—ANTONINUS—THE EARLY FATHERS—LEIBNITZ—OERSTED—THE PHYSICAL AND MORAL—MAN EVERYWHERE PREFIGURED IN CREATION.

THE REASONABLENESS AND NECESSITY OF A DIVINE REVELATION—UNIVERSAL BELIEF IN A LOST HAPPINESS AND A FUTURE STATE.

THE BEAUTIFUL IN LIFE CONSTELLATED IN THE LORD JESUS CHRIST—HIS PRECEPTS AND EXAMPLE THE HIGHEST TEST—MAN CREATED IN GOD'S IMAGE—DR SOUTH ON MAN IN PARADISE—OF THE FALL—THE ATONEMENT—LOVE GIVES largeness OF VISION—WISDOM AND KNOWLEDGE—LOVE OF NATURE, HUMAN LOVE, AND LOVE TO GOD—THESE ILLUSTRATED—OF THE EXISTENCE OF EVIL—MAN'S FREE AGENCY—MEANS AND ENDS—WORLDLY WISDOM TINGED WITH SELFISHNESS—LOVE SELF-NEGATION—OUR BEST RIGHTEOUSNESS WORTHLESS—OF PRAYER—OF THE MINISTRY OF SORROW—PRIDE OF INTELLECT A BARRIER TO THE RECEPTION OF THE GOSPEL—THE PROBLEM OF MAN'S RESTORATION SOLVED—GOSPEL SIMPLICITY CORRUPTED—THE PHILOSOPHY OF REDEMPTION—OF CHRIST'S MISSION—EXTRACTS FROM M^cLAURIN, DR. PARR, HAZLITT, AND WHATELY.

STATEMENT OF THE SCHEME OF REDEMPTION IN THE WORDS OF SCRIPTURE.

OF SCRIPTURE LANGUAGE—OF THE SAVIOUR'S GREATNESS—TESTIMONY TO HIS CHARACTER FROM WITHOUT—OF THE CHILDREN OF LIGHT—CHANGE OF HEART.

MINOR GRACES—THE CHRISTIAN GENTLEMAN—OF MANNERS—TRUE COURTESY—HEATHEN MAXIMS—THE CHESTERFIELD SCHOOL—CHIVALRY—BAYARD—LOVE AND TRUTH THE BASIS OF GENUINE

COURTESY—THE BIBLE THE SOURCE OF ALL SUBSEQUENT MORAL TEACHING—RULES OF LIFE—THE PURE AND ENNOBLING IN ART ALSO INDEBTED TO THE SAME DIVINE SOURCE, DIRECT OR REFLEX—THE CHARM OF BEING NATURAL—HAPPINESS—HARMONY—DIVINE LOVE EXPANDS THE HEART—THE END OF ALL LEARNING—TRUE WISDOM—COMPANIONSHIPS—THE CHRISTLIKE.

INWARD AND OUTWARD BEAUTY ALIKE SUBJECT TO LAW—SEEMING PERTURBATIONS ONLY ADJUSTMENTS—ONE VAST SYSTEM OF COMPARATIVE ANATOMY THROUGHOUT THE PHYSICAL AND MORAL UNIVERSE—TWO MODES OF VIEWING NATURE—THE HIGHEST POINT OF VIEW—THE DIVINE SOURCE OF BEAUTY—CHRIST THE REVEALER—CHRISTIANITY THE MOST COMPENDIOUS SYSTEM OF ETHICS—RECAPITULATION—CONCLUSION.

THOSE who have patiently accompanied us thus far, will not, we trust, have failed to observe that Beauty, under its every manifestation, whether in nature or in art, invariably results from the definite operation of positive law.

That the beautiful in life is thus regulated, has been more or less perceived and admitted as self-evident by pagan as well as Christian philosophers.

The existence of God implies the existence of a moral law. The full development of the various intellectual and moral powers or faculties of our nature, preserving to each its relative importance and place, towards the formation of the perfect man, clearly exemplifies what Lord Bacon terms "A more internal harmony."

"That there are laws of mind," says Professor George Wilson, "as sure and immutable as there are laws in the material world, we are well assured. We are assured that there are laws of the conscience, that there are laws of the affections and passions, that there are laws of duty, of virtue, of happiness, which if we know them and obey them, our own soul shall be in itself as noble, as lovely, as magnificent a cosmos, as the starry heavens above our

heads." We believe that such laws, though different in degree, are identical in form, essence, and operation:— that there is no transition, but merely advance—a tracing of law higher and nearer to God himself, the great fountainhead of all law, order, harmony, and perfection. If we look deep enough, every form of law is but a higher or lower manifestation of the pervading order of the universe, whether moral or physical, in reference to spirit or matter; for both are assuredly subject to one Lawgiver and one law. Harmony and reason coincide: wisdom is moral harmony. Here we are furnished with the key to those profound analogies found everywhere in Nature, and to which we have already invited special attention, when treating of nature as furnishing us with language itself for the expression of spirit truth. "The life also," says St. Augustine, "which here we live hath its own enchantment, through a certain proportion of its own, and a correspondence with all things beautiful here below." Even looking upon the darkest side of the picture, "If we hear," says Hare, adopting an image used by Bacon, "little else than a dissonant screeching of multitudinous noises now, which only blend in the distance into a roar like that of the raging sea, it behoves us to hold fast to the assurance that this is the necessary process whereby the instruments are to be tuned for the heavenly concert. Though Chaos may only have been driven out of a part of his empire as yet, that empire is undergoing a perpetual curtailment; and in the end he will be cast out of the intellectual, and moral, and spiritual, as well as out of the material."

On turning up Cruden's Concordance we find *Beauty* given as in Scripture signifying "1st. Comeliness or

handsomeness. 2d. A chief person or city. 3d. Splendour glory, or dignity. 4th. Joy and gladness. And 5th. The excellent order of a government; the prosperity, riches, and peace of a country; together with the holiness, purity, and truth of their religion, which were their ornament and glory."

The wisest among the ancients taught men to regard the great universe, in its totality, as an harmonious unity. Such an idea, however, was formed intuitively and vaguely, rather than inductively. They at the same time asserted and inculcated, with certitude up to the light which was within them, the superlative excellence of moral beauty. With Socrates as with Solomon, "virtue and wisdom are identical; and all vice is either stupidity, disease, or madness."

"All things," says the Emperor Atoninus, "are linked with each other, and bound together with a sacred bond: scarce is there one thing quite foreign to another. They are all arranged together in their proper places, and jointly adorn the same world. There is one orderly, graceful disposition of the whole. There is one God in the whole. There is one substance, one law, and one reason common to all intelligent beings, and one truth; as there must be one sort of perfection to all beings, who are of the same nature, and partake of the same rational power."¹

"Whatever the gods ordain, is full of wise Providence. What we ascribe to fortune, happens not without a presiding nature, nor without a connection and intertexture with the thing ordered by Providence. Thence all things flow. Consider, too, the necessity of these events, and

¹ Meditations, Book vii., 9.

their utility to that whole universe of which you are a part. In every regular structure, that must always be good to a part, which the nature of the whole requires, and which tends to preserve it. Now, the universe is preserved, as by the changes of the Elements, so, by the changes of the complex forms. Let these thoughts suffice; let them be your maxims, laying aside that thirst after multitudes of books, that you may die without repining, meek, and well satisfied, and sincerely grateful to the Gods."¹

"But I have fully comprehended the nature of good as only what is beautiful and honourable; and of evil, that it is always deformed and shameful."²

"Preserve your simplicity of manners, goodness, integrity, gravity, freedom from ostentation, love of justice, piety, good-nature, kind affection, steadfast firmness in your duty. Endeavour earnestly to continue such as philosophy requires you to be. Reverence the gods, support the interests of mankind. Life is short. The sole enjoyment of this terrestrial life is in the purity and holiness of our dispositions, and in kind actions."³

"We are all co-operating to one great work—the intention of the universal mind in the world—some, with knowledge and understanding, others ignorantly and undesignedly. Thus, I fancy, Heraclites says, that 'men asleep are also then labouring,' accomplishing on their part the events of the universe. One contributes to this one way, and another another way. Nay, what is beyond expectation, even the querulous and the murmurers, who attempt to oppose the course of nature, and to obstruct what happens, contribute also to this purpose;

¹ Meditations, Book II., 3. ² Book II., 1. ³ Book VI., 30.

for the world must needs have within it such persons also. Think, then, in what class you would wish to rank yourself. The presiding mind will certainly make a right use of you, one way or other, and will enlist you among his labourers and fellow-workers."¹

"Remember these things always:—what the nature of the universe is; what thine own nature; and how related to the universe: what sort of part thou art, and of what sort of whole; and that no man can hinder thee to act and speak what is agreeable to that whole, of which thou art a part."²

"Whatever is beautiful or honourable, is so from itself, and its excellence rests in itself: its being praised is no part of its excellence. It is neither made better nor worse by being praised. This holds, too, in lower beauties, called so by the vulgar; in material forms and works of art. What is truly beautiful and honourable needs not anything further than its own nature to make it so. Thus, the law, truth, benevolence, a sense of honour—are any of these made good by being praised? Or would they become bad if they were censured? Is an emerald made worse than it was, if it is not praised? Or is gold, ivory, purple, a dagger, a flower, a shrub, made worse on this account?"³

The Fifth Book contains an allusion to conscience. "We should," says he, "live a divine life with the gods. He lives with the gods who displays before them his soul, pleased with all they appoint for him, and doing whatever is recommended by that divinity within, which Jupiter hath taken from himself, and given each one as

¹ Book VI., 42.

² Book II., 9.

³ Bk. IV., 20.

the conductor, and leader of his life. And this is the intellectual principle and reason in each man."

"If the sense of moral evil is gone, what reason could one have for desiring to live?"¹ And in the Tenth Book we find the following passage, perhaps one of the most singularly interesting on record, as giving expression to the earnest aspiration of an upright truth-seeking mind feeling itself unequal to grapple with the great mysteries of being and destiny—a soul longing for a closer walk with God, yet ignorant of the way—conscious of a void which it is unable to bridge—praying for more light where there is only enough to render the darkness visible—yearning after a more perfect, higher, and unseen future; hereby plainly indicating the absolute necessity for a Divine Revelation. "Wilt thou ever," says he, "O my soul! be good, and simple, and one, and naked, more apparent than the body that surrounds thee? Wilt thou ever taste of the loving and affectionate temper? Wilt thou ever be full, and without wants; without longings after anything, without desires after anything either animate or inanimate, for the enjoyment of pleasure? or time for lengthening the enjoyment? or of place, or country, or fine climate? or of the social concord of men? but satisfied with thy present state, and well pleased with every present circumstance? persuade thyself thou hast all things: all is right and well with thee: and comes to thee from the Gods. And all shall be right and well for thee which they please to give, and which they are about to give for the safety of the perfect animal; the good; the just; the fair; the parent of all things; the supporter, the container, the surrounder

¹ Book vii., 24.

of all things; which are [all] dissolving for the birth of such others as themselves. Wilt thou ever be able so to live a fellow-citizen of Gods and men, as, neither, in any respect, to complain of them, nor be disapproved by them?"

The early fathers, adopting the thought and phraseology of Plato, speak of "the music of the soul," such views were common on the revival of learning in mediæval times, and are now confirmed by the clearer scientific light and larger vision of modern days. "Happiness," observes Leibnitz, "consists in a true and harmonious development of the faculties of our nature; and all unhappiness may be regarded as arising from some disease or injury of our faculties, by which their unity is interrupted. By the unity of our powers or faculties, I mean that course of development in which one is unfolded in harmony with *all* the others—(for instance, a physical power in harmony with the moral power of conscience). This rule of unity in variety produces in human, and also in external nature, that harmony and order which we delight to behold. From this fair order, beauty springs, and beauty awakens love. . . . All external pleasures fail, and those who have depended upon them find that they have been deceived, as they now possess no permanent, internal enjoyment. . . . It is not so with the joy which springs from internal harmony and order, an enlightened reason and a love of goodness. This harmony in our nature prepares us to enjoy the general harmony and beauty of the universe. We explore the fountain, trace the course, and see the end of all creation. We rise above earthly cares and fears, and look down, as from a station among the stars, on all mean pleasures.

As we understand the harmony of that great system of nature of which we form parts, we rejoice over all the goodness manifested in the past, cheerfully anticipate the future, and gladly take our part in promoting the universal well-being and harmony."

"Difficulties appear to vanish," says Oersted, "if we admit that the world, and the human mind, were created according to the same laws. If the laws of our reason did not exist in Nature, we should vainly attempt to force them upon her; if the laws of nature did not exist in our reason, we should not be able to comprehend them. . . . A harmony does here exist, for man is a production of Nature, therefore the same laws must rule in both. . . . Our spiritual nature and the world were both created by God, and it will thus appear that both propositions denote the same thing, only in different ways. . . . Every direction by which we reach the truth, only shews it us on one side. If we give precedence to the thinking principle, the image which we form of the external world becomes faint and shadowy, somewhat like a landscape hidden by a cloud; if we begin with the sensible world, our freedom retreats too far back. We must approach truth from more than one side, in order to comprehend it in that totality and completeness which it is possible for us to reach.¹ . . . You must never forget that it is our spiritual nature which renders man the image of God, and that it is science which constantly develops this divine spark within us, partly by showing us our own internal being as in a mirror, partly by keeping before our eyes the impression of the Divinity, which is everywhere manifested around us in nature. Let the convic-

¹"Soul in Nature," pp. 18-19.

tion of our glorious spiritual nature be always presented to you, not only in the study and the lecture-room, but through the whole of life. All that you witness in its events, in the society of your fellow creatures, and in nature, you must refer to the eternal laws of Reason. By this means you will gain in two different ways: on the one hand, you will pursue the most difficult research without weariness, even with pleasure, and you will not esteem that to be insignificant which the feebler eye regards as such, because your vision, rendered clearer by science, will distinguish the dawn of the light of Reason, by which it is illuminated: on the other hand, your conviction that Reason is everywhere manifested, in great as much as in small things, will lead you to trace out the secrets of nature and of the soul, where, without the light of the soul, you would not have expected them to exist; so that what appears to the uninitiated as dead matter, will to you be a living source of knowledge.¹ . . . We can recognize nature through Reason, for Reason again recognises herself in all things. . . . Whatever is sin, in a religious sense, is folly in a true perception of the world. He then who is thoroughly convinced of an eternal reason in existence, will find that happiness is one with virtue and piety. . . . Human life should be guided by reason, not indeed according to that of any single individual, but by eternal reason. It is not merely our lives that must be regulated by it, but all our inner being must yield to this reason, and rise along with it; man must feel that he possesses his true spring of life, when he appropriates to himself eternal reason; otherwise his whole life remains but a broken, irrational,

¹ "Soul in Nature," 241-2.

miserable existence. Everything which appeals to our virtuous and upright feelings, naturally leads us to a divine life, that is, to religion. This manner of thinking is at once strengthened by the conviction which arises from the knowledge of natural science. This teaches us that the material world, which before we considered as acting in opposition to reasonable existence, is most entirely incorporated into it; so that the operations of nature proceed in obedience to a reason which is entirely independent of us, but which, nevertheless, is the same reason which we should endeavour by means of our free will to realize. We thus know that our life, both inwardly and outwardly, continually grows in more perfect accord with the whole of existence, the more it is guided by divine reason." ¹

It may then be considered as proved by philosophy that "all existence is a dominion of Reason," and that "every well-conducted investigation of a limited object, discovers to us a part of the internal laws of the Infinite Whole."

In thus dwelling on the harmony or identity of physical and moral law, we would not be misunderstood as for a moment countenancing what are commonly called materialistic views, which we regard as cold, degrading, unphilosophical absurdities: for "True Science," it has been well said "excludes infidelity as well as superstition."

"O rash and blind the judgment that diverts
To sense the Beauty which in secret moves,
And raises each sound intellect to Heaven!" ²

¹ "Soul in Nature," pp. 120-1.

² Michael Angelo.

Instead of denying spirit, blindly substituting law for lawgiver, and effect for cause, every atom leads us to contemplate laws manifesting intelligence and design. When we trace the operation of these laws, ever ascending the scale of being, they become fewer and more general, till they seem to embrace the whole universe of mind and matter, which we at length in some degree may come to apprehend, both as it exists in the thought of God and in its objective or outward realization.

In creation, from the lowest atom to the highest organism beneath him,

"Prognostics told
Man's near approach; so in man's self arise
August anticipations, symbols, types,
Of a dim splendour ever on before
In that eternal circle run by life."¹

The reason is obvious:—

"For these things tend still upward—progress is
The law of life—man's self is not yet Man!"¹

Christ assumed our human nature, the resurrection body will be fashioned like unto His glorious body, and thus are all things joined to the God-head.

Even the feeble light from Paradise which lingered in heathen minds shaped their intuitions in a similar direction. Thus the Greeks affirmed that the last link of the chain was fastened to Jupiter's chair. Traditions, or imaginings, of a lost Paradise and a future restoration thereunto—"a land where all wishes rest, all hopes are fulfilled and happiness is realized"—abound in all nations. The Hindoos have their legend of the sacred forest of Cridavana, the home of wise and happy men;

¹ "Paracelsus," by Robert Browning.

the Greeks their Elysian fields; the Arabians and Persians "a glorious garden, watered by unfailling springs, filled with delicious fruits and never-fading roses, but surrounded on all sides by a vast wilderness, glimpses of which have been seen by some pilgrims when perishing amid the sand,;" and the American Indian dreams of "the happy hunting-ground far away in the west," "the Islands of the Blest," and "the Land of the Hereafter."

Thus we find that tradition, intuitive belief, and the highest deductions of reason, all coincide in demonstrating, at least the REASONABLENESS of a divine revelation, from its perfect adaptation to the nature of man, not to speak here of its absolute necessity.

In previous sections we have gropingly gathered up the positive laws of beauty, as we were permitted at intervals to see them, proceeding for the most part synthetically. Here, however, the process changes to simple analysis; for we have the perfect or beautiful in life realized, constellated, and clearly presented to our view in Jesus Christ, God manifest in the flesh, the pattern, the ensample, in order that we should follow the steps of Him who said, "I am meek and lowly in heart: He that followeth me walketh not in darkness: Be ye perfect even as your Father in Heaven is perfect."

Life only becomes beautiful as it approaches the Christ-like or God-like. Having both precept and example to guide us, there is no more dubiety. By Christianity, and "by it alone," says Archbishop Whately, "an example is proposed to us, superior, by its living reality, to all ideal models, however perfect, and to all real but human ones, in its superhuman perfection."

"Here," says Doddridge, "we see, not as in the heathen

writers, some detached sentiment, finely heightened with the beauty of expression and pomp of words, like a scattered fragment, with the partial traces of unimpaired elegance and magnificence ; but the elevation of a complete temple, worthy of the Deity to whom it is consecrated: so harmonious a system of unmingled truth, so complete a plan of universal duty, so amiable a representation of true morality in all its parts, without redundancy and without defect, that the more capable we are of judging of real excellence, the more we shall be prepossessed in its favour."

We read in Genesis, "So God created man in his own image, in the image of God created he him." Dr. South, commenting on this passage,¹ admirably observes of human perfection in general, "The image of God in man is that universal rectitude of all the faculties of the soul, by which they stand apt and disposed to their respective offices and operations;" and of Adam in Paradise he writes as follows:—

"And first for its noblest faculty the Understanding: it was then sublime, clear, and aspiring, and, as it were, the soul's upper region, lofty and serene, free from the vapours and disturbances of the inferior affections. It was the leading, controlling faculty; all the passions wore the colours of reason; it did not so much persuade, as command; it was not consul, but dictator. Discourse was then almost as quick as intuition; it was nimble in proposing, firm in determining; it could sooner determine than now it can dispute. Like the sun, it had both light

¹ Sermon on Human Perfection, or Adam in Paradise, which he divides into—I. The Mind, the Understanding, the Will, the Passions; II. The Body.

and agility ; it knew no rest but in motion ; no quiet but in activity. It did not so properly apprehend as irradiate the object ; not so much find, as make things intelligible. It did arbitrate upon the several reports of sense, and all the varieties of imagination ; not like a drowsy judge, only hearing, but also directing their verdict. In sum, it was vege, quick, and lively ; open as the day, untainted as the morning, full of the innocence and sprightliness of youth ; it gave the soul a bright and a full view into all things.

“For the Understanding Speculative, there are some general maxims and notions in the mind of man, which are the rules of discourse, and the basis of all philosophy. Now it was Adam’s happiness in the state of innocence to have these clear and unsullied. He came into the world a philosopher. He could see consequents yet dormant in their principles, and effects yet unborn and in the womb of their causes ; his understanding could almost pierce into future contingents ; his conjectures improving even to prophecy, or the certainties of prediction ; till his fall it was ignorant of nothing but of sin, or at least it rested in the notion without the smart of the experiment. Could any difficulty have been proposed, the resolution would have been as early as the proposal ; it could not have had time to settle into doubt. Like a better Archimedes, the issue of all his inquiries was an *ευρηκα*, an *ευρηκα*, the offspring of his brain without the sweat of his brow. There was then no poring, no struggling with memory, no straining for invention. His faculties were quick and expedite ; they answered without knocking, they were ready upon the first summons, there was freedom and firmness in all

their operations. I confess 'tis as difficult for us who date our ignorance from our first being, and were still bred up with the same infirmities about us with which we were born, to raise our thoughts and imagination to those intellectual perfections that attended our nature in the time of innocence, as it is for a peasant bred up in the obscurities of a cottage to fancy in his mind the unseen splendours of a court. But by rating positives by their privatives, and other arts of reason, by which discourse supplies the want of the reports of sense, we may collect the excellency of the understanding then, by the glorious remainders of it now, and guess at the stateliness of the building by the magnificence of its ruins. And certainly that must needs have been very glorious, the decays of which are so admirable. He that is comely, when old and decrepit, surely was very beautiful when he was young. As Aristotle was but the rubbish of an Adam, and Athens but the rudiments of Paradise.

“The image of God was no less resplendent in that which we call man’s practical understanding: namely, that storehouse of the soul, in which are treasured up the rules of action, and the seeds of morality. Now of this sort are these maxims: ‘That God is to be worshipped;’ ‘That parents are to be honoured;’ ‘That a man’s word is to be kept.’ It was the privilege of Adam innocent to have these notions also firm and untainted, to carry his monitor in his bosom, his law in his heart. His own mind taught him a due dependence upon God, and chalked out to him the just proportions, and measures of behaviour to his fellow-creatures. Reason was his tutor, and first principles his *magna moralia*. The decalogue of Moses was but a transcript, not an original.

All the laws of nations and wise decrees of state, the statutes of Solon, and the twelve tables, were but a paraphrase upon this standing rectitude of nature, this fruitful principle of justice, that was ready to run out and enlarge itself into suitable determinations upon all emergent objects and occasions.

“Justice then was neither blind to discern nor lame to execute. It was not subject to be imposed upon by a deluded fancy, nor yet to be bribed by a glozing appetite, for an *utile* or *jucundum* to turn the balance to a false or dishonest sentence. In all its directions of the inferior faculties, it conveyed its suggestions with clearness and enjoined them with power; it had the passions in perfect subjection; and though its command over them was but suasive and political, yet it had the force of coercion and was despotical. It was not then, as it is now, where the conscience has only power to disapprove and to protest against the exorbitances of the passions, and rather to wish, than to make them otherwise. The voice of conscience now is low and weak, chastising the passions, as old Eli did his lustful domineering sons: ‘Not so, my sons, not so;’ but the voice of conscience then was not, ‘This should, or this ought to be done,’ but ‘this must, this shall be done.’ It spoke like a legislator; the thing spoken was a law; and the manner of speaking it a new obligation.

“The will was then ductile and pliant to all the motions of right reason, it met the dictates of a clarified understanding half way. And the active information of the intellect filling the passive reception of the will, like form closing with matter, grew actuate into a third and distinct perception of practice: the understanding and

will never disagreed, for the proposals of the one never thwarted the inclination of the other. Yet neither did the will servilely attend upon the understanding, but as a favourite does upon his prince, where the service is privilege and preferment; or as Solomon's servants waited upon him, it admired its wisdom and heard his prudent dictates and counsels, both the direction and reward of its obedience. It is indeed the nature of this faculty to follow a superior guide, to be drawn by the intellect; but then it was drawn, as a triumphant chariot, which at the same time both follows and triumphs; while it obeyed this, it commanded the other faculties. It was subordinate, not enslaved to the understanding; not as a servant to a master, but as a queen to her king, who both acknowledges a subjection, and yet retains a majesty."

Love, Dr. South characterizes as "the great instrument and engine of nature, the bond and cement of society, the spring and spirit of the universe." And of Hatred he says, "so great is the commutation, that the soul then hated only that which now only it loves—*i. e.*, sin." . . "Anger then was like the sword of Justice, keen, but innocent and righteous." . . "Joy was then a masculine and a severe thing; the recreation of the judgment, the jubilee of reason." "Sorrow," had it then existed, "would have been silent as thought, as severe as philosophy."

Of Fear he adds: "It fixed upon him who is only to be feared—God; and yet with a filial fear, which, at the same time, both fears and loves. It was awe without amazement, dread without distraction. There was then a beauty even in its very paleness. It was the colour of

devotion, giving lustre to reverence and a gloss to humility. Of the BODY he writes—"Adam was no less glorious in his externals; he had a beautiful body, as well as an immortal soul. The whole compound was like a well-built temple, stately without, and sacred within."

Such, then, being the primal condition of man, the heavenly harmony was unbroken,

"Till disproportioned Sin
Jarred against Nature's chime, and with harsh din
Broke the fair music that all creatures made
To their great Lord, whose love their motion sway'd
In perfect diapason, whilst they stood,
In first obedience, and their state of good."¹

Christ by his Love-death has atoned or led us back, from discordant wanderings, to the grand key-note of the universe; enabling us again joyously and gratefully to

"Renew that song
And keep in tune with heaven, till God ere long
To his celestial concert us unite,
To live with him, and sing in endless morn of light."¹

The loving heart possesses the seeing eye and the hearing ear. It and it alone—*en rapport* as it were, with nature, man, and God—notes the delicate sympathetic vibrations of the universe, as well as its louder "interpendent harmonies of song."

Recognizing this truth, in choosing his audience and subject, Wordsworth says—

"Thus haply shall I teach,
Inspire; through unadulterated ears
Pour rapture, tenderness, and hope—my theme

¹ Milton.

No other than the very heart of man,
As found among the best of those who live,
Not uninformed by books, good books though few,
In Nature's presence."

Love alone gives true and far-reaching vision. Of mere knowledge, Tennyson, inculcating the superiority of reverence and charity (or love), truly writes,

"What is she, cut from love and faith,
But some wild Pallas from the brain

"Of Demons? Fiery-hot to burst
All barriers in her onward race
For power. Let her know her place
She is the second, not the first.

"A higher hand must make her mild,
If all be not in vain; and guide
Her footsteps, moving side by side
With wisdom, like the younger child;

"For she is earthly of the mind,
But wisdom heavenly of the soul."

"O divinest Christian charity!" says Dr. Barrow,¹ "what tongue can worthily describe thy most heavenly beauty, thy incomparable sweetness, thy more than royal clemency and bounty? how nobly dost thou enlarge our mind beyond the narrow sphere of self and private regard into a universal care and complacency, making every man ourself, and all concernments to be ours?" Truly, it "opens in each heart a little heaven."²

Such is the potent influence of love in the perception of beauty: its tendency is, ever itself to become assimilated to the harmony it contemplates—likeness and liking being terms nearly synonymous. Let us glance at love

¹ Sermon xvi., vol. 2.

² Prior.

under some of its manifestations; take, for example, these three stages of its development:—

Intense love of outward Nature, at times fills the pensive heart with yearning tenderness, even affecting it to tears; or with deep unutterable joy, which feels to the core, and silently exults in the exuberance of beauty.

Love's *glamourie*¹ brings the Lover yet more into harmony with the universe. Through the beloved one, he is enabled to love all mankind more, and every object now appears beautiful in his eyes, only as it resembles *her*.

Love to God—the highest love—purifies, exalts, and expands; or rather enlarges heart and soul, even carrying them at times into the region of beatific ecstasy. They who, in sincerity and truth, look

“Up to that sovereign light
From whose pure beams all perfect beauty springs,”²

thereby of necessity themselves become beautiful or godlike;

“These thus in fair each other far excelling
As to the highest they approach more near.”³

“Love,” it has been truly said by Shelley, “is the bond and the sanction which connects man not only with man, but with everything which exists. . . . Hence in solitude, or in that deserted state when we are surrounded by human beings, and yet they sympathize not with us, we love the flowers, the grass, and the waters, and the sky. In the motion of the very leaves of spring, in the blue air, there is then found a secret correspondence

¹ Fascinating influence or power. ² Spenser.

with our heart. There is eloquence in the tongueless wind, and a melody in the flowing brooks and the rustling of the reeds beside them, which by their inconceivable (?) relation to something within the soul, awaken the spirits to a dance of breathless rapture, and bring tears of mysterious tenderness to the eyes, like the enthusiasm of patriotic success, or the voice of one beloved singing to you alone."

Another writer speaks of humanity "touched to higher things, tearful for very goodness, turning an upward eye to the stars, and shivering to its smallest nerve with the power and the sense of beauty." "So soon," resumes Shelley, "as this want or power is dead, man becomes the living sepulchre of himself, and what yet survives is the mere husk of what once he was."

With clearer light, in a yet higher sense, Wordsworth writes,

"By Love subsists
All lasting grandeur—by pervading Love—
That gone, we are as dust."

Nature, a precious jewel, self-luminous in the dark, having emanated from the hand of God, cannot be altogether obscured, even by sin. But when shone upon, and lit up by the light of heaven, it again flashes and irradiates all as with the brightness of its pristine glory: or, to adopt a beautiful illustration from Cheever, "The true philosophy of nature," says he "is a religious philosophy, that is, a philosophy binding us to God. Nature rightly studied, *must* disclose the Creator; but the sights which we see are according to the spirit that we bring to the investigation. Standing within a

cathedral, and looking through its stained and figured windows *towards* the light, we behold the forms and colours *by* the light. Standing outside, and gazing at the same windows, we see nothing but a blurred and indistinct enamelling. Thus the soul, standing within the great Cathedral of God's material world and looking through it upward to the light, beholds the meaning of its forms and colours; but standing without and studying nature in detail, not with reference to the light pouring through it from God, but for itself alone, there is nothing better seen than the mere material enamelling. The meaning of a transparency can be seen only by looking *at* the light, or in the *direction* of the light, which is shining through it; not by looking upon it from without, in an external or reflected light."¹

Again, Campbell writes,

"What soul hath never known
Thought, feeling, taste, harmonious to its own?
Who hath not paused while Beauty's pensive eye
Ask'd from his Heart the homage of a sigh?
Who hath not own'd, with rapture-smitten frame,
The power of Grace, the magic of a Name?"

The wish for deep human sympathy and love—like seeking like—is a principle implanted in the deepest depths of our being, and it consequently exists there, even before it has any idea of a definite object on which to lavish affection. With what extreme delicacy of touch Mary Howitt has expressed this vague longing, in her "Lady of the Palace"—

"She grows tired of counting
Jewell'd belt and ring;
Music, when none listen,
Is a weary thing!"

¹ "Voices of Nature." Part 1., p. 13.

Shakspere makes Valentine exclaim—

“She is mine own
And I as rich in having such a jewel
As twenty seas, if all their sand were pearl,
Their water nectar, and the rocks pure gold.”

He has also said—

“All orators are dumb when Beauty pleadeth.”

How beautiful is his ninety-eighth Sonnet, to whomsoever addressed—

“From you have I been absent in the Spring,
When proud-pied April, dress'd in all his trim,
Hath put a spirit of youth in every thing;
That heavy Saturn laugh'd and leap'd with him.
Yet nor the lays of birds, nor the sweet smell
Of different flowers in odour and in hue,
Could make me any summer's story tell,
Or from their proud lap pluck them where they grew:
Nor did I wonder at the lily's white,
Nor praise the deep vermilion in the rose;
They were but sweet, but figures of delight,
Drawn after you; you pattern of all those.
Yet seem'd it winter still; and, you away,
As with your shadow, I with these did play.”

Still following the same thought in the ninety-ninth, sonnet he adds—

“More flowers I noted; yet I none could see
But sweet or colour it had stolen from thee.”

Shakspere elsewhere shrewdly observes, that “base men being in love have then a nobility in their natures more than is native to them.” While such is its influence even on the ignoble, we find Michael Angelo thus expressing himself in regard to its power in hearts that are good and true—

"Love better what is best
Even here below, but more in heaven above."¹

Shakspeare affords the following explanation of the mystery, which is both philosophical and satisfactory, when the Duke, in "Measure for Measure," says—"Love talks with better knowledge, and knowledge with dearer love."

Of Divine love, Thomas à Kempis has well said—"Love is a great thing, yea, a great and thorough good; by itself it makes everything that is heavy, light; and it bears evenly all that is uneven. . . . Nothing is sweeter than Love, nothing more courageous, nothing higher, nothing wider, nothing more pleasant, nothing fuller nor better in Heaven and earth; because Love is born of God, and cannot rest but in God, above all created things. . . . The noble love of JESUS impels a man to do great things, and stirs him up to be always longing for what is more perfect."²

If beauty be perfect, it is only through God's comeliness.³ This harmony of love is religion; which, says Archdeacon Hare, "presents few difficulties to the humble, many to the proud, and insuperable ones to the vain." Mrs. Browning also writes in one of her exquisite "Sonnets from the Portuguese,"

"There's nothing low
In love, when love the lowest: meanest creatures
Who love God, God accepts while loving so."⁴

¹ Translated by Wordsworth.

² "Imitation of Christ." Parker's ed., pp. 70, 71.

³ Ezk. xxvi. 14.

⁴ Poems, vol. ii., p. 447.

Accepted, and partakers of Divine love through Christ
by the Holy Spirit, we are

"Taught the whole
Of life in a new rhythm."

For, as Aubrey de Vere beautifully puts it—

"The single eye alone can see
All truths around us thrown,
In their eternal unity ;
The humble ear alone
Has room to hold and time to prize
The sweetness of life's harmonies."¹

Of the origin of evil—the existence of which manifestly dims man's perception of these harmonies—we know absolutely nothing ; but that it is permitted for all-wise ends, we are justified in affirming. Antagonisms, dualities, or opposite poles, such as light, darkness, positive, negative, &c., exist everywhere around us. Man's free agency and state of probation implied on the one hand his power to stand, and, on the other, his liability to err. He fell from his first-estate, and sin brought suffering in its train. These attendant sufferings have been well named *trials*. In the first instance, however, they are merited punishments — penalties exacted where law has been violated—effect following cause. As we sow, so shall we reap, and certain results are predicable of a given line of conduct ; but both the means and the end are fore-ordained. Shakspeare says,

"Men, at some time, are masters of their fates ;
The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,
But in ourselves."

¹ "Waldenses, and other Poems," p. 165.

and also—

“There’s a Divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough-hew them how we will.”

He elsewhere observes in the same strain—

“This is the excellent foppery of the world! that, when we are sick in fortune (often the surfeit of our own behaviour), we make guilty of our disasters, the sun, the moon, and the stars: as if we were villains by necessity; fools by heavenly compulsion; knaves, thieves, and treachers, by spherical predominance; drunkards, liars, and adulterers, by an enforced obedience of planetary influence; and all that we are evil in by a divine thrusting on.”

And again—

“Our remedies oft in ourselves do lie,
Which we ascribe to Heaven: the fated sky
Gives us free scope; only doth backward pull
Our slow designs, when we ourselves are dull.”

Strange that this desire to repudiate moral responsibility for *evil* deeds, and, along with it, the doctrine of salvation by grace, should so often be met with in the same individual; works being generally substituted as the ground of hope, where there is least to boast of in that kind. Bailey shrewdly writes—

“The Good
Are never fatalists, the bad alone
Act from necessity they say.”

Coleridge has eloquently said, “If men could learn from history, what lessons it might teach us! But passion and party blind our eyes, and the light which experience gives is a lantern on the stern, which shines only on the waves behind us!”

The most commonly accepted maxims of worldly wisdom are too frequently tinged and vitiated by selfishness; Ben Jonson's words, "the shadow of the world's eclipsed your judgment," finding too many illustrations around us. It lurks even where these are in the right direction: *e.g.*, in the saying "honesty is the best policy," the consequent of virtue is made the end thereof. In short, as might be expected, the majority of such current rules are "after the rudiments of the world, not after Christ,"¹ and are totally inadequate for this life's guidance. True love and self-negation ever go hand in hand,

"For loftiest things
Snow-like are purest."²

Man, made to feel the utter worthlessness of his own best righteousness, through the perfect righteousness and finished work of Christ, approaches with confidence the throne of the Eternal.

In the sudden prospect of Death, or under great afflictions, man instinctively calls on his God. Drawn into closer and habitual communion with the great Creator, no longer by fear, but through a sense of the surpassing riches of redeeming Love, the prayer of faith will ascend like incense before the throne, and the trial be either removed, or grace and strength given to endure it patiently to the end. "For which cause," says Paul, writing to the Corinthians, "we faint not; but though our outward man perish, yet the inward man is renewed day by day. For our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory." On the extent and degree to which prayer

¹ Col. ii. 8.

² "Bailey's Mystic."

may proximately affect the government of God's universe, we cannot speculate; nor can we on the other hand sympathise with those to whom this subject presents insurmountable obstacles. Whatever its influence may be, all is provided for in the depths of infinite wisdom: even seeming perturbations are, we may infer, only adjustments of deeper and more complex movements, and are doubtless essential to the perfect harmony of the whole.

To take the common illustration of a child in a little open boat which is fastened by a line to a large vessel. Should he attempt to draw the ship towards him, he himself is thereby brought closer to it. There is doubtless also a slight change of place in the larger vessel, which, though imperceptibly small, can nevertheless be calculated, but the motion of the little boat is very apparent to all observers. The end for which the effort was made is thus virtually attained, though brought about in a different manner from that which the child dreams. To higher intelligences, many mysteries may be resolved into the simple operation of common laws, pre-determined and fixed from all eternity.

Prayer heard, is prayer answered; nay it stands written, "Your Father knoweth what things ye have need of, before ye ask him." It has been beautifully said, that

"To prayer . . . every gate
Of every palace opens, like a flower
The odorous home of lightness, coolness, warmth."¹

"Prayer," says Jeremy Taylor "is the peace of our spirit, the stillness of our thoughts, the evenness of recol-

¹ Bailey.

lection, the seat of meditation, the rest of our cares, and the calm of our tempest; prayer is the issue of a quiet mind, of untroubled thoughts, it is the daughter of charity, and the sister of meekness; and he that prays to God with an angry, that is, with a troubled and discomposed spirit, is like him that retires into a battle to meditate, and sets up his closet in the out-quarters of an army, and chooses a frontier garrison to be wise in. Anger is a perpetual alienation of the mind from prayer, and therefore is contrary to that attention which presents our prayers in a right line to God. For so have I seen a lark rising from his bed of grass, and soaring upwards, singing as he rises, and hopes to get to heaven, and climb above the clouds; but the poor bird was beaten back with the loud sighings of an eastern wind, and his motion made irregular and inconstant, descending more at every breath of the tempest, than it could recover by the libration and frequent weighing of his wings; till the little creature was forced to sit down and pant, and stay till the storm was over; and then it made a prosperous flight, and did rise and sing as if it had learned music and motion from an angel, as he passed sometimes through the air about his ministries here below: so is the prayer of a good man."¹

James Montgomery writes these beautiful and well-known lines—

"Prayer is the soul's sincere desire,
Utter'd or unexpress'd;
The motion of a hidden fire
That trembles in the breast.

¹ "The Return of Prayers," Sermon v.

"Prayer is the burden of a sigh,
The falling of a tear ;
The upward glancing of an eye,
When none but God is near.

"Prayer is the simplest form of speech
That infant lips can try ;
Prayer the sublimest strains that reach
The Majesty on high.

"Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice,
Returning from his ways ;
While angels in their songs rejoice,
And say, ' Behold he prays !'

"Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air ;
His watchword at the gates of death,
He enters heaven by prayer.

"The saints in prayer appear as one,
In word, and deed, and mind,
When, with the Father and his Son,
Their fellowship they find."

"Let us therefore," says the great apostle of the gentiles, "come boldly unto the throne of grace, that we may obtain mercy, and find grace to help in time of need."¹

The sanctified ministry of sorrow as a purifier toward the attainment of peace, is thus clearly one of the many, or rather of the "all things" that "work together for good to them that love God." Affliction in such a case "is like the black mountain of Bender, in India; the higher you advance, the steeper is the ascent; the darker and more desolate the objects with which you are surrounded; but when you are at the summit, the heaven is above your head, and at your feet the kingdom of Cashmere."

¹ Heb. iv. 16.

Shakspere quaintly says—although in a mistaken metaphor founded on a popular belief—

Sweet are the uses of adversity;
Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head."

"Our thoughts," says an old divine, "like the waters of the sea, when exhaled towards Heaven, will lose all their bitterness and saltness, and sweeten into an amiable humanity, until they descend in gentle showers of love and kindness upon our fellow-men." And Wordsworth—

"You have been wretched: yet
The silver shower, whose reckless burden weighs
Too heavily upon the lily's head,
Oft leaves a saving moisture at the root."

In the language of Inspiration we read—

"Now no chastening for the present seemeth to be joyous, but grievous; nevertheless afterward it yieldeth the peaceable fruit of righteousness unto them which are exercised thereby."¹ (Mark however, that it is only "unto them which are exercised thereby.") "They that sow in tears shall reap in joy." "Beauty for ashes, the oil of joy for mourning, the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness."

In the arctic regions, sailors frequently shape a piece of ice into a lens, polish it with the heat of their hands, and make use of it as a burning glass to kindle their fires.² Thus is good evolved from evil, or rather evil is rendered subservient to good. Once in the history of the world was the ice made to collect and transmit the

¹ Heb. xii, 11.

² See Humboldt, Scoresby, &c.

living fire of heavenly love concentrated into one burning focus:—Death and Hell were vanquished when the Saviour died.

We are involved in suffering by sympathy with those we love, as well as by direct personal affliction: when one member suffers, the whole body, *if sound*, must suffer along with it. Sympathy doubles our joys and halves our sorrows, lessens pain and lightens woe. "It is not," says Sir Thomas Browne, "the tears of our own eyes only, but of our friends also, that do exhaust the current of our sorrows, which, falling into many streams, runs more peaceably, and is contented with a narrower channel."¹ Indeed, but for the sorrows and strange vicissitudes of life, there were no room for the exercise of many of the virtues and graces.

The fallen, unregenerate, and, consequently, the evil heart of unbelief, naturally rejects that which is, in every respect, as totally opposed to its desires, as light to darkness. Pride of intellect—no new form of temptation—then comes suggesting that we are as Gods, and, henceforth, so-called reason being umpire, the secret counsels of the Most High, mysteries, truths, and the ways of God are passed under review, judged of, and without hesitation modified, vitiated, or altogether rejected by "frail man," simply because too great for the comprehension of his limited faculties. Facts even are questioned, when these do not happen to square with some narrow, one-sided, or more frequently no-sided, baseless, flimsy, mirage of a theory. Wonderful is the credulity of those who thus reject truths supported by the weightiest of all evidence. In this state of mind, man mistakes the

¹ "Religio Medici"—Works, vol. ii., p. 96.

arbitrary dictates of a depraved will, for the unbiassed deductions of reason. He tries to persuade himself that Faith is only a remaining form of superstition—a word, a useless nonentity, the self-deception of visionary fanatics—because, forsooth! it points to that which transcends experience. He forgets, the while, that were we able to “search out” the Almighty in all His ways, He must needs be less than ourselves, and, consequently, no longer God. Nor is unbelief by any means confined to the ranks of the infidel. Let every one search his own heart. A mind in such a state is assuredly at “enmity with God,” a harsh discord in the universe; and

“How sour sweet music is,
When time is broke, and no proportion kept!
So is it in the music of men’s lives.”¹

In Eden it was otherwise. Mrs. Browning has finely and truly said in her “Aurora Leigh,”²

“Let who says
‘The soul’s a clean white paper,’ rather say,
A palimpsest, a prophet’s holograph
Defiled, erased and covered by a monk’s—
The Apocalypse, by a Longus! poring on
Which obscene text, we may discern, perhaps,
Some fair, fine trace of what was written once,
Some upstroke of an Alpha and Omega,
Expressing the old Scripture.”

How its purity and integrity can be restored, the manifest enmity to God be overcome, and justice be at the same time reconciled with mercy, is a problem solved only by revealed Religion.

¹ Shakspeare.

² P. 30.

Simple and intelligible in its original form, under depravity, the simple, the pure, and amiable has a tendency soon to become transformed into pollution, perplexity, and deformity; continual innovations corrupting its integrity and tarnishing its beauty: articles, rites, and usages, the inventions of men, being introduced, and distinctions fabricated which are unknown to pure and undefiled religion. So was it under both the Jewish and the Christian Dispensations.

The philosophy or rationale of redemption, as far as we comprehend it, may be shortly stated thus.

Order and harmony necessarily indicate law. Law sanctions penalty; and penalty in like manner implies free agency. Where free agency subjects itself to penalty, justice demands satisfaction:—Where all is forfeited man can in no wise redeem himself—Death being the penalty of sin, he must die:—Here infinite love interposes the scheme of redemption, in accordance with which the sacrificial ransom is offered and accepted. Atonement made, divine justice satisfied, the rebel pardoned, the prodigal restored—“As in Adam all die, so in Christ shall all be made alive. . . . To as many, therefore, as received him, to them gave he power to become the sons of God.”

The Holy Scriptures alone contain an authentic discovery of this the way of salvation; everywhere pointing to Him who hath brought life and immortality to light. “Do we not,” said the late Professor Andrew Symington, “perceive their Divine Author in the comprehensiveness of the sacred books? They embrace *all being*, the Creator and all his creatures,—all chronology, from the first day till time shall be no more,—all history,

from the creation of man to the consummation of all things,—all philosophy, although not a system of philosophy yet containing the elements of all true science, and throwing light on the rise of the arts,—all morals, every duty incumbent on man in every relation he sustains,—all experience, in every variety of circumstances, in every vicissitude of life. Think of what you will, speak and act as you may, you will find direction, counsel, and reproof in the Bible. In every circumstance in which you can be placed, you will find something suitable in this book.”¹

In it stands written, “This is life eternal, to know thee the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom thou hast sent.” With the force and authority of law, its precepts are the infallible rule of life. God having thus revealed His will to man, it is, therefore, clearly the solemn duty of all to become acquainted with it, and conscientiously to endeavour after conformity with its most just requirements. Such conformity—call it rectitude, harmony, or holiness—is the health and beauty of the soul.

In order to attain it, we ought to beware of attaching undue importance to trivial things which are lawfully regarded in various lights by the good, and from which, it may be, even we ourselves may see cause to differ many times in a lifetime. Were Christians in general more occupied in the contemplation of the great truths of the gospel, and of the Lord Jesus Christ the grand central sun of the universe, minor points of difference would disappear in the bright dazzling radiance and surpassing glory of His love.

¹ “The Elements of Divine Truth,” p. 60.

Of Divine love displayed in redemption, we can only speak "with stammering tongue." We shall, therefore, after sundry extracts and introductory remarks, endeavour to "draw the great lines of it" by presenting a short, simple statement, in the very words of revelation; for, says Sir Thomas Browne, "even the most winged thoughts fall at the setting out, and reach not the portal of divinity;" and Jeremy Taylor thus contemplates the depth of God's mercies: "When we converse with a light greater than the sun, and taste a sweetness more delicious than the dew of heaven, and in our thoughts entertain the ravishments and harmony of that atonement, which reconciles God to man, and man to felicity, it will be more easily pardoned, if we should be like persons that admire much, and say but little; and, indeed, we can but confess the glories of the Lord by dazzled eyes, and a stammering tongue, and a heart overcharged with the miracles of this infinity. For so those little drops that run over, though they be not much in themselves, yet they tell that the vessel was full, and could express the greatness of the shower no otherwise but by spilling, and in artificial expressions and runnings over.

"But because I have undertaken to tell the drops of the ocean, and to span the measures of eternity, I must do it by the great lines of revelation and experience, and tell concerning God's mercy as we do concerning God himself, that he is that great fountain of which we all drink, and the great rock of which we all eat, and on which we all dwell, and under whose shadow we all are refreshed. God's mercy is all this; and we can only draw the great lines of it, and reckon the constellations of our hemisphere, instead of telling the number of the

stars ; we only can reckon what we feel and what we live by ; and though there be, in every one of these lines of life, enough to engage us for ever to do God service, and to give him praises, yet it is certain there are very many mercies of God on us, and toward us, and concerning us, which we neither feel, nor see, nor understand as yet ; but yet we are blessed by them, and are preserved and secure, and we shall then know them, when we come to give God thanks in the festivities of an eternal Sabbath."

We read that "All Scripture is given by inspiration of God, and is profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness ; that the man of God may be perfect, thoroughly furnished unto all good works."¹ "Great is the mystery of godliness." Christ is "the heart of the mystery," and to Him the sacred Scriptures, all history, nature, and providence point, as the grand centre of the universe. We read in Maclaurin,² "He spared not his only Son but gave him to the death of the cross for us all. God's love to his people is from everlasting to everlasting ; but from everlasting to everlasting there is no manifestation of it known, or conceivable by us, that can be compared to this. The light of the sun is always the same, but it shines brightest to us at noon. The cross of Christ was the noontide of everlasting love—the meridian splendour of eternal mercy. There were many bright manifestations of the same love before ; but they were like the light of the morning, that shines more and more unto the perfect

¹ 2 Tim. iii. 16, 17.

² "Glorying in the Cross of Christ"—one of the finest sermons ever written.

day ; and that perfect day was when Christ was on the cross, when darkness covered all the land. . . The cross of Christ is an object of such incomparable brightness, that it spread a glory round it to all nations of the earth, all the corners of the universe, all the generations of time, and all the ages of eternity. The greatest actions or events that ever happened on earth, filled, with their splendour and influence, but a moment of time, and a point of space. The splendour of this great object fills immensity and eternity, . . . It communicates a glory to all other objects, according as they have any relation to it ; it adorns the universe ; it gives a lustre to nature, and to providence. . . It is the glory of the world, that he who formed it dwelt on it ; of the air, that he breathed in it ; of the sun, that it shone on him ; of the ground, that it bore him ; of the sea, that he walked on it ; of the elements, that they nourished him ; of the waters, that they refreshed him ; of us men, that he lived and died among us, yea that he lived and died for us ; that he assumed our flesh and blood, and carried it to the highest heavens, where it shines as the eternal ornament and wonder of the creation of God. It gives also a lustre to providence. It is the chief event that adorns the records of time, and enlivens the history of the universe. It is the glory of the various great lines of providence, that they point at this as their centre ; that they prepared the way for its coming ; that after its coming they are subservient to the ends of it, though in a way indeed to us at present mysterious and unsearchable. Thus we know that they either fulfil the promises of the crucified Jesus, or his threatenings ; and show either the happiness of receiving him, or the misery of rejecting him.”

“Would we learn then,” says Dr. Parr, “from Christ Himself in what the will of our Maker consists, let us contemplate it in the whole tenor of his instructive and wonderful life. Did he fulfil that will by pompous and formal displays of superior wisdom, by austere and arrogant pretensions to superior righteousness, by solicitude for ritual observances, by dogmatism upon abstruse speculation, by a supercilious contempt of ignorance, or a ferocious intolerance of error? No. But the will of God, such, at least, as was that which he exemplified, is to be found in lessons of virtue, attractive from their simplicity, impressive from their earnestness, and authoritative from the miraculous evidence which accompanied them; in habits of humility without meanness, and of meekness without pusillanimity; in unwearied endeavours to console the afflicted, to soften the prejudiced, and to encourage the sincere; in unshaken firmness to strip the mask from pharisaical hypocrites, and to quell the insolence of dictatorial and deceitful guides: in kindness to his followers, in forgiveness to his persecutors, in works of the most unfeigned and unbounded charity to man, and in a spirit of the purest and most sublime piety to his Father and his God.”

Surely, no apology is requisite for the number or length of our extracts, if appreciated as they deserve to be. We would fain have the reader share the delight with which we frequently con such passages as are to be met with throughout this section, even though they be familiar “as household words.” Carefully selected from a wide field, and placed in the line of the argument, we feel that they are of more value than anything of a similar nature we ourselves could hope to write, and that they leave nothing to be desired.

“There is something,” says Hazlitt,¹ “in the character of Christ too, (leaving religious faith quite out of the question), of more sweetness and majesty and more likely to work a change in the mind of man, by the contemplation of its idea alone, than any to be found in history, whether actual or feigned. This character is that of a sublime humanity, such as was never seen on earth before, nor since. This shone manifestly both in his words and actions. We see it in his washing the Disciples’ feet, the night before his death, that unspeakable instance of humility and love, above all art, all meanness, and all pride; and in the leave he took of them on that occasion, ‘My peace I give unto you, that peace which the world cannot give, give I unto you;’ and in his last commandment, that they should ‘love one another.’ Who can read the account of his behaviour on the cross, when, turning to his mother, he said, ‘Woman, behold thy son,’ and to the disciple John, ‘Behold thy mother,’ and from that hour that disciple took her to his own home,’ without having his heart smote within him! We see it in his treatment of the woman taken in adultery, and in his excuse for the woman who poured precious ointment on his garment as an offering of devotion and love, which is here all in all. His religion was the religion of the heart. We see it in his discourse with the disciples as they walked together towards Emmaus, when their hearts burned within them; in his sermon from the Mount, in his parable of the good Samaritan, and in that of the Prodigal son—in every act and word of his life, a grace, a mildness, a

¹ Speaking of the influence of Christianity and Protestantism on the literature of the Elizabethan age.

dignity and love, a patience and wisdom worthy of the Son of God. His whole life and being were imbued, steeped, in this word, *charity*: it was the spring, the well-head, from which every thought and feeling gushed into act; and it was this that breathed a mild glory from his face in that last agony upon the cross, 'when the meek Saviour bowed his head and died,' praying for his enemies. He was the first true teacher of morality; for he alone conceived the idea of a pure humanity. He redeemed man from the worship of that idol, self; and instructed him by precept and example to love his neighbour as himself, to forgive enemies, to do good to those that curse us and despitefully use us. He taught the love of good for the sake of good, without regard to personal or sinister views, and made the affections of the heart the sole seat of morality, instead of the pride of the understanding or the sternness of the will. In answering the question, 'Who is our neighbour?' as one who stands in need of our assistance, and whose wounds we can bind up, he has done more to humanize the thoughts, and tame the unruly passions, than all who have tried to reform and benefit mankind. The very idea of abstract benevolence, of the desire to do good because another wants our services, and of regarding the human race as one family, the offspring of one common parent, is hardly to be found in any other code or system. It was to 'the Jews a stumbling-block, and to the Greeks foolishness.' The Greeks and Romans never thought of considering others, but as they were Greeks or Romans, as they were bound to them by certain positive ties, or, on the other hand, as separated from them by fiercer antipathies. Their virtues were the virtues of political

machines, their vices were the vices of demons, ready to inflict or to endure pain with obdurate and remorseless inflexibility of purpose. But in the Christian religion, 'we perceive a softness coming over the heart of a nation, and the iron scales that fence and harden it melt and drop off.' It becomes malleable, capable of pity, of forgiveness, of relaxing in its claims, and remitting its power. We strike it, and it does not hurt us; it is not steel or marble, but flesh and blood, clay tempered with tears, and 'soft as sinews of the new-born babe.' The gospel was first preached to the poor, for it consulted their wants and interests, not its own pride and arrogance. It first promulgated the equality of mankind in the community of duties and benefits. It denounced the iniquities of the chief-priests and Pharisees, and declared itself at variance with principalities and powers, for it sympathizes not with the oppressor, but the oppressed. It first abolished slavery, for it did not consider the power of the will to inflict injury, as clothing it with a right to do so. Its law is good, not power. It at the same time tended to wean the mind from the grossness of sense, and a particle of its divine flame was lent to brighten and purify the lamp of love!"

"Whatever," says Archbishop Whately, "may be our station in life, or peculiar circumstances, we shall still find that Jesus Christ has 'left us an ensample that we should follow his steps;' because the principle of devoted obedience to God, love towards man, and abjuration of all selfish objects, is one which is called for, and must be put in practice in every situation. . . . If the student's own heart be not in fault, his character will not fail to receive some tincture from the character he is

contemplating. Every Christian, who deserves the name, makes it his attentive study ; and those who have learned the most of it, are ever the most desirous, and the most capable of learning yet more. Many valuable writers have treated of the subject ; but the gospels themselves (as those very writers would be the first to admit) will teach more of the imitation of Jesus than all other books together. Each man may do more for himself in this study than the ablest theologian can do for him. He will find in every page such active yet unpretending benevolence—such exalted generosity and self-devotedness—such forbearing kindness and lowliness, combined with dignity—such earnest and steady, yet calm and considerate zeal—such quiet and unostentatious fortitude—such inflexible yet gentle resolution—that he must acknowledge with the Jewish officers, ‘never man spake like this man ;’ ‘never did man,’ he will add, ‘act like this man.’ ‘Truly,’ as the centurion remarked, ‘this was a righteous man ; truly this was the Son of God.’ It was Immanuel, ‘God with us.’”

As purposed, we shall now endeavour to present a statement in Scripture language, selecting a few of those passages which more immediately bear on the great mission of our Lord ; exhibiting his life, precepts and example, for the imitation of His followers, that they, by the loving contemplation thereof, may be led to a proximate realization of the beautiful or perfect in life.

BIBLE STATEMENT.

Of the Creator it is written, “God is Love. . . .
Ascribe ye greatness unto our God. He is the Rock,
His work is perfect ; for all his ways are judgment ; a

God of truth and without iniquity, just and right is He. The Lord, The Lord God merciful and gracious, long-suffering and abundant in goodness and truth, keeping mercy for thousands, forgiving iniquity, and transgression. and sin, and that will by no means clear the guilty."

Of man it is written, "So God created man in His own image, in the image of God created he him; . . . in righteousness and true holiness. God hath made man upright, . . . a little lower than the angels, and crowned him with glory and honour."

Of law, conformity to which was the condition of man's first estate, it is written, "The law is holy, and the commandment holy, just, and good. The law of the Lord is perfect. . . . The statutes of the Lord are right, rejoicing the heart: the commandment of the Lord is pure, enlightning the eyes. The judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether. More to be desired are they than gold, yea much fine gold: sweeter also than honey and the honey comb. He hath shewed thee, O man, what is good; and what doth the Lord require of thee but to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God. Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy strength, and with all thy mind, and thy neighbour as thyself."

Of man's fall, and the Love of God displayed in his restoration through Christ, it is written, "Thou hast been in Eden, the garden of God; . . . thou wast perfect in thy ways from the day that thou wast created till iniquity was found in thee. Yet I had planted thee a noble vine, wholly a right seed: how then art thou turned into the degenerate plant of a strange vine unto

me. O Israel, thou hast destroyed thyself, but in me is thine help. By one man sin entered into the world, and death by sin; and so death passed upon all men, for that all have sinned. Now we know that what things soever the law saith, it saith to them who are under the law; that every mouth may be stopped, and all the world may become guilty before God. They are all gone out of the way, they are together become unprofitable; there is none that doeth good, no, not one. For all have sinned and come short of the glory of God. But God commended his love toward us in that while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us. What the law could not do, in that it was weak through the flesh, God sending his own Son in the likeness of sinful flesh, and for sin condemned sin in the flesh: That the righteousness of the law might be fulfilled in us who walk not after the flesh but after the spirit. For to be carnally minded is death, but to be spiritually minded is life and peace. There is therefore now no condemnation to them which are in Christ Jesus. He is gracious unto him and saith, deliver him from going down to the pit: I have found a ransom. And he saw that there was no man, and wondered that there was no intercessor: therefore his own arm brought salvation unto him; and his righteousness it sustained him. Who hath declared this from ancient time? who hath told it from that time? have not I the Lord? and there is no God else beside me; a just God and a Saviour; there is none beside me. Look unto me and be ye saved, all the ends of the earth, for I am God, and there is none else. . . .

In him dwelleth all the fullness of the Godhead bodily. I and the Father are one. . . . Great is the mystery

of Godliness: God was manifest in the flesh, justified in the spirit, seen of angels, preached unto the Gentiles, believed on in the world, received up into glory.

“Behold the Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world. This is the work of God that ye believe on him whom he hath sent.

“No man can come to me except the Father which hath sent me draw him.”

Of the Holy Spirit's influence it is written, “And I will pour upon the house of David, and upon the inhabitants of Jerusalem, the spirit of grace and of supplications: and they shall look upon me whom they have pierced, and they shall mourn. Then will I sprinkle clean water upon you, and ye shall be clean: from all your filthiness, and from all your idols, will I cleanse you. A new heart also will I give you, and a new spirit will I put within you: and I will take away the stony heart out of your flesh, and I will give you an heart of flesh. And I will put my spirit within you, and cause you to walk in my statutes, and ye shall keep my judgments and do them. Ye shall be my people and I will be your God.” In the vision of the valley of dry bones, we read, “thus saith the Lord God; Come from the four winds, O breath, and breathe upon these slain that they may live. . . . And the breath came into them and they lived, and stood up upon their feet, an exceeding great army . . . These bones are the whole house of Israel . . . I shall put my spirit in you, and ye shall live.

“Nevertheless I tell you the truth. It is expedient for you that I go away: for if I go not away, the Comforter will not come unto you; but if I depart I will send him unto you. And when he is come he will re-

prove the world of sin, and of righteousness, and of judgment: Of sin, because they believe not on me; of righteousness, because I go to my Father, and ye see me no more; of judgment, because the prince of this world is judged. I have yet many things to say unto you, but ye cannot bear them now. Howbeit, when He, the Spirit of truth, is come, he will guide you into all truth: for he shall not speak of himself; but whatsoever he shall hear, that shall he speak: and he will show you things to come. He shall glorify me; for he shall receive of mine, and shall show it unto you. All things that the Father hath are mine: therefore said I, that he shall take of mine and shall show it unto you.

“I say unto you, Ask and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you. For every one that asketh receiveth; and he that seeketh findeth; and to him that knocketh it shall be opened. If a son shall ask bread of any of you that is a father, will he give him a stone? Or if he shall ask a fish will he give him a serpent? Or if he shall ask an egg, will he offer him a scorpion? If ye then, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children: how much more shall your heavenly Father give the Holy Spirit to them that ask him?

“Thy people shall be willing in the day of thy power, in the beauties of holiness from the womb of the morning; thou hast the dew of thy youth.

“Behold, what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us, that we should be called the sons of God: therefore the world knoweth us not, because it knew him not. Beloved, now are we the sons of God, and it doth not yet appear what we shall be: but we

know that, when he shall appear, we shall be like him ; for we shall see him as he is. And every man that hath this hope in him purifieth himself, even as he is pure. . . My little children, let us not love in word, neither in tongue ; but in deed and in truth. . . And whatsoever we ask, we receive of him, because we keep his commandments, and do those things that are pleasing in his sight. And this is his commandment, that we should believe on the name of his Son Jesus Christ, and love one another, as he gave us commandment. And he that keepeth his commandments dwelleth in him, and he in him. And hereby we know that he abideth in us, by the Spirit which he hath given."

Of the character and precepts of the Saviour it is written : "Christ also suffered for us, leaving us an example, that we should follow his steps: Who did no sin, neither was guile found in his mouth ; who when he was reviled, reviled not again ; when he suffered he threatened not ; but committed himself to him that judgeth righteously : who his own self bore our sins in his body on the tree, that we being dead to sin, should live unto righteousness ; by whose stripes ye are healed. For ye were as sheep going astray, but are now returned unto the Shepherd and Bishop of your souls. Let this mind be in you, which was also in Christ Jesus. Jesus saith unto them, My meat is to do the will of him that sent me, and to finish his work. I seek not mine own will, but the will of the Father which hath sent me. For even Christ pleased not himself. I must work the works of him that sent me, while it is day : the night cometh when no man can work. He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life ; and he that believeth not

the Son shall not see life ; but the wrath of God abideth on him. As long as I am in the world I am the light of the world. If ye keep my commandments, ye shall abide in my love ; even as I have kept my Father's commandments, and abide in his love. And he went a little further, and fell on his face, and prayed, saying, O my Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me : nevertheless, not as I will, but as thou wilt. . . And it came to pass in those days, that he went out into a mountain to pray, and continued all night in prayer to God.

“The Spirit of the Lord is upon me, because he hath anointed me to preach the gospel to the poor ; he hath sent me to heal the broken-hearted, to preach deliverance to the captives, and recovering of sight to the blind, to set at liberty them that are bruised, to preach the acceptable year of the Lord. . . And all bare him witness, and wondered at the gracious words which proceeded out of his mouth. . . And great multitudes followed him, and he healed them all ; and charged them that they should not make him known ; that it might be fulfilled which was spoken by Esaias the prophet, saying, Behold my servant whom I have chosen ; my beloved, in whom my soul is well pleased ; I will put my Spirit upon him, and he shall show judgment to the Gentiles. He shall not strive, nor cry ; neither shall any man hear his voice in the streets. A bruised reed shall he not break, and smoking flax shall he not quench, till he send forth judgment unto victory. And in his name shall the Gentiles trust. . . The Son of Man is come to seek and to save that which was lost. Come unto me all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give

you rest. Take my yoke upon you and learn of me ; for I am meek and lowly in heart ; and ye shall find rest unto your souls. For my yoke is easy, and my burden is light. The Son of Man came not to be ministered unto, but to minister, and to give his life a ransom for many.

“And when he was come near, he beheld the city (Jerusalem) and wept over it, saying, If thou hadst known, even thou, at least in this thy day, the things which belong unto thy peace ; but now they are hid from thine eyes. . . And ye will not come to me that ye might have life.

“And he said to them all, If any man will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross daily and follow me. . . Jesus answered and said unto him, Verily, verily, I say unto thee, except a man be born again he cannot see the kingdom of God. . . verily, verily, I say unto thee, except a man be born of water and of the Spirit he cannot enter into the kingdom of God.

“And when His disciples James and John saw this, they said, Lord, wilt thou that we command fire to come down from heaven, and consume them, even as Elias did? But he turned and rebuked them, and said, Ye know not what manner of Spirit ye are of. For the Son of Man is not come to destroy men’s lives, but to save them.

“And when they were come to the place which is called Calvary, there they crucified him, and the malefactors, one on the right hand and the other on the left. Then said Jesus, Father forgive them ; for they know not what they do.

"Think not that I am come to destroy the law or the prophets: I am not come to destroy but to fulfil. For verily I say unto you, till heaven and earth pass, one jot or one tittle shall in no wise pass from the law, till all be fulfilled.

"Ye have heard that it hath been said, Thou shalt love thy neighbour, and hate thine enemy. But I say unto you, Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use you, and persecute you; that ye may be the children of your Father which is in heaven: for he maketh his sun to rise on the evil and on the good, and sendeth rain on the just and on the unjust. For if ye love them which love you, what reward have ye? do not even the publicans the same? And if ye salute your brethren only, what do ye more than others? do not even the publicans so? Be ye therefore perfect, even as your Father which is in heaven is perfect.

"All things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them: for this is the law and the prophets. This is my commandment, that ye love one another, as I have loved you. . . Let all bitterness, and wrath, and anger, and clamour, and evil speaking, be put away from you, with all malice: and be ye kind one to another, tenderhearted, forgiving one another, even as God for Christ's sake hath forgiven you, that ye may be the children of God without rebuke, in the midst of a wicked and perverse generation. Be ye henceforth followers of God as dear children. And walk in love, as Christ also hath loved us, and hath given himself an offering and a sacrifice to God for a sweet smelling savour. . . Walk as children of light. . . As

he which hath called you is holy, so be ye holy in all manner of conversation; because it is written, Be ye holy; for I am holy. For even hereunto were ye called: because Christ also suffered for us, leaving us an example, that ye should follow his steps: who did no sin, neither was guile found in his mouth: who, when he was reviled, reviled not again: when he suffered he threatened not; but committed himself to Him that judgeth righteously. Finally, brethren, whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report; if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things. The statutes of the Lord are right, rejoicing the heart: . . . moreover by them is thy servant warned: and in keeping of them there is great reward. He giveth grace unto the lowly. The wise shall inherit glory!"

Such are a few statements in the language of Inspiration, which cannot err, setting forth the riches of redeeming love—the way of salvation through the Lord Jesus Christ—His blessed example and His holy precepts.

In His person then—in his character, in his works, and in their glorious results is Jesus Christ the desire of all flesh. It hath pleased the Father that in him all fulness should dwell, so that he can fill up that deep and deadly vacancy which is left in us by the desolating power of sin: making us, habitually, to feel that this world is the Temple of the living God: and by the effectual operation of His Spirit in them who believe, exalting and purifying them into an identity with his person and work: constraining them thus to judge that

if one died for all, then were all dead, that they who live should not henceforth live unto themselves, but unto Him who loved them, and gave himself for them, so that they bear about habitually in their body the dying of the Lord Jesus Christ, that the life also of Jesus might be made manifest in their mortal body: becoming all things to all men, so that they might gain some, and advance them unto perfection: rejoicing in sufferings: filling up that which is behind of the afflictions of Christ in the flesh for his body's sake, which is the church: walking worthy of the vocation wherewith we are called, in lowliness of mind, meekness, longsuffering, patience, forgiving them who trespass against us, even as God for Christ's sake hath forgiven us. This is the law of the Spirit of life in Christ Jesus—the central fact in the civilization of the world; the entrance of which gave light, and life, and liberty to those who were living in malice and envy, hateful and hating one another; and the time is approaching when the Messiah's kingdom shall be universal; when because of meekness and truth and righteousness he shall go forth conquering and to conquer, till all nations and kindreds and peoples acknowledge his authority. And then from the earth as from an altar in the temple of the universe, the sacrifices of righteousness shall arise to the universal Father of all.¹

Of the Saviour's own words, Pascal has beautifully said,² "Jesus Christ speaks of the sublimest subjects in a manner as simple as if he had never considered them; but, nevertheless, His expressions are so exact, as to

¹ This last paragraph was written at our request by Mr. William Bowie, an old and valued friend.

² "Thoughts"—Parker's ed., p. 69.

show that he had thoroughly weighed them. Such accuracy with such simplicity is admirable."

Of the Saviour's greatness and glory, obscured for the time by the veil of his humiliation, Maclaurin has eloquently said :

"A king whom the world admires, is one of extensive power, with numerous armies, a golden crown and sceptre, a throne of state, magnificent palaces, sumptuous feasts, many attendants of high rank, immense treasures to enrich them with, and various posts of honour to prefer them to.

"Here was the reverse of all this. For a crown of gold, a crown of thorns ; for a sceptre, a reed put in his hand in derision ; for a throne, a cross ;—instead of palaces, not a place to lay his head ; instead of sumptuous feasts to others, oftentimes hungry and thirsty himself ; instead of great attendants, a company of poor fishermen ; instead of treasures to give them, not money enough to pay tribute without working a miracle ; and the preferment offered them, was to give each of them his cross to bear. In all things the reverse of worldly greatness, from first to last : a manger for a cradle at his birth, not a place to lay his head sometimes in his life, nor a grave of his own at his death.

"Here unbelief frets and murmurs, and asks, Where is all the glory, that is so much extolled ? For discovering this, faith needs only look through that thin veil of flesh ; and under that low disguise appears the Lord of Glory, the King of kings, the Lord of Hosts, strong and mighty, the Lord mighty in battle ; the heavens his throne ; the earth his footstool ; the light his garments, the clouds his chariots ; the thunder his voice ; his strength

omnipotence; his riches all-sufficiency; his glory infinite, his retinue the hosts of heaven, and the excellent ones of the earth, on whom he bestows riches unsearchable, an inheritance incorruptible, banquets of everlasting joy, and preferments of immortal honour; making them kings and priests unto God; conquerors, yea, and more than conquerors; children of God, and mystically one with himself . . . Thus Christ's outward meanness, that disguised his real greatness, was in itself glorious, because of the design of it. Yet that meanness did not wholly becloud it; many beams of glory shone through it.

“His birth was mean on earth below; but it was celebrated with hallelujahs by the heavenly host in the air above. He had a poor lodging; but a star lighted visitants to it from distant countries. Never prince had such visitants, so conducted. He had not the magnificent equipage that other kings have; but he was attended with multitudes of patients, seeking and obtaining healing of soul and body. That was more true greatness than if he had been attended with crowds of princes. He made the dumb that attended him sing his praises, and the lame to leap for joy; the deaf to hear his wonders, and the blind to see his glory. He had no guard of soldiers, nor magnificent retinue of servants; but, as the centurion, that had both, acknowledged, health and sickness, life and death, took orders from him. Even the winds and storms, which no earthly power can control, obeyed him; and death and the grave durst not refuse to deliver up their prey when he demanded it. He did not walk upon tapestry; but when he walked on the sea, the waters supported him. All parts of the

creation, excepting sinful men, honoured him as their Creator. He kept no treasure, but when he had occasion for money, the sea sent it to him in the mouth of a fish. He had no barns nor cornfields; but when he inclined to make a feast, a few small loaves covered a sufficient table for many thousands. None of all the monarchs of the world ever gave such entertainment. By these, and many such things, the Redeemer's glory shone through his meanness, in the several parts of his life. Nor was it wholly clouded at his death. He had not, indeed, that fantastic equipage of sorrow that other great persons have on such occasions. But the frame of nature solemnized the death of its Author: heaven and earth were mourners; the sun was clad in black; and if the inhabitants of the earth were unmoved, the earth itself trembled under the awful load. There were few to pay the Jewish compliment of rending their garments; but the rocks were not so insensible—they rent their bowels. He had not a grave of his own, but other men's graves open to him. Death and the grave might be proud of such a tenant in their territories: but he came not there as a subject, but as an invader—a conqueror. It was then that death, the king of terrors, lost his sting, and on the third day the Prince of Life triumphed over him, spoiling death and the grave. But this last particular belongs to Christ's exaltation; the other instances show a part of the glory of his humiliation, but it is a small part of it."¹

His holy life a perfect and unique embodiment of the beautiful, compels the unqualified admiration of the millions who study it; even in cases where his Divinity

¹ "Glorying in the Cross of Christ."

is blindly and unaccountably denied. We here allude to the high eulogiums of such writers as Channing, Judd,¹ Emerson, and Parker ; to say nothing of Rosseau, and others of that class.

In the character and precepts of Christ alone, we behold power and wisdom subordinated to perfect love.

He is the light of the world, and his followers are commanded to walk as children of light. In an admir-

¹ "I have not told you half. I have only spoken of what he *did*. How can I describe the greatest, most excelling part of him, what he *was* ! It is a small thing to say that he was affable, generous, honourable, brave, warm hearted, truthful, discreet, wise, talented, disinterested, self-denying, patient, exemplary, temperate, consistent, charitable, industrious, frugal, hospitable, compassionate, and such like. He was meek and lowly in heart, and that with more incentives to arrogance and pride than ever fell to the lot of one individual ; he was forbearing when a precept of his religion demanded an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth ; his affection was universal, while the sentiment and practice of his people condemned intercourse with other nations ; he was self-relying in a community ruled by tradition and resting on prescription ; he was pacific where war was sanctioned and encouraged ; he was free in a world of bondage, he was spiritual in a world of forms, he was great in a world of littleness, he was a God in a world of men. His intrinsic nobility rose above meanness and subterfuge ; and if he ever withheld all he thought, it was because he would not cast his pearls before swine. He was frank without bluntness, courteous without guile, familiar without vulgarity, liberal without licentiousness. He combined tenderness of feeling with vigour of principle, harmlessness with wisdom, simplicity with greatness, faith with works. He fellowshipped man without countenancing sin, he mingled in all classes of society without losing his singleness of character. In him were harmonized the opposite extremes of trust and independence, forethought and impulse, plain common sense, and the highest spirituality, theory and practice, intuition and reflection, cheerfulness and piety, toil and refinement, candour and enthusiasm ; he was Lord of lords and King of kings, and the companion of peasants and confidant of the obscure. He was eloquent and persuasive, yet

able sermon on this subject, Archdeacon Hare has said, "The children of light will walk as having the light of knowledge, stedfastly, firmly, right onward to the end that is set before them. . . They know whither they are going—to heaven. They know how they are to get there—by Him who has declared Himself to be the Way; by keeping His words, by walking in His paths, by trusting in His atonement. . . The children of light are upright, and honest, and straightforward, and open, and frank in all their dealings. . .

his voice was not heard in the streets; he had no boisterous tones, no demagogical manner; he discoursed of the highest truths, yet his language was so simple, the people were astonished at the gracious words that proceeded out of his mouth. God-possessed as he was, all-engrossing as was the object he had in view, and pre-occupied as we must suppose his attention to have been, he was ever alive and fresh to the beauty and suggestiveness of nature, and the falling rain, a flying sparrow, the bursting wheat, the luxuriant mustard, the blooming vine, the evening twilight, the clouds of heaven, wells of water in the deserts of the East, oxen and sheep, a hen brooding over her chickens, all things about him left their impression on his heart, and became the illustrators of his doctrine. Considering the fervid Oriental imagination, the perspicuous chasteness and emphatic directness of his style, adapted to all climates and peoples, is not a little remarkable. Made in all things like his brethren, he was still one whom the offer of empire did not flatter, or a houseless night dishearten. His miraculous power he used unostentatiously and sparingly; and with no other intent than the good of man and the glory of God. You have asked if he was not beautiful—he was superlatively so. In the translation it reads the Good Shepherd; but here and elsewhere in the original gospels, a term is employed by which the Greeks denoted the highest description of beauty; and if the public mind were not debased, we should understand what is meant when it is said, he is the Beautiful Shepherd. Yet it is not mere beauty of colour or features, but something from within that expresses itself in the face. . . The hidden source of his beauty was love."—*Margaret*: a Tale of the Real and Ideal," &c., by the Rev. Sylvester Judd, pp. 254-5. Boston: Jordan and Wiley, 1845.

“The children of light are also meek and lowly. Even the sun, although he stands up on high, and drives his chariot across the heavens, rather averts observation from himself than attracts it. His joy is to glorify his Maker, to display the beauty, and magnificence, and harmony, and order, of all the works of God. So far, however, as it is possible for him, he withdraws himself from the eyes of mankind; not, indeed, in darkness, wherein the wicked hide their shame, but in the excess of light, wherein God himself veils his glory. And if we look at the other children of light, that host of white-robed pilgrims that travel across the vault of the mighty sky, the imagination is unable to conceive anything quieter, and calmer, and more unassuming. They are exquisite and perfect emblems of meek loveliness and humility in high station. It is only the spurious lights of the fires, whereby the earth would mimic the lights of heaven, that glare and flare and challenge attention for themselves; while, instead of illumining the darkness beyond their immediate neighbourhood, they merely make it thicker and more palpable; as these lights alone vomit smoke, as these alone ravage and consume.

“Again; the children of light are diligent and orderly, and unweariable in the fulfilment of their duties; . . . careful to follow their Master’s example, and *to work His works while it is day.*

“The children of light are likewise pure. For light is not only the purest of all sensuous things, so pure that nothing can defile it, but whatever else is defiled, is brought to the light, and the light purifies it. . . . They know that it is only by striving to purify their own hearts, even as God is pure, that they can at all fit them-

selves for the beatific vision which Christ has promised to the pure of heart.

“Cheerfulness, too, is a never-failing characteristic of those who are truly children of light. For, is not light at once the most joyous of all things, and the enlivener and gladdener of all nature, animate and inanimate, the dispeller of sickly cares, the calmer of restless disquietudes? . . . Even that sorrow, which with all others is the most utterly without hope, the sorrow for sin, is to the children of light the pledge of their future bliss. For with them it is the sorrow which worketh repentance unto salvation; and having the Son of God for their Saviour, what can they fear? Or, rather, when they know and feel in their hearts that God has given His only begotten Son to suffer death for their sakes, how shall they not trust that He who has given His Son, will also give them whatsoever is for their real, everlasting good.

“Finally, the children of light will also be children of love. Indeed, it is only another name for the same thing; for light is the most immediate outward agent and minister of God’s love, the most powerful and rapid diffuser of his blessings through the whole universe of his creation.

“Ye, then, who desire to be children of light, ye who would gladly enjoy the full glory and blessedness of that heavenly name, take heed to yourselves that ye walk as children of light in this respect more especially. No part of your duty is easier; you may find daily and hourly opportunity of practising it. No part of your duty is more delightful; the joy that you kindle in the heart of another, cannot fail of shedding back its bright-

ness on your own. No part of your duty is more god-like. They who attempted to become like God in knowledge, fell, in the garden of Eden. They who strove to become like God in power, were confounded on the plain of Shinar. They who endeavour to become like God in love, will feel his approving smile and his helping arm; every effort they make will bring them nearer to his presence; and they will find his renewed image grow more and more vivid within them, until the time comes when they too shall shine forth as the sun in the kingdom of their Father."¹

"He that dwelleth in love," says the apostle John, "dwelleth in God," for "God is love."

"Love," says Penn, "is above all; and, when it prevails in us all, we shall be lovely, and in love with God, and one with another."

Let us, therefore, love and imitate the great Exemplar, our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, who is God manifest in the flesh, that we also may become "full of wisdom and perfect in beauty."

Of the radical change wrought in the soul by the converting grace of Christ, Dr. Watts has said—"It is like the beauty and pleasure which the rising morning diffuses over the face of the earth after a night of storm and darkness; it is so much of heaven let into all the chambers of the soul; it is then only that we begin to know ourselves aright, and know God in His most awful and lovely manifestations; it is in this light that we see the hateful evil of every sin, the beauty of holiness, the worth of the gospel of Christ and of his salvation. It is

¹ "The Victory of Faith." A sermon preached before the University of Cambridge, in 1828.

a light that carries divine heat and life with it ; it renews all the powers of the Spirit, and introduces holiness, hope, and joy, in room of folly and guilt, sin, darkness, and sorrow."

Christianity, being a religion of the heart, takes cognizance of all the lesser graces, courtesies, and the thousand little acts of kindness which contribute so much to sweeten the intercourse of life. These naturally spring from it, although there were no express command. "Be pitiful, be courteous," . . . "in honour preferring one another." It has been well remarked, "It is in small things that brotherly kindness and charity chiefly consist. Little attentions ; trifling, but perpetual, acts of self-denial ; a minute consultation of the wants and wishes, taste and tempers, of others ; an imperceptible delicacy in avoiding what will give pain—these are the small things that diffuse peace and love wherever they are exercised, and which outweigh a thousand acts of artificial civility."

The spirit of Christianity—loving, catholic, and tolerant—ought to inform our every thought and action to the remotest articulation with life ; life which is felt to be light, warmth, and beauty.

We may learn much from heathen philosophers, but we can scarcely compare their feeble though praiseworthy gropings, with the clearer light of the gospel.

We possess the same means of "sucking divinity," as Sir Thomas Browne quaintly expresses it, "from the flowers of nature," and infinite advantages over them in having access to a Divine Revelation. St. Paul's noble Christian will not be outdone by Aristotle's true gentleman.

Etymology helps us to the primary signification of this word, which is in reality the only true one, although we find

“The grand old name of *gentleman*,
Defamed by every charlatan,
And soil'd with all ignoble use.”¹

It is thus used by “old honest Decker,” when he says,

“The best of men
That ere wore earth about him was a sufferer ;
A soft, meek, patient, humble, tranquil spirit ;
The first true gentleman that ever breathed.”

The follower of Jesus certainly ought to be

“Complete in feature and in mind,
With all good grace to grace a gentleman !”²

“You may depend upon it,” said Coleridge, “Religion is, in its essence, the most gentlemanly thing in the world. It will *alone* gentelize, if unmixed with cant ; and I know nothing else that will, *alone*. Certainly not the army, which is thought to be the grand embellisher of manners.”

“A Christian,” says Hare, “is God Almighty’s gentleman ; a gentleman in the vulgar, superficial way of understanding the word, is the Devil’s Christian. But to throw aside these polished and too current counterfeits for something valuable and sterling, the real gentleman should be gentle in everything, at least in everything that depends on himself—in carriage, temper, constructions, aims, desires. He ought, therefore, to be mild, calm, quiet, even, temperate—not hasty in judgment,

¹ Tennyson.

² Shakspeare.

not exorbitant in ambition, not overbearing, not proud, not rapacious, not oppressive; for these things are contrary to gentleness. Many such gentlemen are to be found, I trust; and many more would be, were the true meaning of the name borne in mind and duly inculcated. But, alas! we are misled by etymology; and because a gentleman was originally *homo gentilis*, people seem to fancy they shall lose caste unless they act as Gentiles."

"The true gentleman," says Clement Ellis, "is one that is God's servant, the world's master, and his own man; his virtue is his business—his study his recreation—contentedness his rest—and happiness his reward. . . He is necessitated to take the world in his way to heaven; but he walks through it as fast as he can, and all his business by the way is to make himself and others happy. Take him all in two words, he is a man, and a Christian."

"The taste of Beauty," says Shaftesbury, "and the relish of what is decent, just, and amiable, perfects the character of the Gentleman and the Philosopher. And the study of such a taste or relish will, as we suppose, be ever the great employment and concern of him who covets as well to be wise and good, as agreeable and polite."

"There is," writes Washington Irving, "a certain artificial polish—a commonplace vivacity acquired by perpetually mingling in the *beau monde*, which, in the commerce of the world, supplies the place of a natural suavity and good humour, but is purchased at the expense of all original and sterling traits of character. By a kind of fashionable discipline, the eye is taught to brighten, the lip to smile, and the whole countenance to

emanate with the semblance of friendly welcome, while the bosom is unwarmed by a single spark of genuine kindness and goodwill."

"The first ingredient in Conversation," says Sir William Temple, "is Truth, the next good sense, the third good humour, and the fourth Wit." Of the last of these, Sir Thomas Overbury—the contemporary of Shakspeare—remarks, "Wit is brush-wood, Judgment timber: the one gives the greatest flame, the other yields the durablest Heat: and both meeting make the best Fire." "The Perfection of Conversation," says Burke, "is not to play a regular sonata, but, like the *Æolian* harp, to await the inspiration of the passing breeze."

Thus in the genuine considerate kindness and unaffected courtesy, in act or word, which springs from the sanctified and therefore the loving heart, there is a charm to which the studied manner of the most finished courtier can never attain;

"For never anything can come amiss,
When simpleness and duty tender it."

The one is natural—the other, at best, an assumption; and "It is hard," says Archbishop Tillotson, "to personate and act a part long; for where Truth is not at the bottom, Nature will always be endeavouring to return, and will peep out and betray herself one time or other."

The Philosophy of the Greeks in relation to morals we have already seen to be a species of refined *egoism*, making the consequences of virtue the ends thereof. It necessarily fell short of the divine law of love—love in the spirit—that unselfish love which we are taught, for

Christ's sake, to extend even to our enemies, "like the sandal tree, which sheds perfume on the axe which fells it."¹

Again: the maxims of the Chesterfield school do not even attain to the dignity of the ancients. Avowedly self-seeking and selfish, they aim at appearances—not realities:—not to attain virtue itself, but merely the show of it. "True modesty," it has been said, "is ashamed of every thing *criminal*. False modesty only of those things which are *unfashionable*:" for "to those whose God is Honour, disgrace alone is sin!"²

We have spoken of two codes of morals which may be accepted as representing opinions, in regard to the conduct of life, prevalent in various countries and ages, apart from Divine Revelation.

There is a third, which has exerted a powerful and, so far, a beneficial influence on Western civilization—we allude to Chivalry. In spirit, however, it is obviously a reflex of Christianity,—refracted and distorted, it is true, by the superstition and ignorance of mediæval times, and the personal shortcomings of those who complied not with that which was good in its requirements, though observing to the letter all the external punctilios of so called honour and errantry with Quixotic scrupulousness. For illustration, we would refer to "The very Joyous, Pleasant, and Refreshing History of the Feats, Exploits, Triumphs, and Achievements of the Good Knight without Fear and without Reproach, the gentle LORD DE BAYARD." Those who have read that work will recall with pleasure the following scene of his leave-taking, with the admirable parting advice of his

¹ Menou.

² Harc.

lady-mother, as he sets out on his knightly career. The quaint simplicity of the narrative is charming.

“ ‘Come, come,’ said the good Bishop, who was ready to set out, ‘my friend nephew, do not dismount, but take leave of all the company.’ Then the boy, with a joyous countenance, addressed his father: “My lord and father, I pray our Lord to grant you a happy and long life, and me grace, that before he takes you from this world you may hear a good report of me.’ ‘God grant it my boy,” said his father, and gave him his blessing. After which he took leave of all the gentlemen there, one by one.

“The poor lady-mother was in a tower of the castle shedding tears of tenderness; for, glad as she was at her son’s prospects, her motherly love constrained her to weep. However, when they came to tell her that if she wished to see her son, he was on horseback ready to depart, the good lady went out at the back of the tower, and made them call her son to her, to whom she addressed these words: ‘Pierre, my friend, you are going to serve a gentle prince. I charge you to observe three things, which, if you do, be assured you will prosper. The first is, that before all things you love, fear, and serve God, never offending Him if possible; for it is He who created us, in whom we live, and who will save us; and without Him and His grace, we can do no good thing in this world. Every morning and every evening commit yourself to Him and He will aid you. The second is, that you be gentle and courteous to all, putting away all pride. Eschew evil speaking and falsehood. Be sober and temperate. Flee envy, for it is an odious vice. Be neither a flatterer nor an informer; for such

people seldom come to good. Be true and loyal in word and deed. Keep your promise. Succour poor widows and orphans, and God will recompense it to you. The third thing is, that of the goods which God shall give you, you be charitable to the poor and needy; for to give for His sake, makes no man poor; and take this from me, my child, that the alms you give will profit you in body and soul. This is all I have to charge you; I am persuaded that your father and I shall not long survive; God grant that while we live we may always have a good report of you.' Then the good knight, young as he was, answered her, 'My lady mother, I thank you most humbly for your good counsel, and hope so well to follow it, that by His grace, to whose keeping you commend me, you shall be content; and so, humbly commending myself to your good favour, I take my leave.'

"Then the good lady drew out of her sleeve a little purse, in which were only six crowns in gold and one in silver, which she gave to her son. She then called one of the servants of the Bishop, her brother, and gave into his charge a small valise, in which was some linen for her son. Meanwhile the Bishop of Grenoble took leave of the company, and called his nephew, who, bestriding his handsome charger, thought himself in Paradise; and so they went straight to Chambéry, where was the Duke Charles of Savoy."¹

The whole work—an interesting picture of the manners and ideas of the age—is a mirror of chivalry at its best, the good together with the bad pertaining to the system, although much of the latter was not then regarded as other than praiseworthy, the author being careful to

¹ Pp. 7-9.

guard his hero even from the imputation of being a "saint." Such modes of thinking, however, were counter to the teaching of his lady-mother, and of all good mothers. Notwithstanding, in Bayard—the noble, the brave, the generous — chivalry finds its brightest ornament, its greatest champion. He was and is everywhere emphatically known by the highly honourable appellation—" *Le bon Chevalier, sans peur et sans reproche!*" In 1524 he died on the battle field, with his face towards the foe; and the epitaph on his tomb we can imagine to have been,

"The knight's bones are dust,
And his good sword rust;—
His soul is with the saints I trust."

The world cannot tell how much of its civilization it owes to the diffusion of Christianity and its reflex influences. The infidel may attempt to repudiate these, but the influence it has already exerted, fortunately he cannot; so that he has no opportunity of testing his ungodly theories—Utopian only in this respect, that they can never be realized.

Christianity is the only true civilizer, because it, and it alone, can change the heart.

Contrast the present state of India—that land of subtile philosophies, of Vedas and Shasters—with the little island of Aneiteum, one of the New Hebrides, which during the last five years has been entirely reclaimed from barbarism by the efforts of the Rev. Messrs. Geddes and Inglis, two energetic and devoted missionaries. While the one country is in open revolt, and perpetrating deeds of horrid cruelty, the inhabitants of the other, sober, industrious, intelligent, and exemplary, are applying to be received under British protection, as peaceful

and loyal subjects of Queen Victoria. The facts are patent to all, and cannot be gainsaid.

Nero once set fire to Rome, and charged the Christians with the crime of incendiarism. In the present day we find people who, in regard to Indian affairs, do the same thing; and others who glibly repeat the lying accusation. Witness the aspersions cast on Lieutenant Col. Wheeler, in that disgraceful document relating to him which emanated from the head quarters of our Indian Government. Along with it read Col. Wheeler's own noble, manly, and Christian letter of explanation—not the garbled fragments and gross misrepresentations served up at the time in the leading articles of a temporizing press, as unprincipled as it is talented. Such wrong might perhaps be perpetrated under a despotism, but will not, we trust, be submitted to, much less sanctioned, by a free people.

In the House of Lords, too, both Lord Ellenborough and Lord Lansdowne, openly ascribed the Indian mutiny to the attempted introduction of Christianity among the natives. That ground, however, as inconsistent with fact, has been abandoned; for the fields of successful missionary effort were in the south of India, which is the quietest part of all; while in Oude, which is the hot-bed of revolt, there was not a single missionary station.¹

When shall we have truth and right, as revealed in God's Word, adopted by our statesmen as leading principles in the administration of public affairs, home, foreign, and colonial? When shall we have the straightforward, thorough, Saxon policy of our Cromwell, instead

¹ See "Quarterly Review," No. 204. Article—Indian Mutiny, pp. 568-9.

of a tinkering expediency, with its ever-shifting diplomatic chicaneries, miserable half-measures which accomplish nothing, short-sighted floundering movements, with no end of mismanagement, neglect, incompetency, and costly blunders?

By following the one method, God and conscience are on our side: by following the other, they are against us: and it would seem that even the Devil does not favour us much; for, so far to our honour be it spoken, that in diplomatic negotiations with the Continental powers, we generally contrive to come off second best. For every reason then, the honest course is, at all times, the safest. Let us choose the right for its own sake, and keep unswervingly by it. Then, and then only, may we expect, either as individuals or as a nation, to be blest with peace, prosperity, and true happiness.

As to our eastern empire, if Government, instead of patronizing Hindooism, paying deference to *caste*, and throwing hindrances in the way of the spread of Christianity—nay, even till of late altogether excluding missionaries—had conscientiously performed its many duties, social, civil, and religious, to that vast country, its employes being all men like Wheeler and Havelock, Britain would not now be mourning over the fiendish atrocities perpetrated on her unprotected children.

If Hindooism be opposed to civil and religious liberty, it is doomed; and the sooner it and all such systems go down, the better.¹ Let, then, all peaceful, fair means be

¹The law lately passed by which a convert from Hindooism is saved from the entire loss of his property—to which he was subject under the old Hindoo law—was actually denounced by Mr. Disraeli as “a pernicious and tyrannous innovation” on our part. Contrast

employed to compass an end so desirable. Let there be no sinful propping up on our part of systems of iniquity on the one hand, nor persecution on the other ; but, most assuredly, a vigilant interference with strong arm to prevent persecution on the part of the heathen, with no toleration for suttee, infanticide, Thuggism, self-immolation, Juggernaut abominations, and other monstrous cruelties, under whatever name these may be perpetrated. Toleration, in such cases, is complicity, and involves moral guilt. Such is, clearly, the course of duty, so far as Government is concerned, whether with reference to Brahmins in the east, or Roman Catholics in the west. The humanizing influences of Bible Christianity, thus allowed to be brought largely to bear on the people by missionary effort, accompanied with God's blessing will do the rest. Apart from truthfulness of character, both in rulers and people, no civilization is thorough ; and truth in its purity can only emanate from one source.

Casaubon has said—"Truth is the foundation of all knowledge, and the cement of all society;" wanting either in individuals or in nations, like Layard's carved ivories which crumbled into dust on exposure to the light of heaven, they have no coherence or persistency of character, and can only be preserved by a process similar to the infusion of new gelatinous matter. Without carrying the simile further, we would merely refer for illustration to the history of a neighbouring country, where a child is laughed at and lauded when it displays cleverness or

such a heathenish mode of thinking with the statesmanlike, enlightened, and Christian policy of Lord Shaftesbury ; or with the good common-sense opinions recently expressed on this subject by Lord Brougham.

ingenuity in telling a falsehood. It shews indications of talent or genius, forsooth! and the young hopeful will, doubtless make its way in the world!

E. H. Strype has philosophically said, "There is a due and just correspondence between the intellectual and physical world, and he who is obedient to the great parental laws of nature is the freest man, revolving round the eternal centre in the beauty of holiness.

'He is the freeman whom the truth makes free,
And all are slaves beside.'

Obliquity is slavery, is perversion, and destructive wherever it exists. 'Licence they mean when they cry liberty.'

'One touch of Nature makes the whole world kin.'

This also holds true of the physical sciences. It is impossible to arrive at the 'ultima Thulé' of any truth, and to all-comprehensively grasp its innate, cognate, and collateral attributes. Falsehood is destitute alike of relationship and proportion; the simplest truth is a part of the universal, and is recognized and revered for its immortality. . . . Whoever is true to nature is true to something infinite, and that which he writes or fashions can never be wholly grasped in its ever-growing expansion, either by himself or by those who study him. . . . To be obedient to the laws of truth is the highest aspiration and achievement of humanity."

"The most natural beauty in the world," says Shaftesbury, "is honesty and moral truth; for all beauty is truth." "I have seldom," says Paley, "known any one who deserted truth in trifles, that could be trusted in

matters of importance." "Purity," said Hare, "is the feminine, truth the masculine of honour;" and Colton finely remarked, "truth, like light, travels only in straight lines." In his life and death, the brave and accomplished Sir Philip Sydney nobly exemplified "high thoughts seated in a heart of courtesy . . . courtliness dignified by truth."¹

In short, it is evident, from all we can adduce, that the fashionable etiquette of the world aims at appearances: from the lacquer, we infer the existence, somewhere, of the pure gold, and it is, as we have shown, only to be found in Christianity; that spirit of universal love, which, speaking from the heart to the heart, can rest with nothing short of realities, making itself felt as "light in the understanding, peace in the conscience, purity in the affections, and consistency in the life."

To the Bible and Christianity may be traced, directly or indirectly, all that is highest and best in the moral teachings of subsequent uninspired writers—these culminating in Shakspeare—all that is truly valuable, whether in the form of shrewd maxim, or golden rule, that has been produced between Alexandria and Iceland—from Iona to St. Gall—by Augustine or Luther—from Chaucer to Tennyson.

For casual, although useful illustration, we give the following passages, several of which are less generally known than they deserve to be.

A little book in verse, called "Der Winsbeke," published in the thirteenth century, supposed to be written by Wirnt, and purporting to be the advice of an aged King of Tyrol to his son, contains the following specimen

¹ Sydney's own words.

of what may be justly termed lay preaching. We quote the substance of its doctrine, which has been thus given by Gostick, reduced into prose: "My son, remember that, in order to bear your sword and shield honourably, you must have wisdom and virtue, and must not be guided wholly by the fashions of society. You have now bright hopes; but the world will, in many ways, disappoint you: yet never be discouraged in your pursuit of what is good. Be not imposed upon by appearances. Pay no respect to rank or high birth alone; for nobility without virtue is like good grain thrown away on the water. Bestow all due care upon your possessions, and avoid all prodigality. I would rather bury you, than see you become a gambler; yet you must not worship your riches. Exercise reasonable hospitality, and give bread to the poor. Respect your own word. Learn to say 'Yes' and 'No.' Do not be afraid of difficulties. On the other side, do not waste your powers on objects too great for you. Do not act like a young bird who leaves his nest before his wings are fledged. If a stone lies in your path, and is too heavy to be lifted, let it lie still, and step over it or beside it. You will find, perhaps, even in high rank, some ladies who are hardly worthy of their titles; but I warn you not to follow the example of those who rail against women. Honourable ladies are the brightest ornament of our life. In their society we find our best solace; and all the cares and toils of our worldly life are forgotten. The good wife and mother, seated in the centre of her family, is the best jewel in the crown of society. He who does not honour such a woman, has no honour in himself. In your religion you must not be offended by the inconsistencies of its teachers.

If they say what is true, respect and obey their doctrine, leaving them to give an account of their own practice.”

Thomas Tirkler, in *The Italian Guest*, of the same early period, gives a code of ethics for the use of “unlearned men,” which has been thus similarly condensed:

“The people have long been bewildered by strange legends and romances, which, if they contain any good moral, have it wrapped up in such an obscure dress, that common readers cannot find it out. I have no objection to some good stories as an amusement for young people; indeed, I must give praise to Master Wolfram for his romances; but the plain people can find no safe guidance in such books; and I think it is time they should be instructed in a clearer style, not by fables and allegories, but by direct arguments and precepts. Let it be understood that my intention is to address the common people, the laity.¹ It is evident now that the people cannot safely follow the examples of their superiors. We have had, indeed, too much following of fashion, but too little clear moral teaching. We must no longer worship rank. As to the pretensions of high descent, we are all noble enough in this respect if we would live in accordance with our ancestry; for all have one ‘Father, who is in heaven.’ To do right, is the true badge of nobility.

“But to proceed to my principal topic. After considering long the numerous faults to which men are prone, I have found that they all proceed from the want of one, the greatest of all virtues—*steadfastness*. This is, indeed,

¹ The word *Laic* (layman) is still understood in Germany as the opposite of *Gelehrter* (a scholar).

the mother of all the other virtues. We are to rule the world, and not to be governed by it; for the world is full of changes, but virtue is firmness itself. What are deceit, double-mindedness, avarice, arrogance, luxury, gambling, and many other vices, but so many expressions of an unsteadfast mind? On the other hand, do we not admire even the heroes of our Nibelungen-Lied, in spite of all their carelessness of human life, on account of their *steadfast* good faith to each other? The man who is not steadfast in his purpose, can bring no good action to perfection. He plays with the surfaces of things like one who runs his eye over a long line of books; while the scholar, who is determined to learn something, fixes his attention on one book until he has mastered it. Many men of an unsteadfast character soon become weary of the practice of virtue, because it does not always appear to have an immediate reward in this life. Some will even say that the careless and vicious enjoy life more than the virtuous; but this is a hasty and false conclusion. The virtuous man derives good both from pain and pleasure; the vicious man derives real good from neither. Even the attacks of evil men on the good are over-ruled for the benefit of the latter. Yet let it not be supposed that this forms any excuse for the evil. That will be judged by its intention. It was a just and wholesome punishment for David, when Absalom revolted; nevertheless, the young man was guilty in that rebellion. Besides, let us not exaggerate in our views of life. Even the vicious men, whom we find in prosperity, may have some virtues, and their temporary welfare may be the result of these virtues. For instance, a selfish man may be industrious, and may prosper, not

because he is selfish, but because he is industrious. But what are all the riches of vicious men when contrasted with the true inward prosperity of the good man? Affliction makes him acquainted with patience; impoverishment leaves him in possession of his dearest property; when banished from his home, he has a home in his own soul to which he can retire, and even the darkness of a dungeon will be relieved by the light of a good conscience. He cares not how *long*, but how *well*, he may live; and he cares not where he may die; for out of every country there is a straight path to heaven. There is a wrong notion abroad, that the common people cannot be wise and good, because they are not learned clerks. Now, I deplore the neglect of learning. I fear that if Aristotle were living now, he would find no Alexander to reverence him. But I say there is a sort of learning which every man ought to have. He who directs his life well, understands the best sort of grammar: to speak from the heart, and tell the truth, is very good dialectic, and it will serve very well for rhetoric also. He who runs up a long score of good actions, succeeds well in arithmetic; and the man whose life is *starry* with virtues, is a famous astronomer. This is the kind of education which all the people ought to have."¹

The following wise sentences are selected from the papers of the good Countess of Warwick, a lady who died in the exercise of prayer, thus obtaining an answer to a petition she had often preferred "if allowed to choose the manner and circumstance" of her departure. "He who takes up Christ's cross aright, shall find it such a burden as wings to a bird, or sails to a ship."

¹ German Literature, pp. 43-5.

“It is a great honour to be almoner to the King of Heaven.” “To be libelled for Christ is the best panegyric.” “The best shield against slanderers is to live so that none may believe them.”

Shakspeare nobly writes—

“Love thyself last; cherish those Hearts that hate thee:
Corruption wins not more than Honesty.
Still in thy right hand carry gentle Peace,
To silence envious tongues. Be just, and fear not.
Let all the ends thou aim'st at be
Thy God's, and Truth's; then when thou fall'st,
Thou fall'st a blessed Martyr.”

The following were Swedenbourg's admirable “RULES OF LIFE”—

1 “Often to read and meditate on the word of the Lord.

2 “To submit everything to the Will of Divine Providence.

3 “To observe in everything a propriety of behaviour, and always to keep the conscience clear.

4 “To discharge with fidelity the functions of his employment and the duties of his office, and to render himself in all things useful to society.”¹

Fuller, the church historian, pleasantly and profitably discoursing of travel, says, “Be wise in choosing objects, diligent in marking, careful in remembering of them. . . Labour to distil and unite into thyself the scattered perfections of several nations. Many weed foreign countries, bringing home Dutch drunkenness, Spanish pride, French wantonness, and Italian Atheism; as for good herbs, Dutch industry, Spanish loyalty, French courtesy,

¹ See Biography by Wilkinson, p. 144.

and Italian frugality, these they leave behind them; others bring home just nothing; and, because they singled not themselves from their countrymen, though some years beyond sea, were never out of England." And Henry Taylor in his "Lago Lugano" writes—

"Be open, courteous, bland,
Be simple, cordial, not more strong to stand
Than just to yield,—nor obvious to each jar
That shakes the proud; for Independence walks
With staid Humility aye hand in hand,
Whilst Pride in tremor stalks."¹

As a fit binding-tie for these illustrations, we recall Fuller's beautiful and oft quoted saying, "Moderation is the silken string running through the pearl-chain of all virtues!"

To the same source—the direct or reflex influence of the Bible and the church of Christ—in a sense deeper than the mere choice of subject, may, as we have seen, be also ascribed all that is purest and most ennobling in Art, from Ghiberti to Flaxman; from Raphael to Hogarth; from Leonardo Da Vinci and Michael Angelo to Kaulbach and De la Roche; in short, all that is highest and best, from the works of Giotto to "The Light of the World" and "The Scape-Goat," by Holman Hunt.

To attain the beautiful in life, as in art, religion must first dwell in the heart; and then, in all we think, say, or do, we have only to be perfectly and simply *natural*. "Surely" says the translator of Dr Pauli's German Life of Alfred the Great, "the careful investigation of the records of the life of this great king cannot but be of peculiar interest in these days; for it will show us that

¹ The "Eve of the Conquest and other Poems," p. 54.

true power and greatness arise from the practice of justice and morality; and that without these, skill, ambition, and courage, however specious and however brilliant, serve but as lights to dazzle and mislead. Above all, the history of Alfred's life shows, that a firm religious faith beautifies the character in all its relations, and enables the mind to rise superior to all trials, however severe." If we sincerely endeavour after being Christlike, Christ himself will aid us in becoming so. Thus true, from the core outwards, consistency will take care of itself, and not be required to account for so much that is false and unnatural. Pre-supposing Religion—only BE NATURAL; for this is the first, the second, and the third point towards excelling in the arts, as well as in good breeding or manners. Would we be happy ourselves, and please the good?—thus only can it be accomplished.

"Though the world be histrionical," says Sir Thomas Browne, "and most men live ironically, yet be thou what thou singly art, and personate only thyself. Swim smoothly in the stream of thy nature, and live but one man. To single hearts, doubling is dis-cruciating: such tempers must sweat to dissemble, and prove but hypocritical hypocrites. Simulation must be short; men do not easily continue a counterfeiting life, or dissemble unto death. He who counterfeiteth, acts a part; and is, as it were, out of himself, which, if long, proves so irksome, that men are glad to pull off their vizards and resume themselves again; no practice being able to naturalize such unnaturals, or make a man rest content not to be himself. And, therefore, since sincerity is thy temper, let veracity be thy virtue, in words, manners, and actions."¹

¹ "Christian Morals." Works, vol. iv., pp. 106-7.

Ruskin, presupposing the same spirit, writes of happiness, which is ever an attendant on the beautiful in life: "Do we want to be strong?—we must work. To be hungry?—we must starve. To be happy?—we must be kind. To be wise?—we must look and think. . . All real and wholesome enjoyments possible to man, have been just as possible to him since first he was made of the earth as they are now, and they are possible to him chiefly in peace. . . To watch the corn grow and the blossom set, to draw hard breath over ploughshare or spade, to read, to think, to love, to hope, to pray—these are the things to make man happy; they have always had the power of doing these, they never *will* have power to do more."¹

Only when our spirits accord with the harmony of the universe can the beautiful be attained or perceived: "It is *we* who are blind," says Sir Thomas Browne, "not Fate!"

Landor wisely observes, "Goodness does not more certainly make men happy than happiness makes them good. We must distinguish between Felicity and Prosperity, for Prosperity leads often to Ambition, and Ambition to Disappointment; the course is then over, the wheel turns round but once, while the reaction of Goodness and Happiness is perpetual;" and Dr. Johnson says: "The fountain of Content must spring up in the mind; and he who has so little knowledge of human nature, as to seek happiness by changing anything but his own dispositions, will waste his life in fruitless efforts, and multiply the griefs which he purposes to remove;" for, as

¹ "Modern Painters." Vol. iii., pp. 308-10.

the Rev. J. Elder Cumming of Perth finely expresses it,

“All true peace and joy must be
The soul’s own blossoming!”

Divine love expands the heart; the veriest child in whom it dwells, for this very reason, stands infinitely higher in the scale than the unregenerate man of genius, however lofty his attainments; but possessed of commensurate intellectual power and requisite training, the true Christian will, without doubt, transcendently surpass all others.

Milton has said, “The end of learning is to repair the ruins of our first parents, by regaining to know God aright, and out of that knowledge to love him, to imitate him, to be like him, as we may the nearest, by possessing our souls of true virtue, which being united to the heavenly grace of faith, makes up the highest perfection.”

“Every faculty,” says Archbishop Whately, “and every study, however worthless they may be, when not employed in the service of God—however debased and polluted, when devoted to the service of sin—become ennobled and sanctified when directed, by one whose constraining motive is the love of Christ, towards a good object. Let not the Christian, then, think ‘scorn of the pleasant land:’ that land is the field of ancient and modern literature—of philosophy, in almost all its departments—of the arts of reasoning and persuasion. Every part of it may be cultivated with advantage, as the land of Canaan when bestowed upon God’s peculiar people. They were not commanded to let it lie waste, as incurably polluted by the abominations of its first inhabitants; but to cultivate it, and dwell in it, living

in obedience to the Divine laws, and dedicating its choicest fruits to the Lord their God."

The children of God,

"Like little sparry pools that glimpse
Mid murk and haggard rocks,"¹

reflect the light of Heaven, and are, in truth, the eyes of the world,

The most brilliant investigations, the most occult studies, the deepest researches, or the highest flights of unsanctified genius, if relied upon for satisfying or yielding true and lasting peace to the soul, must ever be found wanting. Christianity ignored, so-called Reason will, ignis-fatuus-like, only lead its deluded votaries through

"Tooth'd briers, sharp furzes, pricking goss, and thorns,"

to bewilder, and at last leave them "i' the filthy mantled pool . . . there dancing up to the chins."

The Caliph Vathek beheld his tower perish in the flames, and was himself conducted to Eblis.

"There is another bread than that which is made from wheat," as Cervantes hath it; a higher inner life to be cared for, and provided for; and his is the longest and best who lives rather in thoughts and deeds, than days or years. One may be full of years at the age at which our blessed Saviour thought fit to die, another may be a hoary-headed child in everything but sin. There is a sense, too, in which we never grow old; for true wisdom, like the old Portuguese navigators, will diligently search after both the "Dorado" and the "Fountains of Youth," here only "unsurpassed by fable, and yet true."

¹ Thomas Aird.

"The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom." That reverential fear will manifest itself in habitual holiness: if we would die the death of the righteous man, our life must also be like his. "When the leap" says Jeremy Taylor, "is great and dangerous, he who is to leap it, uses to fetch his career backwards, that he may leap farther, and with greater force. We, therefore, knowing the danger of the leap from life to death, that we may perform it better, ought to fetch our career far back, even from the beginning of our short life, and from our first use of reason, from which we shall know, that the life we live is mortal, that at the end of it we have a great debt to pay, and that we are to discharge both use and principal when we least think of it."¹

As a help to the ordering of our lives, next to communion with God through Christ, is intercourse with his people on earth. If like them, we resemble Him; loving them, we love Him, and feel as children of one Father. Towards the realization of the Christian life and character—"godliness," "glory, and virtue"—that ye may "be partakers of the Divine nature," note the order in which the apostle inculcates the various virtues and graces: "Giving all diligence, add to your faith, virtue; and to virtue, knowledge; and to knowledge, temperance; and to temperance, patience; and to patience, godliness; and to godliness, brotherly kindness; and to brotherly kindness, charity"—or universal love—"for," says he, in the verse immediately following, "if these things be in you, and abound, they make you that ye shall neither be barren nor unfruitful in the knowledge of our Lord Jesus

¹ "Contemplations of the State of Man," Bk I., ch. 7, pp. 75-6.

Christ. But he that lacketh these things is blind, and cannot see afar off, . . . for so an entrance shall be ministered unto you abundantly into the everlasting kingdom of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ."¹

Such knowledge is alone able to make us truly wise. Christianity is a personal thing, and a simple assent to its truth, without relying on Christ alone for salvation as he is thus offered to us in the gospel, will avail us nothing on that great final day of account when all must appear before the judgment throne. It is not enough that a remedy be prescribed, seen, talked about; it must be applied in order to prove efficacious. If we love Christ, that love will impel us to keep his commandments; these being emanations of his divine character, of necessity, those who seek conformity therewith, become ever more and more assimilated to Him whose life is the great exemplar of all perfection or beauty.

"Never," says Archbishop Newcombe, "was a character at the same time so commanding and natural, so resplendent and pleasing, so amiable and venerable, as that of Christ. There is a peculiar contrast in it between an awful dignity and majesty, and the most engaging loveliness, tenderness, and softness. He now converses with prophets, lawgivers, and angels; and the next instant he meekly endures the dullness of his disciples, and the blasphemies and rage of the multitude. He now calls himself greater than Solomon; one who can command legions of angels; the giver of life to whomsoever he will; the Son of God who shall sit on his glorious throne to judge the world. At other times we see him

¹ 2 Peter i.

embracing young children ; not lifting up his voice in the streets ; not breaking the bruised reed, nor quenching the smoking flax ; calling his disciples not servants, but friends and brethren ; and comforting them with an exuberant and parental affection. Let us pause an instant, and fill our minds with the idea of one who knew all things heavenly and earthly ; searched and laid open the inmost recesses of the heart ; rectified every prejudice, and removed every mistake of a moral and religious kind ; by a word, exercised power over all nature ; penetrated the hidden events of futurity ; gave promises of admission into a happy immortality ; had the keys of life and death ; claimed an union with the Father,—and yet was pious, mild, gentle, humble, affable, social, benevolent, friendly, affectionate. Such a character is fairer than the morning star. Each separate virtue is made stronger by opposition and contrast ; and the union of so many virtues forms a brightness which fitly represents the glory of that God who is invisible, who dwelleth in the light which no man can approach unto, whom no man hath seen or can see.”

We have submitted many passages on this inexhaustible topic, but would yet present one other from Henry Rogers, as concentrating much of the pith of them all:—

“This world,” says he, “never saw but one character in whom all the varieties of intellectual and moral greatness centred, blending in that divine and ravishing harmony which may be termed the music of the soul. There never was but one who reconciled the extremes of universal excellence ; in whom the vastest intellect and the tenderest sensibility, the calmest judgment and the

keenest feelings, co-existed without disturbing one another; in whom magnanimity was not tinctured with pride; in whom humility was never meanness; whose charity was never consumed by the fierce fire of zeal; nor an honest zeal damped by the excess of charity; whose pity for the wretched never mitigated abhorrence of vice, nor the sternest regard for the majesty of truth diminished the most touching compassion for human frailty; in a word, in whom greatness and lowliness, courage and fortitude, zeal and patience, incorruptible truth, and more than human gentleness, and a thousand opposite virtues more, were divinely attempered, uniting the various rays of moral excellence in one-glorious emanation of wisdom and of love. That character was Jesus Christ, in whom dwelt, indeed, all the fulness of the Godhead, and whose humanity was but a veil, through which streamed, in softened radiance, the otherwise insufferable effulgence of Deity. Any merely human character approximates towards perfection, just as he approaches or recedes from this great example; and by it we may safely take the measurement and proportions of any given specimen of human excellence."¹

Of ourselves we are weak and can do nothing: strengthened from above we can do all things. Let us then pray for the outpouring of the Spirit that we may become like Christ.

Michael Angelo, in a Sonnet translated by Wordsworth, thus addresses the Supreme Being:

"The prayers I make will then be sweet indeed
If Thou the spirit give by which I pray:

¹ Essay on the Genius and Writings of Jonathan Edwards, prefixed to the works of that divine. Vol. i., p. 17.

My unassisted heart is barren clay,
 That of its native self can nothing feed:
 Of good and pious works thou art the seed,
 That quickens only where Thou say'st it may:
 Unless Thou show to us Thine own true way
 No man can find it: Father! Thou must lead.
 Do Thou, then, breathe those thoughts into my mind
 By which such virtue may in me be bred
 That in Thy holy footsteps I may tread;
 The fetters of my tongue do Thou unbind,
 That I may have the power to sing of Thee,
 And sound Thy praises everlastingly."

It is irrational to suppose that inward or moral beauty has little connection with outward beauty of expression, and exerts no influence on the looks of a man; as if the one were not the veritable index of the other—a fact established beyond a doubt by physiognomists, and by all shrewd pure-hearted observers. Hence first impressions are so frequently correct. The words of Duncan—

"There's no art
 To find the mind's construction in the face,"

uttered after having been deceived and disappointed in the character of Cawdor, only tend to confirm the general truth of the proposition.

Debasing trains of thought, habitually indulged in, will, to some extent, legibly write themselves on the features, notwithstanding all the meretricious lacquerings, forced levellings, and spurious graces of a studied fashionable hypocrisy.

Wordsworth, addressing Coleridge, makes a passing allusion to this subject—a matter unfortunately of too frequent occurrence not to be generally understood:

"To thee
 I speak, unapprehensive of contempt,

The insinuated scoff of coward tongues,
 And all that silent language which so oft,
 In conversation between man and man,
 Blots from the human countenance all trace
 Of beauty and of love."¹

The converse is also true: true of nations as well as individuals. All know Gay's lines—

"What is the blooming tincture of the skin
 To peace of mind and harmony within?
 What the bright sparkling of the finest eye
 To the soft soothing of a calm reply?
 Can comeliness of form, or shape, or air,
 With comeliness of words or deeds compare?
 No, those at first th' unwary heart may gain,
 But these, these only, can the heart retain."

While cordially accepting the conclusion arrived at, we object to the assumption implied, that inward and outward beauty, when of the highest order, can ever be thus antagonistic to each other. *Symmetry* of feature may, we admit, be wanting in the good and estimable; but even in extreme cases such as Socrates, we will certainly have the yet higher beauty of *expression*.

Shakspeare looks philosophically into the matter when he exclaims,

"O, how much more doth beauty beauteous seem,
 By that sweet ornament which Truth doth give!
 The rose looks fair, but fairer we it deem
 For that sweet odour which doth in it live."

Elsewhere he has finely said, "Beauty lives with kindness." And also—"The hand that hath made you fair, hath made you good; the goodness that is cheap in beauty, makes beauty brief in goodness; but grace being the soul of your complexion, should keep the body of it ever fair."

¹ "Prelude," p. 52.

Spenser, regarding it in the same light, even affirms that "Soul is form, and doth the body make." St. Pierre says, "Every trait of beauty may be referred to some virtue, as to innocence, candour, generosity, modesty, and heroism;" and old Sir Thomas Overbury finely observes in one of his pithy lines—

"'Tis the mind's beauty keeps the other sweets."

The following noble exhortation we find in Wordsworth's "White Doe of Ryleston:"

"If thou art beautiful, and youth
And thought endow thee with all truth,
Be strong; be worthy of the grace
Of God, and fill thy destined place,
A soul by force of sorrows high
Uplifted to the purest sky
Of undisturbed humanity!"

Antoninus, from whom we have already largely quoted, says, "A wrathful countenance is exceedingly against nature. When the countenance is often thus deformed, its beauty dies, and cannot be revived again. By this very thing you may apprehend that it is against reason."¹ Cicero, in his *De Officiis*,² expresses himself in a similar manner; and one of our old divines even goes the length of saying, "Would'st thou diffuse over thy physiognomy a character of dignity, let thy mind be stored with sentiments of religion and virtue; they will imprint on every feature the peace which reigns in thy soul, and the elevations of thy conceptions."

Such peace and harmony exist not apart from a good conscience—conscience, which Croly truly calls

"Our breath of breath, our life of life;
The flowing river of our inward peace;

¹ Book VII., 24.

² Book I., c. 29.

The noble confidence that bids man look
 His fellow-man i' the face; and be the thing—
 Fearless and upward eyed—that God has made him."

Thus inward beauty ever finds an outward manifestation; "for," as Spenser sings, "all that's good is beautiful and fair!"

Notwithstanding seeming perturbations, the existence of Moral Law, order, harmony, or beauty, cannot be gainsaid, and therefore need not be further demonstrated.

As in the physical world, "God hath made all things by measure, number, and weight"—a passage from the "Wisdom of Solomon,"¹ confirmed and elucidated in a singular manner by the discoveries of Higgins, Richter, and Dalton²—so in the perfect ordering and adjustments of the moral world, from the rise or fall of an empire, to the veriest infant's tear.

"Nature," says E. H. Strype, "is infinite in her combinations, and there is no limit which we can fix for the plastic functions of humanity to mix or separate; to harmonize, or even to make discord; to touch with transient meaning, like a passing moonbeam on a cenotaph, revealed and hidden too suddenly to be read; or to permeate as with a presiding soul all her attributes and symbols. . . . There is as much liberty in the quietude of the flowers as in the ravings of the tempest, and a law of equal and unquestionable authority

¹ Chap. xi., v. 20.

² See "Memoir of Dalton, and History of the Atomic Theory up to his time," by Robert Angus Smith, Ph.D., F.C.S., F.R.S., &c. Bailliere, London, 1856; containing one of the most interesting and best accounts of the various opinions which have prevailed in regard to matter.

and government rules both angry storm and silent growth."

Law, we have seen, takes cognizance of individual thoughts and actions, however trivial these may appear. It also rules the whole tenor of a life, and then again the sum of all the thought and action of all lives, from the first to the last man.

Thus harmony is ultimately evolved, even from amid seeming discord. Bishop Wilkins says, in *A Discourse on the Beauty of Providence*—published 1649—"We cannot see *the whole frame of things*, how sundry particular events in a mutual relation do concur to make up the beauty of the whole. He that can discern only two or three wheels in a clock, how they move one against another, would presently think that there were *contrariety* and *confusion* in the work; whereas he that beholds *the whole frame*, and discerns how all those divers motions do jointly conduce to the same end, cannot choose but acknowledge a wise order in the contrivance of it. So likewise is it in the *frame of times*, where he alone is fit to judge of particulars who understands how they refer to the general."

A modern writer has eloquently and comprehensively said of the historian's mighty task, in a sentence the magnificent structure of which has been likened to the prose of Milton or Jeremy Taylor:—"The field of operation is so vast and unsurveyable; so much lies wrapped up in thick, impenetrable darkness, while other portions are obscured by the mists which the passions of men have spread over them, and a spot, here and there, shines out dazzlingly, throwing the adjacent parts into the shade; the events are so inextricably intertwined and

conglomerated, sometimes thrown together in a heap,—often rushing onward and spreading out like the Rhine, until they lose themselves in a morass,—and now and then, after having disappeared, rising up again, as was fabled of the Alpheus, in a distant region, which they reach through an unseen channel; the peaks, which first meet our eyes are mostly so barren, while the fertilizing waters flow secretly through the valleys; the statements of events are so perpetually at variance, and not seldom contradictory; the actors on the ever-shifting stage are so numerous and promiscuous; so many indistinguishable passions, so many tangled opinions, so many mazy prejudices are ever at work, rolling and tossing to and fro in a sleepless conflict, in which every man's hand and heart seem to be against his neighbour, and often against himself; it is so impossible to discern and separate the effects brought about by man's will and energy, from those which are the result of outward causes, of circumstances, of conjunctures, of all the mysterious agencies summed up under the name of chance; and it requires so much faith, as well as wisdom, to trace anything like a pervading overruling law through the chaos of human affairs, and to perceive how the banner which God has set up, is still borne pauselessly onward, even while the multitudinous host seems to be struggling waywardly, busied in petty bickerings and personal squabbles; that a perfect consummate history of the world may not unreasonably be deemed the loftiest achievement that the mind of man can contemplate."

In the present section, viewed in connection with preceding ones, it has been our endeavour, as far as limited

knowledge of the economy of nature and providence would permit, to show that those perfect and inexhaustible analogies, harmonies, or correspondencies, everywhere existing between the moral and the physical world, while demonstrating unity of cause, as science daily obtains deeper and clearer insight, all more and more tend to establish that there is also a unity of method in the Divine government of the universe.

From the fragment of a single bone, Cuvier or Owen could mentally construct the whole animal, accurately describe its habits, and infer with certainty its relation to all other organisms. This they could do, building on sure data, even although it were a species of animal which no man had ever previously seen or heard of—some unimagined monster of pre-Adamic epochs—such restorations being frequently confirmed by subsequent discoveries of the entire skeleton, footprints, and other fossil remains.

In the same way there are links continuously connecting the smallest atom of "chaos wild" with man's loftiest thought. Man, again, created at first in His image, through Christ, stands closely related to God; and the angelic presences, "are they not all ministering spirits?"

We have seen that Milton, while he represents the archangel Raphael as delineating "what surmounts the reach of human sense,"

"By likening spiritual to corporeal forms
As may express them best,"

shrewdly gives the reason for doing so, when, in the form of a surmise, he goes on to suggest,

"Though, what if Earth
Be but the shadow of Heaven, and things therein
Each to other like, more than on Earth is thought?"

Mrs. Browning, in *Aurora Leigh*, also expresses her fine sense of this great "linkèd harmony," and the pitiful case of those who, blind, deaf, and debased, perceive none of it all, in their eager pursuit after the sordid and material. She writes :

"No lily-muffled hum of a summer-bee,
 But finds some coupling with the spinning stars ;
 No pebble at your foot, but proves a sphere ;
 No chaffinch but implies the cherubim :
 And,—glancing on my own thin, veinèd wrist,—
 In such a little tremour of the blood
 The whole strong clamour of a vehement soul
 Doth utter itself distinct. Earth's crammed with heaven,
 And every common bush afire with God :
 But only he who sees, takes off his shoes ;
 The rest sit round it, and pluck blackberries,
 And daub their natural faces unaware
 More and more, from the first similitude."¹

When treating of nature as primarily furnishing a medium for language, we endeavoured to show that these links in a great measure constituted that mutual fitness for illustration which has ever been intuitively felt, and which can at the same time be shown to be in strict accordance with the highest deductions of reason.

Hence Zoroaster defined poetry as "apparent pictures of unapparent natures;" and Lord Bacon says in the "Advancement of Learning," that it submits "the shows of things to the desires of the mind."

Pascal observes,² "There is a model of agreeableness and beauty, which consists in a certain relation between our own nature, such as it is, whether weak or strong, and the thing with which we are delighted."

¹ P. 304.

² "Thoughts," p. 201.

In reference to the order and harmony of all *outward* phenomena, Schiller has said,

"Nature in unfading youth and beauty
Obeys one everlasting rule of duty;"

and of the *moral* world John Smith, an old divine,¹ writing of *The Excellence of True Religion*, says that it indeed, is "no art, but an inward nature that contains all the laws and measures of its motion within itself. A good man finds not his religion without him, but as a living principle within him."

"The knowledge of man," says Lord Bacon, "is as the waters, some descending from above, and some springing from beneath; the one informed by the light of nature, the other inspired by divine revelation."²

That deep sympathetic harmony which at once pervades outward nature and the mind of man, that perfect mutual adaptation, that oneness of method in all her ways, is too frequently approached from only one side. Being thus observed in a partial and imperfect manner, very fallacious conclusions are not at all to be wondered at. Erroneous systems sometimes cohere, and are received partly for the amount of truth they contain, — truth which in all likelihood has elsewhere to a large extent been overlooked, or has not obtained its due place and importance. Hence one-sided distinctions, more or less corresponding to the phases of realism and idealism, have been everywhere prevalent. One class, for example, accepts revelation, and reverently studies it to the neglect of the volume of creation. Although such persons do not ignore, yet they undervalue that which manifestly

¹ He died in 1652.

² "Advancement of Learning," Bk. II.

emanates from the same hand, and is serviceable, nay specially and perhaps chiefly intended for the elucidation of those high subjects of which the other treats.

Another class, perceiving the order and harmony of creation, altogether sets aside the light of revelation; and instead of tracing the emanation upwards, assigning the marvellous mechanism of the universe to the One great presiding Mind and Source of all things, would entirely exclude the idea of a personal God, thus blindly and irrationally endeavouring to shut out the Creator from his works. Such is the dismal doctrine of materialists or pantheists.

Again, amongst those influenced by the truths of Evangelical or Bible Religion,¹ one class, we have seen, resting on the very threshold of the outward, maintains that all beauty resides in the object; while another class affirms that beauty depends entirely on mental association. Outward and inward manifestations, furnishing mutual analogies, parallelisms, and illustrations, once admitted as being both parts of one great whole,—not separate systems, although, at first sight, they may seem antagonistic to each other,—the difficulty at once vanishes, both views are reconciled, and perfect harmony is restored.

Every individual, who thinks, must have frequently observed the elements of this duality existing in his own mind, preponderance being given, now to the outward,

¹ "What evangelic religion is, is told in two words—Faith and Charity, or Belief and Practice."—Milton.

"The quarrel that the world has with evangelic men and doctrines, they would have with a host of angels in the human form; for it is the quarrel of owls with sunshine, of ignorance with Divine illumination."—Cowper.

and now to the inward, as light happens to fall on either, alternately modifying or modified, in time, by circumstance or feeling.

Thus we find Coleridge—whose love of outward nature, and acquaintance with the sum of her known phenomena, enabled him to anticipate several of the most recent scientific discoveries, and to indicate the direction in which others might be looked for whose light is as yet only perceived faintly gloaming up from beneath the horizon line—thus strongly expressing himself,

“Ah, lady, we receive but what we give,
And in our life alone does Nature live.”

The Christian, whose heart and life are alone in tune with the universe, may also repeat these classic lines,

“Throughout the universe one common soul
Inspires, and feeds, and animates the whole,”

investing them, the while, with a new beauty and a deeper signification. He, too, looking abroad on the glories of creation with the finest perception and keenest appreciation, will nevertheless be led to feel, that, beautiful in themselves, they also point to yet higher beauties; for which reason he will not disparage but admire them the more. He knows, to quote the words of Jeremy Taylor, that “If the beauties of all creatures, heavens, earth, flowers, pearls, and all other things that could give any light, were all comprised in one thing; if every one of the stars yielded as much light as the sun, and the sun shined as bright as all they together: all this so united, would be, in respect of the beauty of God Almighty, as a dark night in respect of the clearest day.”¹

¹ “State of Man,” Book II, c. 1.

Looking on his fellow-men, he will love them for Christ's sake, and the stronger his conviction that "all love is lost but upon God alone,"¹ the more will he love his brethren.

With eyes fixed on the highest order of beauty, the heart-experience recorded by Michael Angelo² in the following lines will be his :

"His hope is treacherous only whose love dies
With beauty, which is varying every hour ;
But, in chaste hearts uninfluenced by the power
Of outward change, there blooms a deathless flower,
That breathes on earth the air of paradise."

To such hearts, harmony is restored and paradise regained, through Him who hath brought life and immortality to light by his love-death.

Satan was, indeed, permitted to overthrow the temple of which He spake,

"But Love and Grace took glory by the hand
And built a braver palace than before."³

He who is a stone in the living temple will instinctively feel the great truth these lines express :

"That is true beauty that doth argue you
To be divine, and born of heavenly seed,
Derived from that fair spirit from whom all true
And perfect beauty did at first proceed."⁴

Contemplating the glory and perfection of the Deity as revealed in his Word and Works, and lost in wonder at the unsearchable riches of redeeming love, such an one will humbly approach the throne to adore the source of all beauty.

¹ "The Merle and Nightingale," Dunbar.

² Translated by Wordsworth. Moxon's 1 vol. ed., p. 201.

³ Herbert. ⁴ Spenser.

“I will show,” said Berthold,¹ “by an example, how little we can say worthily of the glory of God. What can a child unborn know of the glory of this world in which we dwell? Of the bright sun, the sparkling stars, the splendours of jewels, or the virtues of plants or trees; of the music of various instruments, or the melodies of many birds; or of the splendid array of gold and silk produced by the skill of men? What can the child say of these things? And thus we are incapable of speaking worthily of the wonderful pleasures of Paradise. As the moon, the stars, and the planets, borrow all their light from the sun, so all the heavenly hosts of saints and angels, from the highest to the lowest, receive all their gladness, brightness, honour, majesty, and beauty, from the countenance of the Lord. It is because they look upon Him that they become so beautiful.”

Acknowledging God as the great fountainhead of all order, harmony, beauty, or perfection, and Christ as the highest example of the beautiful in life, we have also endeavoured to show that the positive laws, or law, of material beauty, and that which regulates life and thought—in so far as reason or revelation, intuition or science, enable us to judge—argue not only an identity of cause, but also a perfect unity in method and purpose everywhere prevailing throughout the vast government of the universe; and that the widest apparent diversities in heaven or earth result from the definite operation of the same law, higher or lower down the stream of Being.

“All things that come from one supreme and indivisible power must be congruous and analogous. We trace all knowledge and all discovery to one great Source,

¹ A Franciscan friar, who died in 1272.

and, therefore, there must be a universal bond of union cementing all science and all art, all matter and all spirit, into one harmonious whole, moulded by the hand of God into his visible and interpretable image."¹

It follows that the beautiful in life will, inwardly and outwardly, exemplify the full harmonious realization of man's relative position and duties towards God and his fellow-men; his whole being, thinking, and acting, perfectly according with the great laws of the universe impressed alike on mind and matter by the great Creator, till, under pervading love, the holiness of beauty at length manifests itself as "the beauty of holiness."

We have shown that while these laws are in strict accordance with the highest deductions of unaided reason, we are not left to fallible human reason and mere speculation regarding them. They have been openly and clearly promulgated by a Divine revelation, and their operation extends to our inmost thoughts and feelings, as well as to our words; to motives as well as to actions.

The endless and fruitless toils of those who would isolate the mind, and therefrom deduce the theory of the universe, taking no cognizance either of the heavens above them or the earth on which they tread, ignoring the light of revelation on the one hand, or the God-illustrated and richly illuminated volume of Creation on the other, are not to be wondered at. The experienced navigator accounts it no derogation from his skill that he avails himself of everything which can guide him in his course. He takes observations of the heavens, compares

¹ From a paper, on the study of Mathematics, as applied to Architecture, read by E. H. Strype, at a meeting of the Liverpool Architectural and Archæological Society, Dec. 10, 1856.

his chronometers, consults the chart, notes variations of the needle, takes soundings if in doubt, and joyously welcomes the light of the friendly beacon.

Metaphysical theories of the Beautiful, or, indeed, of any thing in heaven above, earth beneath, or in the waters under the earth, in so far as *results* are concerned, when viewed apart from revelation on the one hand, and the material universe on the other, we regard as futile and abortive. Deprive the mind of these—one or both—and such is its constitution, that you at once take away its requisite atmosphere. It is like a butterfly placed under the nearly exhausted receiver of an air-pump, where it is surprising that it still continues to flutter its wings. The sooner it is liberated, and left to waver from flower to flower in the open sunny fields, the better!

“Defend me, therefore, common sense, say I,
From reveries so airy, from the toil
Of dropping buckets into empty wells,
And growing old in drawing nothing up.”¹

We have seen that systems of morals have been pounded in every age; by the wise Chinese, and by the mild Inca of South America; by the fatalist Arabian, and the truth-loving but fierce Northern warrior, as well as by the classic nations on the shores of the Mediterranean. These all more or less exhibit a yearning after higher truths, and in some few instances, even indicate the absolute necessity of a revelation from heaven.

In Christianity, then, we have this want supplied; its light lightening the world, even the dark places of the

¹ “Cowper’s Task,” Book III.

earth, which are full of the habitations of horrid cruelty. Apart from its Divine origin, intrinsically and absolutely, it is by far the noblest and most compendious system of ethics ever imagined or promulgated.

The greatest of the ancients, we have seen, were nearly agreed as to certain moral maxims and rules for the practical guidance of life. The little child, however, in these latter days has this additional and unspeakable advantage over the heathen philosopher, that it has access to the precepts and recorded example of the Saviour.

So many admirable treatises have been written expressly on the ordering of our lives by the good among Christians of every denomination, and the works of great authors, in widely different walks, abound in so many luminous passages, all converging to a focus, and unmistakably tending in this one direction—viz., the restoration of life's harmony and beauty by becoming God-like through Christ—that instead of enumerating or analyzing systems of morals, or attempting new statements where truth has been so nobly and variously expressed, we have in the present Division drawn the outline of our argument from the pages of Inspiration itself, and illustrated it by copious extracts from some of the more prominent writers. Although we may have enunciated little that is new in discoursing of the Beautiful in Life, yet, viewed relatively in connection with preceding sections, we trust that truth has been invested with some fresh interest. That which blossoms in the light of heaven has its roots hid far down in the region of inert matter; while cycles of change and endless reproduction pervade and ceaselessly mingle the

organic again with the inorganic. Musing on the fading flower, the falling leaf, the passing bell, or the existence of evil itself, man for the time is sad, till the thought of rejuvenescence arises to dispel the gloom and he is at length with the poet led hopefully to exclaim,

“Even through the hollow eyes of death,
I spy life peering !”

Of this the last Division we would remark, as did Sir William Temple of his treatise on “Health and Long Life,” “I may not,” says he, “be able to inform men more than they know, yet I may, perhaps, give them the occasion to consider more than they do.”¹

In few words, we have endeavoured to show that the existence and reasonableness of a moral law has in some degree ever been felt and acknowledged by philosophers; that in the same way, under the influence even of natural religion, love enlarges both heart and vision for the perception of Beauty, but that the brightest torches of human knowledge, seen amid the lingering, flickering reflections of lost light, like glow-worms “pale their ineffectual fires” before the dawn of Revelation.

From this divine source we have shown:—that in Eden man was holy, and therefore happy, until sin like a harsh discord jarred the primal harmonies, putting man out of tune, as it were, with the universe:—that Christ, by his sacrificial death, has again led him back to the key note:—that sin, the cause of spiritual blindness, and all imperfect sympathies, is for wise ends mysteriously permitted to exist, and will ultimately be overruled for good:—that as Christ is the highest type

¹ Works, vol. i., p. 272—first edition.

of moral perfection or beauty, life becomes beautiful only in proportion as it resembles Him. This portion of the subject we have illustrated with numerous choice extracts, the finest passages, indeed, we have met in the course of our reading. We have, then, spoken of the reflex influences of Christianity, which can scarcely be over-estimated; and shown that the due exercise of genuine courtesy, gentlemanly bearing, the numerous train of minor graces, virtues, and accomplishments, which tend so much to sweeten the intercourse of life—in short, the highest manifestations of cultured mind in connection with kindly heart and ready hand, are only to be found in the true Christian; for to him alone these invaluable qualities are native, forming both the strength of the pillar and the lily-work on the top—its base and capital.

We have next shown that the due cultivation of Science, Art, and Literature, enlarging the field of the Beautiful, is not inconsistent with the most serious Christianity; nay, that these must be permeated with its genial spirit in order to attain their legitimate and highest ultimate end, the advancement of God's glory.

And, lastly, we have endeavoured to show that the whole universe,

"Still throwing up
The golden spray of multitudinous worlds."

being one vast system of interdependent harmonies,—from the most minute atom, up through crystal, plant, and animal, to man; again, from man's present state to the resurrection body, "fashioned like unto his glorious body;" and thence to our Lord and God,—LOVE is the grand key-note of the whole.

We might adopt Herbert's remarkable and far-reaching words :—

“ My music shall find thee, and every string
Shall have his attribute to sing ;
That altogether may accord in thee,
And prove one God, one harmony.”

Love to Him who first loved us, working a change as great as when the blind are made to see and the deaf to hear, miraculously influences both the perception and realization of this harmony, thereby inciting and impelling each, as Milton so beautifully expresses it;

“ To fill his odorous lamp with deeds of light ! ”

CONCLUSION.

We have now, however imperfectly, accomplished the task which we prescribed to ourselves in undertaking this work.

We have endeavoured to show *seriatim*, as well as throughout the various divisions :—

God the grand Primal Source of all Beauty or Perfection ;

The Mind of man, and outward Nature, both governed by *positive* laws, the *free* operation of which results in Beauty ;

That man, in accordance with these all-pervading laws, appropriates and subordinates the outward for the expression of the inward, the material for the spiritual, in the creation of beauty ; this being the very highest function of Art, as means to an end ; for

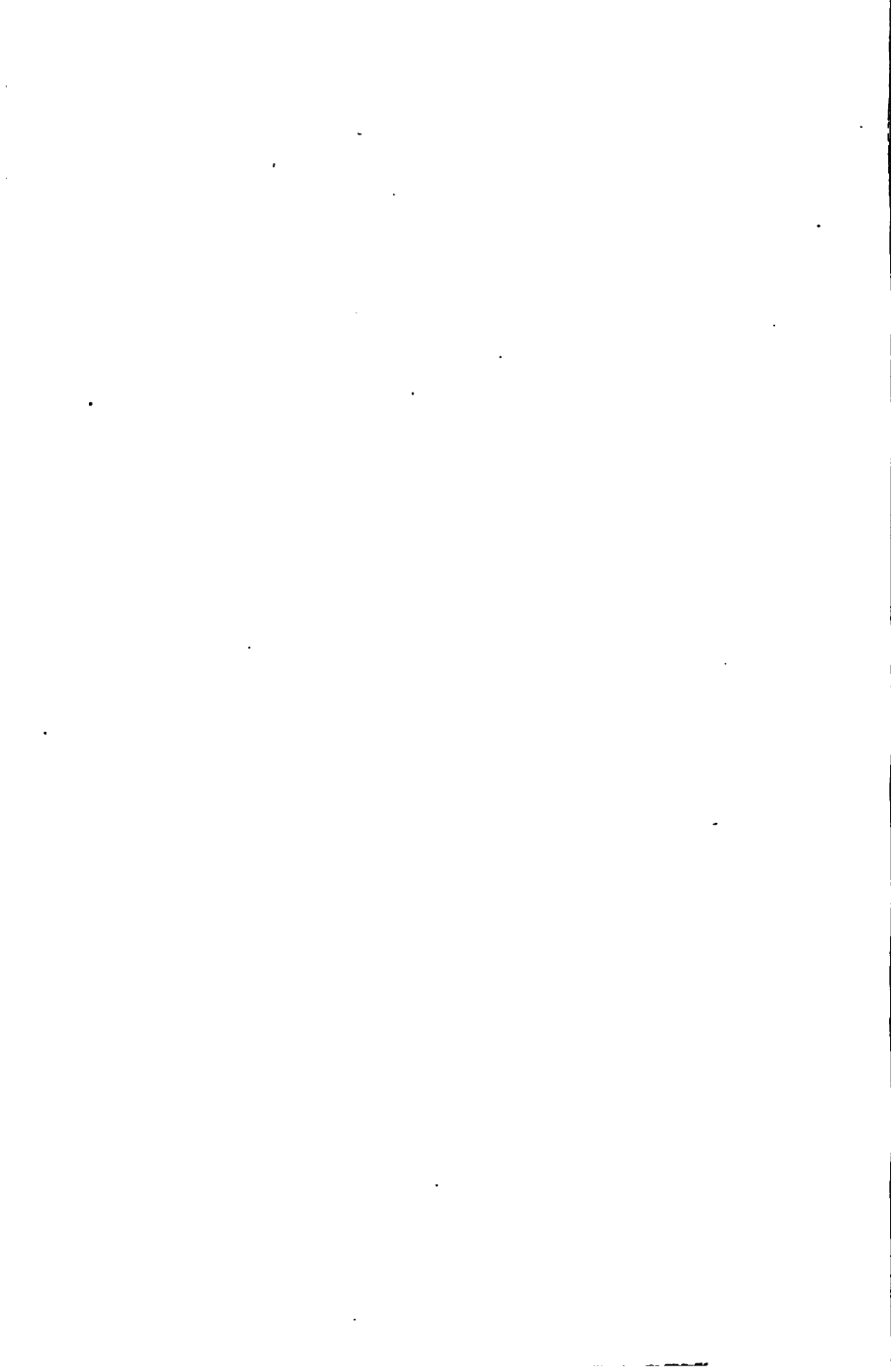
“ Art is much but love is more ;
 Art symbolizes heaven, but Love is God
 And makes heaven.”¹

And in the last portion—newly summed up—we have shown, that man, originally made upright, fell from his high estate, sin marring the fair music and thereby dimming his perceptions of the Beautiful ; that harmony has again been restored by the atoning death of our

¹ “ Aurora Leigh,” p. 392.

Saviour, the Lord Jesus Christ; He, who is thus the Way, the Truth, and the Life, being verily God manifest in the flesh, the great Teacher and Example, "full of wisdom and perfect in beauty."

Life therefore can only be beautiful, as it approaches the Christ-like, or God-like: for LOVE is LIGHT;—Truth, Beauty, and Goodness, being the three primitive colours of the million-coloured bow which surrounds the Throne of the ETERNAL.



INDEX.

- Abingdon *Turner*, i. 309.
- Abuses may lead to the rejection of what is good, i. 239.
- Achilles, the shield of, *Flaxman*, i. 266.
- Aquarium, ii. 163.
- Acting a part, *Tillotson*, ii. 257.
- Adam in Paradise, *Dr. South*, ii. 205-10.
- Addison on beauty, i. 35.
- Adjustments of colour in nature, i. 321.
- Adversity, uses of, ii. 223.
- Æginetan sculptures and friezes, i. 246.
- Æolian harp, ii. 11, 163.
- Æschylus, dramas of, i. 383; the soldier, ii. 150.
- Æther waves, colour-vibrations, i. 44.
- Agrippina, *Turner*, i. 311.
- Aim of the student or philosopher, i. 60.
- Akenside on taste, ii. 160.
- Al Farabi's music, ii. 18, 19.
- Alexandrian schools, i. 27.
- Alfred the Great, ii. 272-3; a patron of music and a musician, ii. 32-3.
- Alhambra Court, ii. 174.
- Alison on beauty, i. 35.
- Allegrì, ii. 38.
- Alce-form and the grasses, i. 72.
- Alps, first sight of the, i. 90; *Ruskin*, i. 87.
- Ambrosian chant, ii. 30.
- Anatomy, the Greeks acquainted with, i. 244.
- Ancient Mariner, i. 349, 399.
- Anaiteum, contrasted with India, ii. 261.
- Angelico, i. 285.
- Anger, *Dr. South*, ii. 209.
- Angling, its poetical relations to scenery, *Davy*, i. 89.
- Æneid, Virgil's, i. 356.
- Animals influenced by music, ii. 6.
- Antagonisms everywhere, ii. 217.
- Anthems, hymns, and choruses, Mendelssohn's, ii. 87.
- Antiphonal singing — the 24th psalm, ii. 22.
- Antoninus, extracts from, ii. 195-9.
- Apelles, i. 282.
- Apocalypse, Milton on the, i. 354.
- Appreciation, degree of musical, ii. 112, 122-3; differences of, in art, ii. 148.
- Approval of God and the good sustains the artist, i. 213.
- Arabesque, origin of, *Burton*, i. 232.
- Architecture, i. 225; divisions of, *Ruskin*, i. 225; Gothic, i. 226; Greek, i. 226; requirements of, *Ruskin*, i. 225; modified by requirements, i. 227; requirements of true religion, i. 240; Romanesque, i. 226.
- Architect, sculptor, painter, poet, and musician, may each give his own rendering of the same thought, i. 222-3.
- Ardentiny, i. 100.
- D'Arezzo's introduction of syllables, ut, re, mi, &c., ii. 31-2.
- Aristotle, i. 22, 26; poetics, i. 356.
- Arithmetic, Mozart's love of, ii. 56.

- Art**, in general, i. 197; appreciation and production, i. 197; concluding section, ii. 146-191; -conscience, i. 199; excellence ever in conformity with natural laws, i. 244; expression based on, and subject to, natural laws, i. 199, 278, 321, 337; function, to elevate, ii. 147; the high aim of, i. 198; indebted to Christianity for all that is purest and noblest, ii. 272; ought to be subservient to God's glory, i. 338; should refine, not corrupt and debase, i. 259, 274; must conform to harmonic ratios, ii. 176; not ultimate, ii. 190; means of study should be afforded to all, ii. 178; vitality distinguished from repetition, i. 229.
- Artists' accomplishments**, i. 336; of fifteenth century, i. 287; frequently misjudged, i. 210; the greatest, men of action, ii. 149-151.
- Arundel Society**, i. 286.
- Aspects of scenery**, i. 64.
- Assyrian Art**, i. 279.
- Astronomy**, i. 112.
- Ataruipe**, visit to the, tropical night, i. 76.
- Atoms and stars**, i. 49; disposition of, ii. 15.
- Atonement**, the, ii. 210.
- Atterbury on sacred music**, ii. 142.
- Auber**, ii. 95.
- Aurora Borealis**, an, *Humboldt*, i. 67.
- Austin, St.**, ii. 32.
- Austria**, ii. 162.
- Avalanche**, *Turner*, i. 309.
- Bach**, his life and works, ii. 48-9.
- Bacon on beauty**, i. 31; on poetry, ii. 288; division of poetry, i. 424; Macaulay's misconception of his philosophy, i. 22, 24; his system, i. 22.
- Bacon Roger**, anticipations of, regarding locomotion, i. 41.
- Bad music**, ii. 100, 118-19.
- Bailey**, i. 407.
- Balfe**, ii. 96.
- Ballad of Sir Andrew Barton**, i. 145; Sir Patrick Spens, i. 146.
- Banyan tree**, *Milton*, i. 166.
- Barbiere di Seviglia**, II, *Rossini*, ii. 91.
- Barry Cornwall**, i. 868.
- Basil's love of nature**, i. 142.
- Bavaria**, *Schwonthaler*, i. 270.
- Baxter, Richard**, on instrumental music, ii. 142.
- Bayard**, ii. 258.
- Bay of Baïæ**, *Turner*, i. 311.
- Beauties of the universe**, *Jeremy Taylor*, ii. 291.
- Beautiful, the, and the good**, *Plato*, i. 20.
- Beauty around us**, *Wordsworth*, i. 178; defined by *Cruden*, ii. 194-5; in death, *Byron*, i. 193, also *Shakespeare*, i. 159; extracts regarding, i. 29-38; of holiness, ii. 294; of Providence, *Wilkins*, ii. 285; and truth, *Shakespeare*, ii. 282.
- Beethoven resembles Æschylus**, Angelo or Dante, ii. 78-9.
- Beethoven's critics**, ii. 79-80; life and works, ii. 64-81; seated at the pianoforte, ii. 75-78; songs, ii. 70; resembles *Turner*, ii. 79.
- Beetle**, *Shakespeare's* allusion to, i. 153.
- Bellini's airs adapted for hand-organs**, ii. 94-5; life and works, ii. 93-5.
- Bender, Black mountain of**, ii. 222.
- Benedict**, ii. 96.
- Bennet, William Sterndale**, ii. 97.
- Beranger**, i. 367.
- Bernard del Carpio**, i. 145.
- Bible the source of subsequent moral teaching**, ii. 266; allusions to nature, *Mauvy*, i. 121; statement, exhibiting the mission of our Lord, ii. 235-44.
- Bird and Musician**, contention of, *Ford*, ii. 124-6.
- Birds, shadows of, falling on books**, i. 10.

- Birs Nimroud, i. 325.
 Bishop, Sir Henry, ii. 97.
 Blake, Flaxman, and Stothard, i. 336.
 Bligh Sand, *Turner*, i. 308.
 Blindness, Milton alludes to his, i. 169.
 Blind man made to see, supposition of, *Walton*, i. 62.
 Blondel de Nesle and Richard Cœur de Lion, ii. 33.
 Body, the, *Dr. South*, ii. 210.
 Boieldieu, ii. 95.
 Bonheur, Rosa, i. 295.
 Books, Bacon on, i. 55; use of, *Sir Thomas Browne*, i. 56.
 Bower in Eden, *Milton*, i. 167.
 Bowie, William, on the Messiah's kingdom, ii. 244-5.
 British school of painting, i. 297.
 Brown, i. 185.
 Browne, Sir Thomas, on beauty, i. 32; on deformity, i. 34; on harmony, i. 33.
 Browning, Mrs., i. 407; lines, "Nothing low in Love," ii. 216.
 Browning, Robert, i. 407.
 Burke on beauty, i. 35.
 Burns, i. 367.
 Busts, ii. 162; three fine modern, i. 273.
 Byron, i. 403-4, 406.
 Byzantine art, i. 283.
 Calvin's metrical psalmody, ii. 134.
 Camacho, wedding of, *Mendelssohn*, ii. 84.
 Camoens, i. 362.
 Campbell, i. 367, 406.
 Campo Santo at Pisa, paintings on walls, i. 285.
 Canova, i. 267.
 Canute's stanza relating to music, ii. 33.
 Capillary attraction, i. 47.
 Career, fetching a, *Jeremy Taylor*, ii. 277.
 Cartoons of Raphael, i. 277.
 Cathedrals, various, i. 233, 234.
 Catullus, i. 366.
 Causes and methods, i. 19.
 Cavalier poets, i. 366.
 Cellini's works, i. 264-5.
 Cenerentola, La, *Rossini*, ii. 91.
 Censurers, malicious, *Shakespeare*, ii. 155.
 Chalmers, Dr., on music, ii. 113.
 Chambers of imagery, i. 280.
 Change wrought by grace, *Watts*, ii. 253.
 Chanson de Roland, ii. 33.
 Chaos, *Milton*, i. 166.
 Characteristics of Assyrian, Egyptian, and Greek sculpture, i. 246; of Haydn's music, lines, ii. 55; of landscape painters, i. 328-30.
 Character of Christ, *Hazlitt*, ii. 232-4; *Henry Rogers*, ii. 279-80; *Newcombe*, ii. 278-9; and precepts of the Saviour in Scripture language, ii. 240-4.
 Characteristics of French, Italian, German, and English music, ii. 46-7.
 Charcoal, power of, to imbibe gas, i. 47.
 Charity, *Dr. Barrow*, ii. 211; has two significations, i. 417.
 Charm of being natural, ii. 273.
 Chaucer's allusions to nature, i. 148-50; interred in Westminster Abbey, *Fuller*, i. 364; leaves his books for the fields, i. 148; love for the daisy, i. 149; love of music, ii. 34; tales, i. 363.
 Chemical philosopher, the, *Davy*, i. 125.
 Chemistry, i. 113; and Astronomy, i. 8.
 Chesterfield school of manners, ii. 258.
 Cheever on nature, ii. 213.
 Chevreul, tabular form of colour combinations, from, i. 208.
 Children of Light, *Hare*, ii. 250-3.
 Chinese musical traditions, ii. 17.
 Chivalry a reflex of Christianity, ii. 258.
 Chladni's experiments, ii. 15.
 Choir, effect of, on St. Augustine, ii. 30.
 Choral service, English, ii. 39.

- Christian art, i. 263, 273, 284.
 Christian and Pagan art contrasted, i. 263-4; ii. 190.
 Christianity a complete system, *Doddridge*, ii. 204-5; essential to vital progress, i. 3; a personal thing, ii. 273; a religion of the heart, ii. 254.
 Christmas, *Shakspere*, i. 404.
 Christ, the beautiful in life realized and constellated in, ii. 204; the grand centre of the universe, ii. 229-30; the Creator and Redeemer, *Cowper*, i. 175; the Saviour's love-death, ii. 210; his precepts and example the highest test, ii. 204.
 Christlike, the, ii. 277.
 Christ the Revealer, ii. 296-301.
 Chrys-elephantine statues, i. 250.
 Churches open, on the Continent, i. 236.
 Church music, the end of, ii. 137.
 Cimabue, i. 285.
 Circumstance, *Lewes*, i. 418-19.
 Civilization, influence of Christianity on, ii. 261.
 Claude Lorrain, i. 294.
 Closet study of the Drama, i. 387-9.
 Clyde, Frith of, i. 101.
 Clytie, i. 273.
 Coleridge, i. 402; on beauty, i. 37; experience in regard to poetry, i. 445; on music, ii. 117; on Shakspeare, i. 390-97; 430-34.
 Cologne Cathedral, i. 234-5.
 Colour, distribution of, observed in nature, i. 204; laws of, i. 201; relatively modified, i. 324.
 Colton on Truth, ii. 266.
 "Comfort ye," Handel's, ii. 50.
 Como, Lake of, i. 96.
 Companionships, ii. 277.
 Comparative anatomy, i. 115; of the universe, ii. 287.
 Compensation and perfect adjustment in nature, i. 81; *Chaucer*, i. 150; *Wordsworth*, i. 182.
 Complementary colours, i. 201-4.
 Composition, musical, ii. 100; in art-parlance, *Ruskin*, ii. 148; Mozart's account of his mode of, ii. 104-7.
 Comte's rejection of Revelation unphilosophical, i. 119; digest of his system, i. 107.
 Conclusion, ii. 300.
 Conduct, rule for, *Henry Taylor*, ii. 272.
 Confirmations of Scripture truth, *Layard*, i. 280.
 Conscience, *Antoninus*, ii. 197; *Croly*, ii. 283; of learning to sing, ii. 140.
 Constraint of the Church of Rome adverse to art and to all freedom of thought, i. 236.
 Consuelo, ii. 123.
 Content, *Dr. Johnson*, ii. 274.
 Contempt destroys all trace of beauty in the countenance, ii. 281-2.
 Conventionality and license, ii. 174-5; serves to fix the period of production in art, i. 246.
 Conversation, ii. 257.
 Cooper, i. 298.
 Correspondency between mind and matter, i. 39.
 Cosmos, the Greek word, i. 18.
 Costume of thought in poetry, i. 397.
 Costume of truth, i. 352.
 Cousin on taste, ii. 161.
 Cowper, i. 401; descriptions of nature, i. 171-5; on the poet's gifts, i. 430; on slavery, i. 370-1.
 Cox, David, i. 338.
 Craving for beauty, natural, ii. 164.
 Creation, Haydn's, ii. 52.
 Creator, the, ii. 235.
 Credulity of the infidel, ii. 224.
 Creed of the worldly, i. 411.
 Cridavana, ii. 203.
 Criticism, approved method of, *Carlyle*, ii. 158; of ignorant and ill-natured, ii. 154-9; of pretentious, i. 410, 431; of Shakspeare, reverential if worthy, i. 391.

- Cromwell's policy, ii. 262.
 Crystal palace anticipated by Chaucer, ii. 168-74.
 Crystals, proportionate dimensions of, *Weiss*, i. 46; of soda and the Mer de Glace, i. 48.
 Culdee melodies, ii. 30.
 Cycles of change, ii. 296.
 Cydippe's Mirror—the daguerreotype, i. 42.
- Daisy, to the, *Wordsworth*, i. 179.
 Dancing, origin of, ii. 6.
 Dante's allusions to nature, i. 147; "La Vita Nuova," i. 366; poetry, i. 435.
 David the painter, i. 294.
 David's harp, influence of, on Saul, ii. 18.
 "Davide Penitente," Mozart, ii. 62.
 Da Vinci on beauty, i. 29; philosophy, i. 22.
 Deafness of Beethoven, ii. 65-6, 69, 77.
 Death, *Wordsworth*, i. 182.
 Debasing thought legible in the features, ii. 281.
 Decamps, i. 296.
 Decline of the Carthaginian Empire, *Turner*, i. 310; of Greek art, i. 261.
 Definitions of poetry necessarily defective, i. 342.
 Degeneration in art, cause of, i. 221.
 Demarcation, lines of, i. 417.
 De Quincey on music, ii. 126-8.
 Delacroix, i. 296.
 Delaroche, i. 294.
 Descriptions of nature, the poet's, i. 127.
 Development, law of, *Comte*, i. 108; of poetry, historical phases of the, i. 353.
 Diagram of complementary colours, i. 204.
 Dialogue, *Morley's*, ii. 40-1.
 Dibytades, daughter of, i. 245.
 Diffusion of taste among the people, ii. 161-6.
 Dignity of character, ii. 283.
- Diodati, Milton's letter to, ii. 179.
 Discord and Chaos, *Hare*, ii. 194.
 Discoveries often anticipated, i. 40.
 Discovery of way of salvation in the Scriptures alone, ii. 266.
 Disinterested goodness, those who deny, i. 413.
 Diversities of gifts, i. 196; in poetry, i. 399.
 Divina Commedia, Dante's, i. 357.
 Divine beauty, i. 338; love expands the heart, ii. 275; love, *Jeremy Taylor*, ii. 228-9.
 Divine sources of beauty, ii. 293.
 Don Giovanni, Mozart's, ii. 60-1.
 Donizetti, ii. 95.
 Drama, the, i. 375.
 Drapery in sculpture, i. 245.
 Dryden, i. 401; "Ode to St. Cecilia," i. 367; ii. 27.
 Duality exists in the mind, ii. 290-1.
 Dürer, Albrecht, i. 291.
 Düsseldorf school, i. 292.
 Duty, *Shakespeare*, ii. 271.
 Dying, effect of music on the, ii. 133.
- Early fathers, the, ii. 199.
 Ear for music, ii. 114, 122.
 Ear, training the, ii. 119.
 Earth the shadow of heaven, *Milton*, i. 49; ii. 287.
 East, influence of the, on poetry, i. 355.
 Eastlake, Sir Charles Lock, i. 314.
 Ecbatana, palace of, i. 280.
 Education, *Comte's* views of, i. 117; flower garden and weeds, ii. 184; incomplete without art-culture, ii. 178; intent of, ii. 183-4; Milton's idea of, ii. 182; Dr. Whewell on, ii. 178; opens up sources of delight, ii. 184; aids the perception of beauty, i. 50; of a poet, *Coleridge*, i. 430.
 Effect of music on the soldier, ii. 27.
 Egoism, Greek philosophy, ii. 257.

- Egyptian court, ii. 174; painting, i. 279; temple, i. 232.
 Electric currents, i. 409.
 Electricity, magnetism, and galvanism, i. 43.
 Electric telegraph, anticipation of, i. 40.
 Elijah, Mendelssohn's, ii. 87.
 Eloquence, *Wordsworth*, i. 181.
 Elysian fields, ii. 204.
 Emelie, *Chaucer*, i. 150.
 Empty wells, *Cowper*, ii. 295.
 End of all learning, *Milton*, ii. 275.
 English opium-eater, extract from, ii. 127; English vocal music, ii. 47.
 Engravings, ii. 162.
 Epicurus, i. 26.
 Epic poetry, i. 355-64; preparation for writing an, i. 430.
 Epipolic forces, i. 47.
 Epitaph, *Purcell's*, ii. 44.
 Ethics, Christianity the most compendious system of, ii. 296.
 Etiquette, ii. 266.
 Etruscan art, Eastern origin of, i. 282; paintings, i. 282.
 Euripides, dramas of, i. 383.
 European drama, only three great schools of the, i. 376.
 Euryanthe, *Weber's*, ii. 83.
 Evangel, the last, *Carlyle*, i. 190.
 Evangelic religion, what is it? ii. 270.
 Eva and Topsy, ii. 165.
 Evening, *Shakspeare*, i. 155.
 Evil, origin of, ii. 217.
 Eye, colour of, the human, i. 323.
 Example of Christ, *Dr. Parr*, ii. 231; *Whately*, ii. 234-5.
 Excellence in art, how attainable, ii. 177; judged by the few, ii. 153; platform of, ii. 179.
 Execution, the score dependent on, ii. 109.
 Exhibitions, ii. 168.
 Existence, a dominion of Reason, ii. 202.
 "Experience like a pale musician," *Mrs. Browning*, ii. 129.
 Exploration, how conducted, i. 115.
 Expression, beauty of, ii. 282; in glance or tone, ruled by positive laws, ii. 5.
 Fair women, i. 347.
 Fairlie Castle, view from, i. 98.
 Faerie Queene, *Spencer's*, i. 359.
 Fall of man, the, ii. 210; and restoration, ii. 236.
 Fame, of, i. 213.
 Familiarity and knowledge, *Dr. Johnson*, i. 208.
 Fatalism, ii. 217-18.
 Fear, *Dr. South*, ii. 209.
 Female constellation of poetic genius, i. 406.
 Fenelon on reading, i. 54.
 Feuds and rivalries of musicians, ii. 59.
 Fidelio, *Beethoven's*, ii. 68.
 Fielding, *Copley*, i. 329.
 Fifteenth century, intellectual ferment of, i. 286-91, 377, 384.
 First parents, our, *Milton*, i. 167.
 Fish in the sea, *Milton*, i. 166.
 Fit audience, *Beddoes*, ii. 121.
 Flandrin, i. 296.
 Flaxman's designs, i. 265, 298; on rules followed by Greek sculptors, i. 206; illustrations of the Lord's prayer, i. 223.
 Flemish school of music, ii. 38.
 Flora of the heart, *Lynch*, i. 439.
 Flowers, ii. 163-4; arrangement of, i. 322; Lord Bacon on, i. 194; the greatest minds have loved, i. 194.
 Flute, Coleridge's desire to hear the, ii. 120.
 Fly, *Shakspeare's* allusion to, i. 153.
 Fools, i. 411.
 Ford's "Bird and Musician," ii. 124-6.
 Form and colour employed by the artist in accordance with nature's positive laws, i. 321.
 Form mathematically determined, i. 205.
 France, plains of, i. 97.
 Frauenlob, *Heinrich*, i. 234.
 Free agency, man's, ii. 217-18.

- Freedom the atmosphere of the lyric, i. 372-3.
- Freischutz, Der, ii. 82.
- French drama, i. 384; painters, i. 293-97; psalms, ii. 39; sculptors, i. 267.
- Friend, a true, *Cowper*, ii. 190.
- Friendship of Haydn and Mozart, ii. 58-9.
- "From you have I been absent in the spring," ii. 215.
- Frontier fort, i. 94.
- Frost, the, *Cowper*, i. 171.
- Fruitless efforts of metaphysics *per se*, ii. 294-5.
- Function of the poet, lines by *Wordsworth*, i. 446.
- Future, art of the, ii. 189; belief in a future state, ii. 203.
- Gain from inquiry, i. 7.
- Galaxies, *remotè*, i. 187.
- Gay's lines, "What is the blooming tincture of the skin," ii. 282.
- Gazza Ladra, La, *Rossini*, ii. 91.
- Genius, something feminine in countenance of, i. 36.
- Gentleman, the true, ii. 255-6.
- George Sand, ii. 123.
- Gerard on beauty, i. 35.
- Gericault, i. 294.
- German art, modern, i. 292; composers of recent times, ii. 48; drama, i. 385; music, ii. 47; ii. 115; schools of painting, i. 292; sculptors, i. 268.
- Germ of song, ii. 6, 10.
- Ghiberti's angels, i. 222; gates at Florence, i. 262.
- Giant harps, ii. 11.
- Giorgione, i. 291.
- Giotto, ii. 153; Angelico and Perugino, i. 336.
- Giotto's paintings, i. 285-86.
- Giulietta, di Guicciardi, the Countess, ii. 66.
- Glory of God, we can say little worthily of the, *Berthold*, ii. 293.
- Glück, ii. 45.
- God the source of beauty, i. 192; seen in the vast and the minute, *Cowper*, i. 171.
- God's requirements, ii. 190.
- Godwin's divisions of architecture, i. 229.
- Goethe, i. 367; on the beautiful, i. 29; as a dramatist, i. 385-6; on hearing music, ii. 121; and Schiller, i. 336; on the poet, i. 442.
- Good to be imitated, *Fuller*, ii. 271.
- Goodness, and happiness, *Landor*, ii. 274; not believed in, i. 413; and novelty in music, ii. 99-100.
- Good painting devotional, *Michael Angelo*, i. 338.
- Good and evil, nature of, ii. 196.
- Good, the, to be chosen rather than novelties, *Wren*, i. 213.
- Goldsmith, i. 401.
- Goths, the, loved nature, i. 227.
- Gray, i. 367.
- Great artist, the, i. 215.
- Greatness and glory of the Saviour obscured for a time, *Mac-laurin*, ii. 246-8.
- Great poets benefactors of the human race, i. 445.
- Great truths and minor points, ii. 227.
- Great works, acquaintance with, ii. 179.
- Greece, poetry of, i. 355.
- Greek court, ii. 174; drama, i. 382; and Gothic Architecture contrasted, i. 236; Spanish and English drama, i. 376; language, *Gibbon*, i. 199.
- Greeks ruled by the lyre, ii. 17.
- Greek odes and lyrics, i. 365; sculpture, i. 246.
- Gregorian chants, ii. 31.
- Gregory the Great, ii. 30.
- Grottoes, &c., in the cottar's home, ii. 164.
- Group of modern painters, i. 316, 317.
- Gudin, i. 297.
- Guglia rotta, ii. 23.
- Hall of the two sisters, verses inscribed on the walls of the, ii. 177.

- Hallelujah chorus, *Handel*, i. 223.
 Handel's blindness, ii. 51; interview with Lord Kinnoul, ii. 51; life and works, ii. 49-51; performance on the organ, ii. 51.
 Handel the Milton of music, ii. 49.
 Happiness, Leibnitz on, ii. 199; Ruskin on, ii. 274.
 Happy man, the, *Bishop Hall*, ii. 156.
 Harding, J. D., i. 329.
 Hare on truth, ii. 264.
 Harmony, bond of universal, ii. 9-10; introduction of, ii. 32; introduced by the organ, ii. 36; the great linked, *Mrs. Browning*, ii. 288; and reason coincide, ii. 194.
 Harps, ii. 12.
 Harp-playing, fresco representations of, ii. 24.
 Haydon on beauty, i. 36.
 Haydn's career, ii. 54; life and works, ii. 52-5; sense of religion, ii. 55.
 Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven's music, ii. 80-1.
 Hay's theories and demonstrations, i. 206-8.
 Hazel eyes, i. 323.
 Hazlitt on the character of Christ, ii. 232-4.
 Heart, in poetry, i. 343.
 Heavenly music, *Milton*, i. 223; *Jeremy Taylor*, ii. 143-4.
 Hebrew lyrics, i. 364; poetry, i. 354.
 Herbst-Blume, the, i. 94.
 Herbert's Hymns, i. 374.
 Hermann-Schlacht, the, *Schwantaler*, i. 269.
 Hermes and the tortoise, ii. 11.
 Highest point of view in regard to nature, time, and change, ii. 292.
 Highest thought, the, seeks to express itself in measured numbers, i. 342.
 Historian's task, ii. 285-6.
 Hogarth, i. 298; his line of beauty, i. 36.
 Holy intention, *Jeremy Taylor*, ii. 211; land, the, *Shakspeare*, i. 405.
 Homer and Dante, i. 353.
 Homer's allusions to music, ii. 25.
 Honour women, ii. 267.
 Hood's, Thomas, songs, i. 369.
 Hope, *Wordsworth*, i. 180.
 Horace, odes of, i. 365; on poetry, i. 421.
 Horne, Bishop, on instrumental music in worship, ii. 141-2.
 Horses, Greek power in sculpture of, *Flaxman*, i. 250; head, *Selene*, i. 247.
 House of Fame, Chaucer's, ii. 168, 174.
 Howitt's, Miss, Castaway, i. 315-6; Margaret, i. 255; visit to Schwantaler's studio, i. 268-70.
 Huguenot, by *Millais*, i. 314.
 Humboldt, i. 64.
 Humboldt's vivid descriptions of scenery and phenomena, i. 64; recommendation to the landscape painter, i. 333.
 Hunt, Leigh, on poetry, i. 436.
 Hydrostatical paradox, i. 59.
 Hymns, devotional, i. 374-5.
 Hypothesis and observation, i. 11.
 Icelandic literature, i. 142.
 Ice-lens, ii. 223.
 Ideal, the Artist's, *Phidias*, *Plato*, *Raphael*, i. 253-4.
 Iliad, Homer's, i. 356.
 Illumination, art of, i. 284, 297.
 Il Pensiero, *Michael Angelo*, i. 263-4.
 Imagination in poetry, i. 343-50; truth, i. 346, 350, 351; and practical wisdom, i. 345.
 Imitation in art, i. 214.
 Imitation, of, i. 319.
 Immoral works will sink into oblivion, i. 406.
 Immortality, emblems of, *Davy*, i. 195.
 Importance of art studies, ii. 181.
 Improvisation, powers of, Beethoven's, ii. 64.
 Indefiniteness the charm of music, ii. 2.

- India, dramas of, i. 383; duty of Government to, ii. 263-4.
- Indian revolt, ii. 261; Vedas, love of nature displayed in, i. 142.
- Infancy of art, i. 244.
- Inferior music in psalmody, ii. 140.
- Inferior instrumental music, Weber on, ii. 118.
- Infidel science, i. 403.
- Ingres, i. 295.
- Initial conceptions, *Comte*, i. 107.
- In Memoriam, Tennyson's, i. 184; ii. 157.
- "In my mind's eye a temple like a cloud," *Wordsworth*, i. 241.
- Innate capacity and outward adaptation, i. 39.
- Inner life, ii. 276.
- Innovators, bold, ii. 80.
- Inquiry ought to be conducted in a catholic spirit, i. 4.
- Instrumental music, ii. 113-18; origin of, ii. 10: Coleridge on, ii. 15, 117.
- Instruments costing enormous sums in Greece, ii. 26.
- Intellectual activity of fifteenth century, ii. 36.
- Interference, phenomena of, i. 45.
- Internal aspect of home, ii. 161-166.
- Intersection of circular waves, *Weber's* experiment, i. 46.
- Intimations of immortality, Ode, *Wordsworth*, i. 178.
- Intuitive decisions, i. 199.
- Introductory, i. 1.
- Invention, Choron on, ii. 101-2.
- Inventions of fifteenth century, i. 287.
- Inversnaid, i. 102.
- Investigation, of all, i. 38; of honest, i. 60; progress of, the first range of hills, *Coleridge*, i. 190.
- Inward and outward beauty, ii. 281-4.
- Internal harmony, ii. 193.
- Isles of Fingal, *Mendelssohn*, ii. 86.
- Italian drama, i. 336; melody, ii. 46; operatic music, ii. 47.
- Italy, Mozart's triumphant progress through, ii. 56-7.
- James I. of Scotland a musician, ii. 34.
- Jameson the painter, i. 298.
- Jane, the lady, afterwards queen of James I. of Scotland, i. 247-8.
- Jeffrey on beauty, i. 85; on Shakspeare, i. 150.
- Jerusalem delivered, Tasso's, i. 360.
- Jesus Christ, by Sylvester Judd, ii. 249-50.
- Johnson, Dr., on poetry, i. 426.
- Jones, Rev. William, on sacred music, ii. 143.
- Josquin des Pres, ii. 38.
- Joy, *Dr. South*, ii. 209.
- Judgment, principles of, i. 414.
- Jupiter Olympian, *Phidias*, i. 251.
- Justice, *Dr. South*, ii. 208.
- Kaulbach's designs, i. 292.
- Keats, i. 402.
- Keble's Christian year, i. 374.
- Key to all harmony, music affords the, ii. 188.
- Keyed instruments, Mendelssohn's mastery of, ii. 87-8, 90.
- Keys, of musical, ii. 107-9.
- Knowledge of God, the key to his works, *Cowper*, i. 171.
- Knowledge, limited—relative not absolute, i. 5; requisite for the Artist, i. 336; second to love, ii. 211; every kind of, useful to the poet, i. 428; of the soul, *Boskin*, ii. 153; and wisdom, i. 53.
- Labouring classes, intercourse with the, ii. 164-5.
- Lamb, Charles, i. 407; on an ear for music, ii. 114.
- Land of the Hereafter, ii. 204.
- Landor, i. 407.
- Landscape painting, i. 299.
- Language, nature the basis of, i. 126.

- Larga, woods above, i. 98.
 Lark rising, *Jeremy Taylor*, ii. 221.
 La Riccia, *Ruskin*, i. 330.
 Lasting charms, *Wordsworth*, i. 182.
 Laurel crown, *Sidney*, i. 424.
 Lawgiver, the, revealed, i. 13.
 Laws of mind, ii. 193; of nature, *Whewell*, i. 105.
 Law pervades nature and art, ii. 146.
 Laws of nature delicately adjusted, i. 48.
 Law alike rules storm and calm, *Styrie*, ii. 284-5.
 Laws of reason, ii. 201-2.
 Law of, it is written, ii. 286.
 Lawrence, i. 298.
 Lay preaching, ii. 267.
 Le Brun, i. 293.
 Libussa, *Schwanthaler*, i. 268.
 Leighton, i. 317.
 Leonardo da Vinci's accomplishments, i. 264; works of, i. 287.
 Leon, Luis Ponce de, lyrics of, i. 366.
 Termini, early sculptures resembled, i. 245.
 Lessons from experience, ii. 218.
 Le Sueur, i. 293.
 Library, allusion to his, by Baxter, i. 56.
 Library, Egyptian word for a, i. 53.
 Lieder ohne Worte, ii. 88-9.
 Life, the beautiful in, ii. 192.
 Life, definition of, i. 115.
 Life's harmonies, *Aubrey de Vere*, ii. 217.
 Life and love, *Wordsworth*, i. 181; regulated by law, ii. 193.
 Light, *Wordsworth*, i. 180.
 Light, cheerfulness a characteristic of the Children of, ii. 252; diligent and orderly, ii. 251; also children of love, ii. 252; meek and lowly, ii. 251; pure, ii. 251; walk right onward, ii. 250.
 Light and darkness, i. 416; Milton anticipates composition of, i. 445; propagated in waves, colour theories, i. 200; and shade in architecture, i. 229; supposition regarding a change in the composition of, *Brewster*, i. 186; velocity of, i. 187.
 Lilies, consider the, i. 193.
 Lily, the, by *Ben Jonson*, i. 61.
 Lincoln Cathedral, Hay's theory applied to, i. 207.
 Lind, Jenny, ii. 111.
 Literature and philosophy to be cultivated and sanctified, ii. 275.
 Lithgow's prologue, ii. 154.
 Little attentions, ii. 254.
 Live, how to, *Tirkler*, ii. 270.
 Local influences on thought and habits, i. 216.
 Lobgesang, *Mendelssohn*, ii. 87.
 Lombardy from Milan, i. 96.
 Longfellow, i. 408.
 Lorely, ii. 84.
 Lorenzo, by *Michael Angelo*, i. 263.
 Love, *Penn*, ii. 258; *Dr. South*, ii. 209; of the beautiful developed by education, i. 2; of the beautiful universal, but varied in kind and degree, i. 1; to God; ii. 212, 216; ii. 299; works miracles, i. 374; of nature, ii. 212-13; and patriotism, i. 373-4; self-negation, ii. 219; in three stages of development, ii. 211-17; and truth the basis of genuine courtesy, ii. 266, 298.
 Lovelace, i. 366-7.
 Lover, the, ii. 212, 214-16.
 Lover's riches, *Shakespeare*, ii. 215.
 Loving heart, the, perceives, ii. 210-11.
 Lucerne, i. 94.
 Luini, i. 288.
 Luna and Endymion, i. 278.
 Lusiad, the, of Camoens, i. 362.
 Luther, i. 416; his love of flowers and music, i. 194; ii. 132-3; on music, ii. 17; and psalmody, ii. 39.
 Lycidas, i. 164.

- Lynch on poetry, i. 438-40; on the use of sacred song, i. 375.
- Lyre, origin of, ii. 11.
- Lyric poetry, i. 364-75.
- Lyrics, Elizabethan, i. 366; Milton's, i. 366.
- M'Bride, i. xiii.
- Mace, Thomas, anecdote concerning an air by, ii. 102.
- Maclaurin on Christ's humiliation, ii. 246-8.
- Madrigals, English, ii. 40.
- Magnetic currents, i. 8.
- Mammon-worship, *Hare*, i. 412.
- Man, of, it is written, ii. 236; created in God's image, ii. 205; himself a microcosm of the universe, i. 14; the image of God, *Oersted*, ii. 200; lines on, by *George Herbert*, i. 14; and nature, spontaneous sympathy between, i. 84; related to the universe, ii. 197, 203; the grand theme of the Artist, i. 334; prefigured in creation, ii. 203.
- Man's central position, i. 334.
- Manners, of, ii. 255-8.
- Manufactures, influence of art-studies on, ii. 181.
- Marenzis, Luca, ii. 38.
- Maritime discoveries, i. 287.
- Marston, J. Westland, i. 389.
- Martius, Von, i. 70.
- Materialistic views, ii. 202.
- Mathematics, i. 112; ii. 7.
- Matsy's monument, inscription on, i. 373.
- Maud, ii. 157, 159.
- Maxims, worldly, ii. 219.
- May Morning, *Milton*, i. 163.
- Means and ends, both fore-ordained, ii. 217-18.
- Measure, number, and weight, all things made by, ii. 284.
- Medical recipes, music furnished the Arabs with, ii. 18.
- Meister's, Wilhelm, indenture, i. 30.
- Melusina, the beautiful, *Schwantaler*, i. 269.
- Melusine, *Mendelssohn*, ii. 86.
- Mendelssohn's life and works, ii. 84-90.
- Mendelssohn resembles Coleridge, ii. 85-89.
- Mercy, *Shakspeare*, i. 406.
- Mermaid's song, *Weber*, ii. 82.
- Mesmerism, i. 9.
- Messiah, Handel's, ii. 50.
- Messiah's kingdom, *Wm. Bowie*, ii. 244-5.
- Metaphysics, one use of, i. 7.
- Method, Coleridge on, i. 430.
- Meyerbeer, ii. 96.
- Mia Toussein, ii. 18.
- Michael Angelo's paintings, i. 288; sculptures, i. 263.
- Midsummer Night's Dream, *Mendelssohn*, ii. 85.
- Milan Cathedral, i. 233.
- Millburn—Arran, i. 99.
- Milton's allusions to nature, i. 163-71.
- Milton, Cromwell's Latin Secretary, ii. 150.
- Milton's descriptions of natural objects contrasted with *Shakspeare's*, i. 161.
- Milton's life a poem, i. 163; passion for the good and fair, ii. 179; song, range of, i. 170.
- Milton, Wordsworth's lines to, i. 163.
- Minerva, the, of Phidias, i. 250; Callimorphos, i. 253; Promachos, i. 253.
- Minnesingers, descriptions of nature by the, i. 144.
- Minor graces and courtesies enjoined, ii. 254.
- Minstrel, how the, opened his lay, i. 144.
- Miraculous powers ascribed to music, ii. 16-20; in Greece, ii. 16.
- Miserere, Mozart notes down the, ii. 57.
- Missa Solemnis, Beethoven's, ii. 69.
- Mission, every one has a, *Ruskin*, i. 209; the Artist's, i. 209.
- Mistakes in restoring marbles, i. 249.

- Moderation, *Fuller*, ii. 272.
 Modern British landscape painters, i. 313.
 Modern speculative philosophy, i. 28.
 Modes, the Greek, ii. 26.
 Modulations of key, ii. 108-9.
 Molière, i. 385.
 Money and taste, vulgar ideas regarding, ii. 165.
 Monolith, the, i. 228.
 Monti, i. 267.
 Montgomery on prayer, ii. 221-2.
 Monument, Handel's, inscription on, ii. 51.
 Monuments, mediæval, i. 265.
 Mood in which to appreciate Haydn's music, ii. 54.
 Moonlight sonata, Beethoven's, ii. 66.
 Moor's melodies, i. 368.
 Moral deficiency involves penalty, ii. 151; element in art, ii. 151-3; excellence requisite for proficiency in art, i. 211; law of the arts, i. 261; law, existence of, ii. 284; life, nature invested with, *Wordsworth*, i. 178; responsibility, ii. 218; truth, *Wordsworth*, i. 183.
 Morality pre-requisite for successful investigation, i. 51.
 Morals, low state of, in Rome, Paris, Munich, i. 260.
 Morning hymn, the, *Milton*, i. 168.
 Morning, *Shakspeare*, i. 153.
 Morning picture, *Wordsworth*, i. 180.
 Mosques, i. 232.
 Mount of Olives, Beethoven's, ii. 68.
 Mountain tints, *Ruskin*, i. 88.
 Mozart's letter to the Baron V—, regarding composition, ii. 104; life and works, ii. 55-64.
 Mozart and Raphael, ii. 78.
 Müller, i. 297.
 Munich school, i. 292.
 Museums, ii. 178, 180.
 Music among the Chaldeans, ii. 23; among the early Christians, ii. 29; among the Egyptians, ii. 23; of the Etruscans, ii. 28-9; of the Greeks, ii. 259; among the Hebrews, ii. 21; spells of the Hindoos, ii. 18; accords with natural laws, ii. 5; apart from words, ii. 113-17; the capabilities of, ii. 3; definition of, by *Shakspeare*, ii. 144; the drama, opera, and oratorio, ii. 44; a direct utterance of emotion, ii. 2; furnishes the key to all order, ii. 15; and good government, *Confucius*, ii. 17; illustrated by sister arts, ii. 78-9; a medium of instruction in Greece, ii. 16; a medical specific in Greece, ii. 16; the origin of, ii. 5; power and use, ii. 19-20; renders home attractive, ii. 100; and virtue, ii. 17.
 Musical analogies and similitudes, *Bacon*, ii. 7-9; appreciation, Beethoven on, ii. 119-20; execution, ii. 109; perception requisite for the poet, i. 343; sensibility, ii. 130-1; signal-letters, ii. 31; vibrations, ii. 3-4; vibration, wave-lengths, i. 200.
 Musician, highest function of the, ii. 144-5.
 Mysteries, moralities, and miracle plays, i. 381; we are surrounded by mysteries, j. 6.
 Narrow views of the practical, i. 412.
 National, lyric poetry, to achieve success, i. 367.
 National melody, ii. 36; melodies, *Doni*, ii. 46.
 Natural illustration from Homer and the Greeks, i. 140; illustration from the Romans, i. 141; illustration from the Sacred Writings, i. 128-40.
 Nature, the beautiful in, i. 62; beautiful under all aspects, i. 191.
 Nature's colouring to be imitated, *Ruskin*, i. 323.
 Nature fitted to symbolize thought, i. 124.

- Nature and grace, ii. 176.
 Nature, how regarded in his boyhood by *Wordsworth*, i. 176; influence of, on man's spirit, i. 62; and life, the poet must know, i. 429; mathematical, ii. 175-6; to be represented as she appears, i. 255; and revelation, i. 63; ii. 289-90; and revelation harmonize, i. 121; a storehouse of illustration, i. 126; three-fold view of, i. 63: vast or minute, full of significance, i. 187;
 Necker, Vale of the, i. 97.
 Neukomm, ii. 98.
 New Land, beauty of, *Columbus*, i. 73.
 Newton, Sir Isaac, on law regulating the agreeable or unpleasant affections of all our senses, i. 35.
 Nicoll's prism, i. 45.
 Niebelungen-lied, account of, i. 358-9; allusions to nature in the, i. 143; language of the, i. 143.
 Night and morning, *Thorwaldsen*, i. 268.
 Night, music in the, ii. 122.
 Nineveh, palaces of, i. 231.
 Nobility of Beethoven's character, ii. 65-6.
 Noblest art, the, ii. 147.
 Nocturnal life in the primeval forest, i. 78.
 Noontide stillness in the tropics, i. 80.
 Norma, Bellini's, ii. 93.
 Northern composers, ii. 96.
 Notation, Greek, ii. 26.
 Nude, absurdity of the, i. 256-61; figures condemned by Giotto, i. 259; condemned by Savonarola, i. 259.
 Oberon, Wieland's, i. 361.
 Oberon, Weber's, ii. 82-3.
 Objective and subjective, *Homer* and *Coleridge*, i. 398.
 Observation of objects and phenomena, i. 104, 121.
 Oehlenschläger, i. 386.
 Ørsted's discoveries, Herschel on, i. 42.
 Ørsted on nature and spirit, ii. 200-2.
 Offices of poetry, *Lynch*, i. 439.
 Oldest English song, i. 148.
 One God, one harmony, ii. 299.
 One substance, one law, ii. 195.
 Orange grove, metaphorical of the future state of the blessed, *Davy*, i. 195.
 Orchestra, nature compared to an, i. 216.
 Order of the universe refutes Atheism, *Bacon*, i. 12.
 Organ controversy, ii. 135-42; description of, by *Milton*, ii. 37.
 Organ-fugues, Bach's, ii. 48.
 Organ-music, *Mrs. Browning*, ii. 128.
 Organ, origin of the stately, ii. 10.
 Organ of the universe, i. 215.
 Originality and true excellence, i. 273.
 Originality its own law, i. 352.
 Original purity of the soul sullied by sin, ii. 225.
 Origin of evil, ii. 217; of sculptor's art, i. 245.
 Orinoco, cataracts of, i. 77.
 Orlando Furioso, Ariosto's, i. 360.
 Orpheus, ii. 20.
 Outward phenomena, harmony of, *Schiller*, ii. 289.
 Pæstum, i. 232.
 Pagan and Christian virtues, ii. 233-4, 254.
 Painting, i. 277; capabilities of, i. 277; earliest efforts in, i. 278; in Greece, i. 281; may indicate the past or future, i. 277.
 Paintings perishable, i. 278.
 Palestrina, ii. 38.
 Paley on truth, ii. 265.
 Palimpsest, the soul a, *Mrs. Browning*, ii. 225.
 Palms, i. 73.
 Panathenaic frieze, i. 247-48.
 Pantheists, ii. 290.
 Paradise, *Milton*, i. 170; a garden, *Davy*, i. 195.

- Paradise Lost, Milton's, i. 357.
 Park, Rev. Dr., i. xii.
 Parthenon, colours introduced on the, i. 230; Hay's theory applied to the, by *Mr. Penrose*, i. 207; sculptures and reliefs of, i. 247.
 Pascal on beauty, ii. 288.
 Passages regarding imagination and philosophy from various authors, i. 344-46.
 Passion, language of, changes poles of feeling, i. 348.
 Paton, J. Noel, i. 317.
 Patriotism, *Shakespeare* and *Wordsworth*, i. 372-3.
 Paul and Virginia, Humboldt's value for, i. 74.
 Pausanias, Minerva and Jupiter described by, i. 250-53.
 Percy and Douglas, i. 423.
 Perdita, i. 160.
 Perfect harmony, beauty, i. 30.
 Performers, celebrated musical, ii. 110-12.
 Pericles, age of, i. 246-55.
 Period between Milton and Wordsworth, i. 401.
 Permanently great, the, in poetry, i. 344.
 Perplexed music, *Mrs. Browning*, ii. 129.
 Persian art, i. 280; paradise, ii. 204; poetry, character of allusions to nature in, i. 142.
 Petrarch's verses, i. 435.
 Phidias, i. 247, 253, 255; contest of, with Alcamenes, i. 254; the studies of, i. 236.
 Phases of matter, *Faraday*, i. 120.
 Phidias, the successors of, i. 256.
 Philo-Biblon, by *Richard de Bury*, i. 54.
 Philosophy of the Beautiful, i. 16; Cousin on, i. 16; opinion regarding, i. 16.
 Physics, i. 113.
 Physiology, or biology, i. 114.
 Pianoforte, Madame Pleyel's performance on the, ii. 111; mechanism of a, ii. 13; Mozart's music for, ii. 61-2.
 Pisano, Nicolo, i. 262.
 Plants, succulence of, in the tropics, i. 72; distribution of, *Humboldt*, i. 71.
 Plato's system, i. 19, 25, 26.
 Please, whom to, i. 212.
 Pleyel, Madame, ii. 111.
 Pliny, extract from, on happiness, i. 274.
 Poetry and truth, i. 343, 351, 379; various extracts regarding, i. 421; atones nature, thought, and action, i. 444; divineness of, *Bacon*, i. 425; divisions of, i. 352; enjoyment of, *Wordsworth*, i. 414; an exponent of law, i. 443; feigned history, *Bacon*, i. 424; functions of, by *Milton*, i. 425; in Iceland, i. 368; its means, i. 343; medicine of cherries, *Sidney*, i. 422; its pleasant mode of teaching, *Milton*, i. 426; the root and blossom of thought, i. 485; its means and scope, i. 340; methodical, i. 434; and music, Sir William Temple on, ii. 180-1; and philosophy, *Coleridge*, i. 345; expresses much that prose cannot reach, i. 419; in Russia, i. 368; styles of, prevailing at different periods, i. 397; the teachings of, i. 445; may be tested by its absolute truth, i. 443.
 Poesy proper, i. 341.
 Poet, the, interprets nature and life in all their phases, i. 347.
 Poets, group of, i. 183-85, also Preface, p. xii.
 Poet's gifts, *Cowper*, i. 430.
 Poets aid our perception of the Beautiful, i. 3.
 Poet's mission, the, i. 416-18; mind, i. 209.
 Poet or musician in Greece, ii. 24.
 Poet, a philosopher, *Henry Reed*, i. 345; the requirements of, i. 351; sonnet by Hartley Coleridge, i. 437; identifies himself with his subject, i. 350;

- must look within, without, and up, i. 349.
 Poet, the, and the world, i. 414.
 Polarized light, i. 45.
 Polish, artificial, ii. 256-58.
 Polish song, i. 368.
 Polychromy, i. 230.
 Pope, i. 401.
 Positive basis, desiderated, ii. 149; desirableness of, for defining beauty, i. 38.
 Positive inquiry, present aspect of, i. 50.
 Positive method, i. 110-20.
 Poussin, Nicolas, i. 293.
 Power, when, is knowledge, i. 352.
 Pradier's Sappho, i. 365.
 Praise the highest act of worship, ii. 138-43; makes not anything other than it is, ii. 197.
 Praxitiles. I. 256.
 Prayer, ii. 219-22; how it affects the government of the universe, ii. 220; Jeremy Taylor on, ii. 220-1.
 Preciosa, Weber's, ii. 83.
 Precocity of Mozart's genius, ii. 55-6.
 Preface, i. vii.
 Prejudices, i. 415.
 Prejudice against instrumental assistance in praise, ii. 134-5, 138.
 Pre-Raphaelite pictures, i. 254-5, 314.
 Pride of intellect a barrier to the reception of the gospel, ii. 224.
 Problem of man's redemption solved by religion alone, ii. 225-7.
 Productiveness, periods of, *Trench*, i. 377.
 Procession in honour of Minerva, i. 248.
 Professors and lecturers needed, ii. 179-80:
 Progress of art in all countries, i. 318.
 Promise, the beauty of, i. 194.
 Prose reading, evils of partial, i. 420.
 Prose writers, English, i. 407.
 Protests in art, i. 319.
 Proverbs, i. 146.
 Providence, ii. 195.
 Psalmody, ii. 132-45; and the reformers, ii. 39.
 Psalter, the, ii. 29.
 Psychical and physical ruled by one law, ii. 16.
 Purcell, ii. 41-4.
 Puritani I, Bellini's, ii. 94.
 Purity and virtue essential to true greatness, i. 336.
 Purple and scarlet, i. 326.
 Pyramids, the, *Sir Thomas Browne*, i. 214.
 Pythagoras, i. 205.
 Pythagorean statement, ii. 175.
 Pythian, Pindar's, ancient music of, ii. 28-9.
 Quadrivium, ii. 33.
 Quaire, the King's, i. 348.
 Quartet in F, *Mendelssohn*, ii. 87.
 Racine, i. 385.
 Rail, the, or corn-craik, i. 100.
 Rainbow, to the, *Wordsworth*, i. 180.
 Range of hearing, ii. 4.
 Raphael's works, characteristics of, i. 288; characteristics of composition of, i. 327.
 Raphael, sculptures by, i. 264.
 Raphael's frescoes in the Vatican, i. 289.
 Rasselas, Imlac's poetical studies, i. 427.
 Raugs, Hindoo, ii. 18.
 Ravenscroft, Thomas, ii. 39.
 Read, how to, with advantage, i. 52.
 Reading, Bacon on, i. 55; economy in, *Foster*, i. 56; a taste for, *Herschel*, i. 53.
 Realism and Idealism, ever-recurring libration of, i. 27.
 Reason and revelation, *Foster*, i. 51.
 Reason, unaided, at fault, i. 13.
 Reasonableness of a Divine revelation, ii. 204.

- Rebukes of the Great Teacher, i. 417.
 Recapitulation of the last division of the Beautiful in Life, ii. 297-8.
 Recitative, Handel's, ii. 49.
 Recollections of scenes in his distant travels, *Humboldt*, i. 66.
 Recreation for the people, ii. 184.
 Redemption, rationale of, ii. 226.
 Reed, broken, whistling in the wind, ii. 10.
 Refining influence of Art, i. 211.
 Reformation, the, i. 287.
 Reinthaler, ii. 98.
 Rejuvenescence, ii. 287.
 Relationship, sympathies and analogies of the fine arts, i. 221.
 Relative, all things, *Hooker*, i. 350.
 Religion, becomes corrupted, ii. 226; importance of in education, i. 59; a living principle within, ii. 289; presents difficulties to the vain, ii. 216.
 Religious element not to be overlooked in education, ii. 182.
 Rembrandt, i. 292.
 Renderings of the various schools, i. 326-7.
 Renovation, perpetual miracle of, spring, *Cowper*, i. 173.
 Resources of the landscape painter, *Dr. Memes*, i. 333.
 Responsibility of the poet, i. 417, 418.
 "Requiem," Mozart's, ii. 62-3.
 Requirements of art, *Allan Cunningham*, i. 320.
 Reubens, i. 292.
 Revival of art in Italy, i. 283.
 Reynolds, Sir Joshua, i. 297-8; on the beautiful, i. 36.
 Rhyme, mere, i. 413.
 Rhythm, musical, ii. 6; power of, i. 341.
 Richter and Bethel's woodcuts, i. 293.
 Rietschel, i. xiii.
 Riffelberg, view from, *Forbes*, i. 85.
 Rogers, Samuel, i. 406; his tastes, ii. 191.
 Romans, painting among the, i. 282.
 Roman art, i. 262.
 Room on Parnassus for all true poets, i. 400.
 Rossini, ii. 90; contrasted with Mozart, ii. 90.
 Rückert, i. 367.
 Ruins, ancient, i. 231.
 Rule of life, the Bible the, ii. 227.
 Rules, definite, followed in Greek art, i. 205.
 Rules of life, ii. 266-75.
 Rules chiefly teach what to avoid, i. 207.
 Ruskin on beauty, i. 38.
 Ruskin's descriptions of nature, i. 87.
 Russians, modern, i. 217.
 Rydal Mount, i. 176.
 Salaries of favourite Greek musical performers, ii. 26.
 Sanctified aim of the highest poetry, i. 343.
 Sappho, Pradier's statue of, i. 365.
 Savonarola on beauty, i. 29.
 Scale of being, the, *Milton*, i. 170; note, ii. 186-7.
 Scheffer, Ary, i. 295.
 Schiller, i. 367; as a dramatist, i. 386; on *Æsthetic culture*, i. 31.
 Schlegel on beauty, i. 31.
 Schools of Design, ii. 281-2.
 Schubert's, Franz, songs, ii. 98.
 Schwanthaler's works, i. 268.
 Science enlarges the field of natural illustration, i. 185.
 Sciences, mutual interdependence of the, i. 105.
 Science need not fetter art, i. 205.
 Sciences, order of their elimination, i. 112; order in which to study the, 104.
 Science and poetry, i. 351.
 Scotch music, ii. 27, 34-36; old songs, i. 146.
 Scott, David, on beauty, i. 37.
 Scott, Sir Walter, i. 403.

- Scripture and science never antagonistic, i. 122.
- Scripture, the poetry of, *Milton*, i. 354.
- Sculptor's calling an example to the Christian, i. 275-6.
- Sculptors, modern, i. 267.
- Sculptor's requirements, *Flaxman*, i. 242-44.
- Sculpture, i. 242; definition of, i. 242, 272.
- Sculpture, early stages and progress of, i. 245; expression in, i. 244; gallery at Sydenham, ii. 174.
- Sea-green (*Prasinum*), i. 326.
- Sea, painted by Turner, i. 312.
- Seasons and their change, *Milton*, i. 166-7; and flowers, *Shakespeare*, i. 155.
- Sea-weeds, ii. 163; the prevailing colours of, i. 192.
- Selection of a particular walk in art, i. 211.
- Self-effort necessary, i. 59.
- Self-righteousness worthless, ii. 219.
- Selinus, i. 246.
- Semiramide, Rossini's, ii. 91.
- Sennacherib, i. 280.
- Sepulchres of poets, i. 440.
- Serene mood, *Wordsworth*, i. 178.
- Seven ages, the, *Shakespeare*, i. 158.
- Severity of ancient church music, ii. 31.
- Shaftesbury on truth, ii. 265.
- Shakespeare, advantage in his being a Protestant, *Trench*, i. 378-9; appreciation of, i. 388-410; Dr. Arnold on, i. 382; characteristics of, i. 395; unique as a dramatist, i. 377; eulogists of, i. 381; methodical, i. 431; morality of, i. 393-94; powers of, i. 396; music, Purcell's, ii. 42-4; the poet-laureate of music, ii. 20; has been accused of profaneness, i. 393.
- Shakespeare's allusions to nature, i. 150-60; "apt and gracious words," i. 160; descriptions of nature, character of, i. 159; individuality and range of characters, i. 394, 433; intellectual action, i. 392; life and history, i. 162; range of natural illustration, i. 162; reverential spirit, i. 404-5; spirituality, *Reed*, i. 382; style, sweetness is predominant in, i. 432; women, i. 159.
- Shakespeare on womanhood, i. 393, 394, 395.
- Shawls, Indian and Persian, in good taste, i. 205.
- Shayk Mohammed of Tunis, i. 210.
- "She dwelt among the untrodden ways," *Wordsworth*, ii. 157.
- Shell, the universe compared to a, *Wordsworth*, i. 191.
- Shelley, i. 402; on poetry, i. 434, 436; on love, ii. 212.
- Shelter, first artificial, i. 227.
- Sidney's "Defence of Poetry," i. 421-24; character, ii. 266.
- Simplicity of manners, ii. 196.
- Sin a discord, *Milton*, ii. 210.
- Sinai and Palestine, *Stanley*, i. 86.
- Sinfonia Eroica, *Beethoven*, ii. 70; Pastorale, *Beethoven*, ii. 71.
- Single-eyed, the, *Aubrey de Vere*, Sistine chapel, frescoes in the, i. 288; music in the, ii. 136.
- Skin expresses the mind, *Wilkinson*, i. 334.
- Skylark, *Wordsworth*, i. 163.
- Slavery, i. 369-72.
- Smith's Dr. R. Angus, memoir of Dalton, i. 18; ii. 284.
- Snow, the, *Cowper*, i. 172.
- Snowdrop, illustration from, by Maury, i. 83.
- Snow-flake, crystallizations of a, i. 46.
- Snyders, i. 292.
- Sociology, i. 115.
- Socrates, i. 25, 26.
- Solar beam, the composition of a, i. 44.
- Solar system, progression of the, i. 187.
- Somerville, Mary, i. 407.

- Sonnambula, Bellini's, ii. 93.
 Songs, *Mendelssohn*, ii. 86.
 Songs, Scottish, of various periods, ii. 34-6.
 Sonnet to Shakspeare, by Milton, i. 162.
 Soothing influence of art, ii. 188-90.
 Sophocles, dramas of, i. 383.
 Sorrow, *Dr. South*, ii. 209; the ministry of, ii. 222.
 Sound and form, Chladni's experiments, i. 46.
 Spanish stage, i. 383.
 Spenser's descriptions of nature, i. 161.
 Sphere harmonies, the, ii. 4.
 Spirit animating Greek art same in sculpture as in poetry, i. 249.
 Spirit-epilogue in *Comus*, i. 165.
 Spirit's influence, of the, it is written, ii. 238.
 Spohr, Ludwig, ii. 84.
 Spondees of Pythagoras, ii. 17.
 Spring, return of, *Charles d'Orleans*, i. 145.
 Stage hitherto abused, i. 388; representation, of, i. 387; scenery, i. 380.
 Stained glass, old, of Cologne cathedral, 235.
 Stanfield, Clarkson, i. 329.
 Stars, coloured and varying, i. 187.
 Stedfastness, virtue of, ii. 268-9.
 Stephen, Sir James, on poetry in relation to history, i. 441; on reading, i. 52.
 Stone-colour, i. 300.
 Stonehenge, *Turner*, i. 303.
 Storm, winter, *Shakspeare*, i. 157.
 Stratford-upon-Avon, i. 102.
 Stringed instruments, ii. 12-14.
 Strype on poetry, i. 440.
 Students, advice to, *Horne*, i. 58.
 Studies, Milton, of his, i. 56.
 Studious disposition, advantages of a, *Bishop Horne*, i. 57.
 Study, an arduous task, i. 52; outlines of, i. 51.
 Styles, variety of, in architecture, i. 228.
 Styles in music, various successive, ii. 44.
 St. Paul, Mendelssohn's, ii. 87.
 Summation and retrospect of the Arts, ii. 185-91.
 Summer bower, i. 97.
 Sunrise, the Beigelsen horn, i. 95.
 Survey of the earth's surface, *Ruskin*, i. 218-21.
 Swedenborg's rules of life, ii. 271.
 "Sweetecho," Milton's song, i. 164.
 Swiss music introduced in Rossini's *Tell*, ii. 92.
 Swiss valleys, i. 97.
 Switzerland, i. 91; *Ruskin*, i. 88.
 Sydenham described by an Arabian poet of the thirteenth century, ii. 177.
 Sydenham sculpture-courts, i. 275.
 Symbolism of colour, i. 325-6.
 Symington, Prof. Andrew, D.D., on the comprehensiveness of the Bible, ii. 226-7.
 Sympathetic vibrations, ii. 16.
 Sympathy involves us in suffering, ii. 224; wish for, ii. 214.
 Symphonies of Beethoven, ii. 70; Mozart's, ii. 61.
 Symphony in C minor, Beethoven's, analysis of, 71-75.
 Taj Mahal, the, i. 231.
 Tallis, ii. 39.
 Tancredi, Rossini's, ii. 91.
 Tannahill and R. A. Smith, ii. 99.
 Taste, a, for poetry, *Reed*, i. 443; fostered by education, ii. 160; positive basis requisite for, ii. 166-7; subject to law, i. 5.
 Taylor, Jeremy, on beauty, i. 32.
 Teaching for the people, *Tirkler*, ii. 268.
 Tears of our friends, *Sir Thomas Browne*, ii. 224.
 Tegnèr, i. 368.
 Telegraphic wires, ii. 11.
 Telescope and Microscope, i. 193.
 Tell, Guillaume, Rossini's, ii. 92.
 Tell's chapel, ii. 162.
 Tendency of the voice to fall, ii. 138.

- Tennyson, i. 407.
 Tennyson's lyrics, i. 368-9.
 Terpander, ii. 26.
 The Castaway, by Miss Howitt, i. 315-16.
 Theories of beauty classed, i. 38.
 Theseus and Ilissus, i. 247.
 The fighting Temeraire, *Turner*, i. 301, 305-8.
 "The prayers I make will then be sweet indeed," *Angelo*, ii. 280-1.
 The Seasons, *Haydn*, ii. 52.
 The slave ship, *Turner*, i. 302.
 Thomas à Kempis, of Divine love, ii. 216.
 Thomson, i. 401.
 Thorwaldsen, i. 267.
 Thought and action ruled by law, ii. 285.
 Thought and execution, ii. 147.
 Three greatest names in British art, i. 318.
 Thunderstorms—Humboldt, Pel-tier, and Arago, i. 69.
 Thunderstorm dying away, *Haydn's* seasons, ii. 53.
 Thy kingdom come, *Flaxman*, i. 266.
 Tieck on colour, i. 326.
 Time and place for hearing music, ii. 120-22.
 Time, *Sir Thomas Browne*, i. 214; value of, *Horne*, i. 58.
 Titian, i. 291.
 Timbre, ii. 14.
 Tintoret, i. 291.
 Tissue, i. 115.
 Tragic poetry, of, *Aristotle* and *Milton*, i. 375-6.
 Tragic positions, i. 348.
 Training for prosecution of works of art, i. 212.
 Traits of a people recorded in their language and arts, ii. 45.
 Transfiguration, the, *Raphael*, i. 290.
 Trellis-work; poetry make s life a, *Lynch*, i. 489.
 Triangular plain figures, *Plato*, i. 205.
 Triumph of Alexander, frieze by Thorwaldsen, i. 267.
 Troubadours, allusions to nature by the, i. 144.
 True peace, ii. 275; poetry home-grown, i. 384; poet's existence happy, i. 444; science, ii. 202; wisdom, ii. 277; work, ii. 155-156.
 Truth, Casaubon, ii. 264; *Spenser*, ii. 189; in art, i. 214; beauty, and goodness, ii. 301; laws of, *Styrie*, ii. 265; never dies, i. 213; the reception of, *Locke*, i. 53; and right the best diplomacy, ii. 263-3.
 Truthfulness of character, ii. 264.
 Tubal, ii. 21.
 Turner's colouring, i. 300; critics, i. 301-4; drawing, i. 299; pictures at Marlborough house, i. 305; truthfulness to nature, i. 304, 330-33.
 Turquoise, i. 326.
 Tyrol's, aged king of, advice to his son, ii. 266-7.
 Uhland, i. 367.
 Una, *Spenser's*, i. 161.
 Unbelief, ii. 224-5.
 Unconsciousness of effort in high art, ii. 19.
 Understanding, the, *Dr. South*, ii. 205.
 Unities, the, i. 384, 433; ii. 46.
 Unity of method as well as of cause in the government of the universe, ii. 287.
 Unity, a tendency to refer phenomena to, i. 17.
 Universal adaptation of music, ii. 129-30; co-operation, ii. 196.
 Universality of law, i. 12.
 Universal function of poetry, *Lynch*, i. 489.
 Universe, destruction of the, *Shakspeare*, i. 153; viewed in its totality by the ancients, ii. 195.
 Universities fountainheads, ii. 182-3.
 Unsanctified genius, ii. 276.

- Upright reviewer, the, ii. 159-60.
Utilitarianism, a contracted, i. 416.
- Van Eyck, i. 292.
- Varied interpretation, true works of art, capable of i. 409.
- Variety of character in Shakspeare, i. 158.
- Vastness of the Universe, *Jean Paul Richter*, i. 188.
- Vecchiette, effigy by, i. 262.
- Vegetation rapid in the east, *Layard*, i. 87; tropical, *Humboldt*, i. 70.
- Venice, coloured architecture in, *David Scott*, i. 230; school of, i. 291.
- Verdi, ii. 95.
- Vernet, i. 294.
- Vertú, articles of, ii. 162.
- Vevay, view from above, i. 92.
- Vigorous poetry in early times, i. 352.
- Vineyards, i. 97.
- Violins, ii. 13.
- Virtue, beauty of, *Sidney*, i. 423.
- Vision of sudden death, extract from, ii. 126.
- Vital art, ii. 177.
- Vocal and instrumental music compared, ii. 113.
- Voices when trained finer than any instrument, ii. 136.
- Vulgar taste, i. 320.
- Wallace, W. Vincent, ii. 97.
- Walpurgis night, *Mendelssohn*, ii. 86.
- War march, *Mendelssohn*, ii. 86.
- Warwick, sentences from the papers of the Countess of, ii. 270-1.
- Watteau, i. 294.
- Weber, Carl Maria Von, ii. 82.
- Weber, Constance, Mozart's wife, ii. 57-8.
- Wedding march, *Mendelssohn*, ii. 86.
- Whole frame of things and times relatively adjusted, ii. 285.
- Wild flowers on brink of a cataract, *Wordsworth*, i. 181.
- Will, the, *Dr. South*, ii. 208.
- Willmott on poetry, i. 440.
- Wilkie, burial of, *Turner*, i. 310.
- Wilson, i. 407.
- Winkelmann on beauty, i. 29.
- Winsbecke Der, ii. 266.
- Winter walk, *Cowper*, i. 172.
- Wisdom in Christ subordinated to love, ii. 249; definition of, by *John Henning*, i. 208; *Sir James Mackintosh*, i. 344; *Whately*, i. 345.
- Words of our Saviour, *Pascal*, ii. 245.
- Wordsworth's contemporaries, i. 402; poetry, its scope, i. 175-6; its language, i. 175; predecessors, i. 401; sonnets, i. 176; poetry, its office and destiny, i. 415, 438.
- Wordsworth on poetry and the poet, i. 437; the poet of the century, i. 401, 408-9; quoted along with Shakspeare and Milton, i. 175; on his studious habits, ii. 189.
- Word-pictures of music, ii. 123-9.
- Word-sketches of scenery, i. 90-103.
- Work, true, i. 416.
- World historical, *Sir Thomas Browne*, ii. 273.
- Wordly success, i. 411.
- Wrath deforms the features, *Antoninus*, ii. 283.
- Yearning for a future and better state, *Antoninus*, ii. 198-9.
- Yeonnamari, peak of, i. 76.
- Yggdrasill, i. 142.
- York-minster, i. 233.
- York, the psalm tune, ii. 39.
- Zauberflöte, Mozart's, ii. 60.
- Zones of vegetation, i. 74.
- Zoroaster on poetry, ii. 288.
- Zuingle's love of music, ii. 134.
- Zutphen, incident on the battle-field of, i. 421.

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CLASSIFIED INDEX.

Agriculture and Rural Affairs.

Baydon on Valuing Rents, &c.	6
Cecil's Stud Farm	8
Hoskyns's Talpa	13
London's Agriculture	17
Low's Elements of Agriculture	17

Arts, Manufactures, and Architecture.

Bourne on the Screw Propeller	6
Brande's Dictionary of Science, &c.	6
" Organic Chemistry	7
Cherreul on Colour	9
Cressy's Civil Engineering	9
Fairbairn's Information for Engineers	10
Gwilt's Encyclopedia of Architecture	11
Harford's Plates from M. Angelo	11
Humphreys's <i>Papyrus</i> Illuminated	14
Jameson's Sacred and Legendary Art	14
" Commonplace-Book	14
König's Pictorial Life of Luther	11
London's Rural Architecture	17
MacDougall's Theory of War	18
Malan's Aphorisms on Drawing	18
Moseley's Engineering	21
Piesse's Art of Perfumery	23
Richardson's Art of Horsemanship	23
Scharf's Date-Book of Events in Art	24
Scrivenor on the Iron Trade	24
Steam-Engine, by the Artisan Club	6
Symington on the Beautiful	27
Ure's Dictionary of Arts, &c.	31

Biography.

Arago's Lives of Scientific Men	5
Buckingham's (J. S.) Memoirs	7
Bunsen's Hippolytus	7
Crosse's (Andrew) Memorials	9
Gleig's Essays	11
Green's Princesses of England	11
Harford's Life of Michael Angelo	11
Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopædia	16
Maunder's Biographical Treasury	19
Memoirs of James Montgomery	19
Merville's Memoirs of Cicero	19
Mountain's (Col.) Memoirs	21

Parry's (Admiral) Memoirs	22
Russell's Memoirs of Moore	20
Southey's Life of Wesley	26
" Life and Correspondence	26
" Select Correspondence	26
Stephen's Ecclesiastical Biography	26
Strickland's Queens of England	27
Sydney Smith's Memoirs	26
Symonds's (Admiral) Memoirs	27
Taylor's Loyola	27
" Wesley	27
Waterton's Autobiography and Essays	31

Books of General Utility.

Acton's Bread-Book	5
" Cookery-Book	5
Black's Treatise on Brewing	6
Cabinet Gazetteer	8
" Lawyer	8
Cust's Invalid's Own Book	9
Gilbart's Logic for the Million	11
Hints on Etiquette	12
How to Nurse Sick Children	13
Hudson's Executor's Guide	14
" on Making Wills	14
Keeteven's Domestic Medicine	15
Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopædia	16
London's Lady's Country Companion	17
Maunder's Treasury of Knowledge	19
" Biographical Treasury	19
" Geographical Treasury	19
" Scientific Treasury	19
" Treasury of History	19
" Natural History	19
Piesse's Art of Perfumery	23
Pocket and the Stud	12
Pycroft's English Reading	23
Reece's Medical Guide	23
Rich's Companion to Latin Dictionary	23
Richardson's Art of Horsemanship	23
Riddle's Latin Dictionaries	24
Roget's English Thesaurus	24
Rowton's Debater	24
Short Whist	25
Thomson's Interest Tables	28
Webster's Domestic Economy	32
West on Children's Diseases	32
Willich's Popular Tables	32
Willmot's Blackstone	32

Botany and Gardening.

Hassall's British Freshwater Algae	12
Hooker's British Flora	13
" Guide to Kew Gardens	13
" " Kew Museum	13
Lindley's Introduction to Botany	15
" Theory of Horticulture	15
Loudon's Hortus Britannicus	17
" Amateur Gardener	17
" Trees and Shrubs	17
" Gardening	17
" Plants	17
" Self-Instruction for Garden- ers, &c.	17
Pereira's Materia Medica	22
Rivers's Rose Amateur's Guide	24
Wilson's British Mosses	32

Chronology.

Blair's Chronological Tables	6
Brewer's Historical Atlas	7
Bunsen's Ancient Egypt	7
Calendars of English State Papers	8
Haydn's Beatson's Index	12
Jaquemets Chronology	15
Nicolas's Chronology of History	16

Commerce and Mercantile Affairs.

Gilbart's Treatise on Banking	11
Lorimer's Young Master Mariner	15
Macleod's Banking	18
M'Culloch's Commerce and Navigation	18
Scrivener on the Iron Trade	24
Thomson's Interest Tables	28
Tooke's History of Prices	28

Criticism, History, and Memoirs.

Blair's Chron. and Historical Tables	6
Brewer's Historical Atlas	7
Bunsen's Ancient Egypt	7
" Hippolytus	7
Burton's History of Scotland	8
Calendars of English State Papers	8
Chapman's Gustavus Adolphus	8
Connolly's Sappers and Miners	9
Conybeare and Howson's St. Paul	9
Fischer's Francis Bacon	10
Gleig's Essays	11
Gurney's Historical Sketches	11
Herschell's Essays and Addresses	12
Jeffrey's (Lord) Contributions	15
Kemble's Anglo-Saxons	15
Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopaedia	16
Macaulay's Critical and Hist. Essays	17
" History of England	17
" Speeches	17
Mackintosh's Miscellaneous Works	18
" History of England	18
M'Culloch's Geographical Dictionary	18
Maunder's Treasury of History	19
" Merivale's History of Rome	19
" Roman Republic	19
Milner's Church History	20
Moore's (Thomas) Memoirs, &c.	20
Mure's Greek Literature	21
Normanby's Year of Revolution	22
Perry's Franks	23
Raiket's Journal	23
Riddle's Latin Dictionaries	24
Rogers's Essays from Edinb. Review	24
Roget's English Thesaurus	24

Schmitt's History of Greece	24
Southey's Doctor	26
Stephen's Ecclesiastical Biography	26
" Lectures on French History	26
Sydney Smith's Works	26
" Lectures	26
" Memoirs	26
Taylor's Loyola	27
" Wesley	27
Thirlwall's History of Greece	28
Thomas's Historical Notes	28
Thornbury's Shakespeare's England	28
Townsend's State Trials	28
Turner's Anglo-Saxons	28
" Middle Ages	28
" Sacred History of the World	28
Vehe's Austrian Court	31
Wade's England's Greatness	32
White Locke's Swedish Embassy	32
Young's Christ of History	32

Geography and Atlases.

Brewer's Historical Atlas	7
Butler's Geography and Atlases	7 & 8
Cabinet Gazetteer	8
Johnston's General Gazetteer	15
M'Culloch's Geographical Dictionary	18
Maunder's Treasury of Geography	19
Murray's Encyclopedia of Geography	32
Sharp's British Gazetteer	35

Juvenile Books.

Amy Herbert	25
Cleve Hall	25
Earl's Daughter (The)	25
Experience of Life	25
Gertrude	25
Howitt's Boy's Country Book	13
" (Mary) Children's Year	13
Ivors	25
Katharine Ashton	25
Laneton Parsonage	25
Margaret Percival	25
Stepping-Stones to Knowledge for the Young	27

Medicine and Surgery.

Brodie's Psychological Inquiries	7
Bull's Hints to Mothers	7
" Management of Children	7
Copland's Dictionary of Medicine	9
Cust's Invalid's Own Book	9
Holland's Mental Physiology	12
" Medical Notes and Reflections	12
How to Nurse Sick Children	18
Kesteven's Domestic Medicine	15
Pereira's Materia Medica	22
Reece's Medical Guide	23
Richardson's Cold-water Cure	23
West on Diseases of Infancy	32

Miscellaneous Literature.

Bacon's (Lord) Works	5
Brougham's (Lord) Acts and Bills	7
Defence of Eclipse of Faith	10
Eclipse of Faith	10
Greg's Political and Social Essays	11
Greyson's Select Correspondence	11
Gurney's Evening Recreations	11
Hassall's Adulterations Detected, &c.	12
Haydn's Book of Dignities	12
Holland's Mental Physiology	12

Hooker's Kew Guides	13
Howitt's Rural Life of England	13
" Visits to Remarkable Places	13
Hutton's 100 Years Ago	14
Jameson's Commonplace-Book	14
Jeffrey's (Lord) Contributions	15
John's Land of Silence and of Darkness	15
Last of the Old Squires	22
Macaulay's Critical and Hist. Essays	17
" Speeches	17
Mackintosh's Miscellaneous Works	18
Maitland's Church in the Catacombs	18
Martineau's Miscellanies	19
Moore's Church Cases	21
Pycroft's English Reading	23
Rich's Companion to Latin Dictionary	23
Riddle's Latin Dictionaries	24
Rowton's Debater	24
Seaward's Narrative of his Shipwreck	24
Sir Roger De Coverley	25
Smith's (Rev. Sydney) Works	26
Southey's Commonplace-Books	26
" The Doctor, &c.	26
Stephen's Essays	26
Stow's Training System	27
Thomson's Laws of Thought	28
Townsend's State Trials	28
Yonge's English-Greek Lexicon	32
" Latin Gradus	32
Zumpt's Latin Grammar	32

Natural History in general.

Catlow's Popular Conchology	9
Ephemera and Young on the Salmon	10
Garratt's Marvels of Instinct	11
Gosse's Natural History of Jamaica	11
Kirby and Spence's Entomology	15
Lee's Elements of Natural History	15
Mauder's Natural History	19
Turton's Shells of the British Islands	28
Van der Hoeven's Handbook of Zoology	31
Waterton's Essays on Natural History	31
Youatt's The Dog	33
" The Horse	32

One-Volume Encyclopedias and Dictionaries.

Blaine's Rural Sports	6
Brande's Science, Literature, and Art	6
Copland's Dictionary of Medicine	9
Cressy's Civil Engineering	9
Gwilt's Architecture	11
Johnston's Geographical Dictionary	15
Loudon's Agriculture	17
" Rural Architecture	17
" Gardening	17
" Plants	17
" Trees and Shrubs	17
M'Culloch's Geographical Dictionary	18
" Dictionary of Commerce	18
Murray's Encyclopedia of Geography	22
Sharp's British Gazetteer	25
Ure's Dictionary of Arts, &c.	31
Webster's Domestic Economy	32

Religious and Moral Works.

Amy Herbert	25
Bloomfield's Greek Testament	6
Calvert's Wife's Manual	8
Cleve Hall	25
Conybeare's Essays	9

Conybeare and Howson's St. Paul	9
Cotton's Instructions in Christianity	9
Dale's Domestic Liturgy	9
Defence of <i>Eclipse of Faith</i>	10
Discipline	10
Earl's Daughter (The)	25
Eclipse of Faith	10
Englishman's Greek Concordance	10
" Heb. & Chald. Concord.	10
Experience (The) of Life	26
Gertrude	25
Harrison's Light of the Forge	12
Hook's Lectures on Passion Week	12
Horne's Introduction to Scriptures	13
" Abridgment of ditto	13
Huc's Christianity in China	14
Humphreys's <i>Parables Illuminated</i>	14
Ivors, by the Author of <i>Amy Herbert</i>	25
Jameson's Sacred Legends	14
" Monastic Legends	14
" Legends of the Madonna	14
" on Female Employment	15
Jeremy Taylor's Works	15
Katharine Ashton	25
König's Pictorial Life of Luther	11
Laneton Parsonage	25
Letters to my Unknown Friends	15
" on Happiness	15
Lyra Germanica	7
Macnought on Inspiration	18
Magnie's Rome	18
Maitland's Church in the Catacombs	18
Margaret Percival	25
Martineau's Christian Life	18
" Hymns	18
Merivale's Christian Records	19
Milner's Church of Christ	20
Moore on the Use of the Body	20
" Soul and Body	20
" 's Mean and his Motives	20
Morning Clouds	21
Neale's Closing Scene	22
Powell's Christianity without Judaism	23
" on the Claims of Revelation	23
Readings for Lent	25
" Confirmation	25
Riddle's Household Prayers	24
Robinson's Lexicon to the Greek Testa- ment	24
Saints our Example	24
Sermon in the Mount	24
Sinclair's Journey of Life	25
Smith's (Sydney) Moral Philosophy	26
" (G. V.) Assyrian Prophecies	25
" (G.) Wesleyan Methodism	25
" (J.) Shipwreck of St. Paul	25
Southey's Life of Wesley	26
Stephen's Ecclesiastical Biography	25
Taylor's Loyola	27
" Wesley	27
Theologia Germanica	7
Thumb Bible (The)	26
Tomline's Introduction to the Bible	28
Turner's Sacred History	28
Young's Christ of History	32
" Mystery	32

Poetry and the Drama.

Aikin's (Dr.) British Poets	5
Arnold's <i>Merops</i>	6
" Poems	6
Baillie's (Joanna) Poetical Works	6
Calvert's Wife's Manual	8

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|--|----|--|----|
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